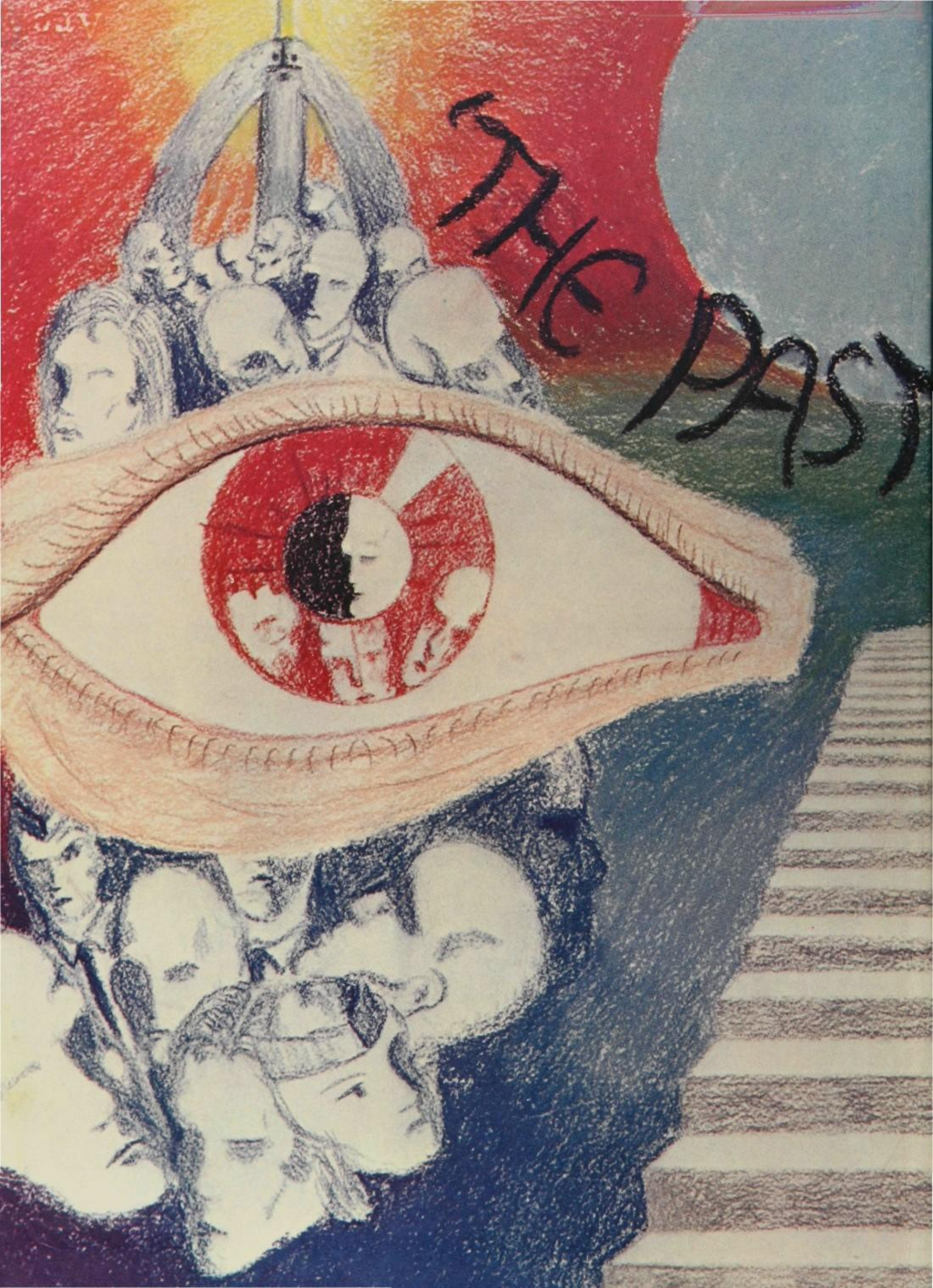
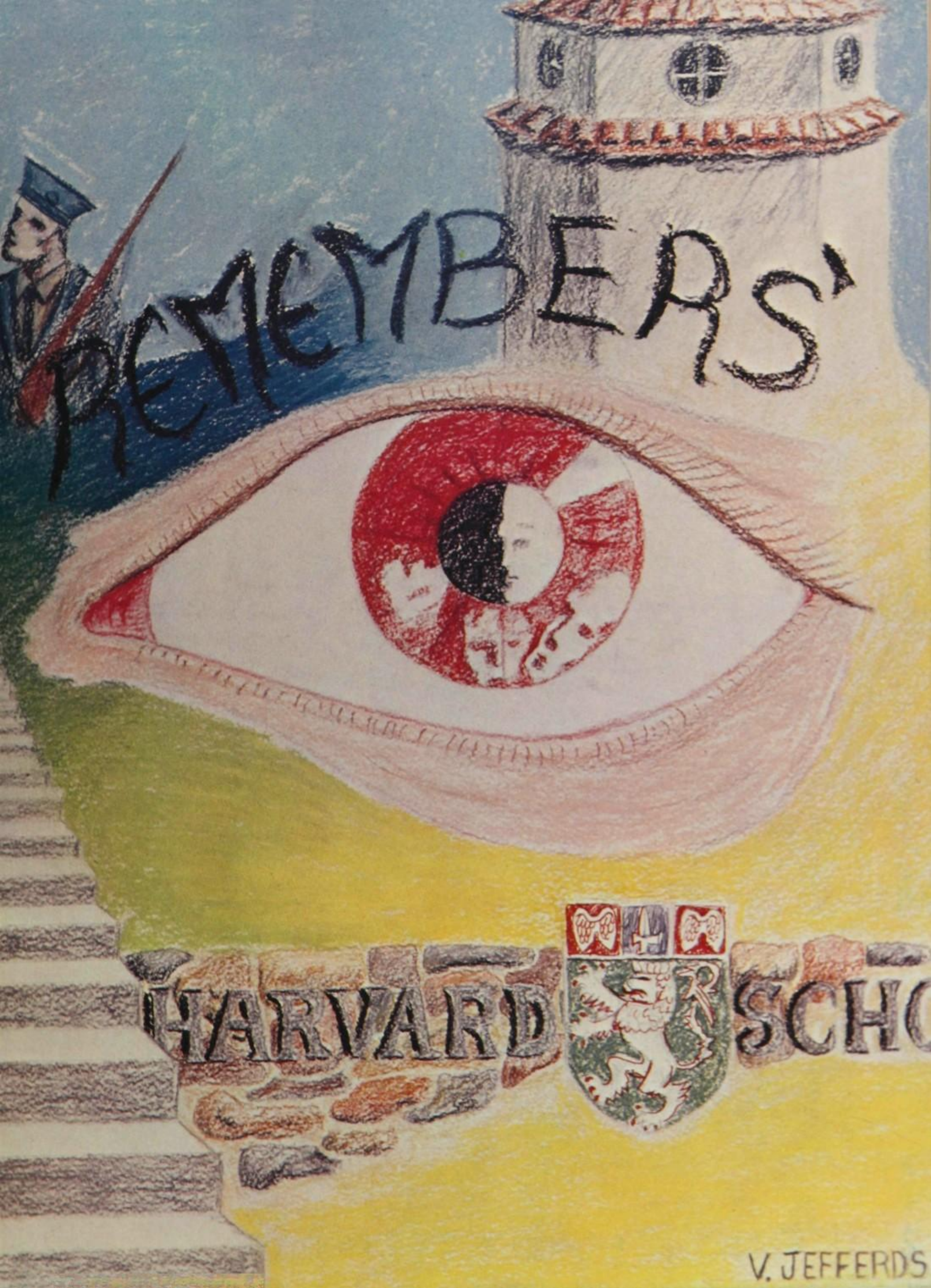








V. JEFFERDS

'THE PRESENT' ACTS'

Look . . . this is the present

1974

Sentinel Annual

Harvard School

North Hollywood, California

12

ARIES

Go placidly amid the noise and haste and

Seniors
Faculty
Football
Clubs

36

TAURUS

Seniors
Faculty
Water Polo
Sentinel Review
Juniors
Clubs

62

GEMINI

Seniors
Faculty
Cross-Country
Student Government
Clubs

80

MOON CHILDREN

Seniors
Faculty
Basketball
Sophomores
Clubs

108

LEO

Seniors
Faculty
Skiing
Drama
Clubs

128

VIRGO

Seniors
Faculty
Soccer
Freshmen
Clubs

Senior and Club index: See back page

LIBRA

158

Seniors
Faculty
Tennis
T.V. Workshop
Clubs

SCORPIO

178

Seniors
Faculty
Track
Eighth Grade
Clubs

SAGITTARIUS

202

Seniors
Faculty
Swimming
Madrigal Chorus
Harvest
Clubs

CAPRICORN

222

Seniors
Faculty
Golf
Seventh Grade
Exchange Programs
Clubs

AQUARIUS

248

Seniors
Faculty
Volleyball
Dixie Canyon
Clubs

PISCES

266

Seniors
Faculty
Baseball
Sentinel Annual
Clubs

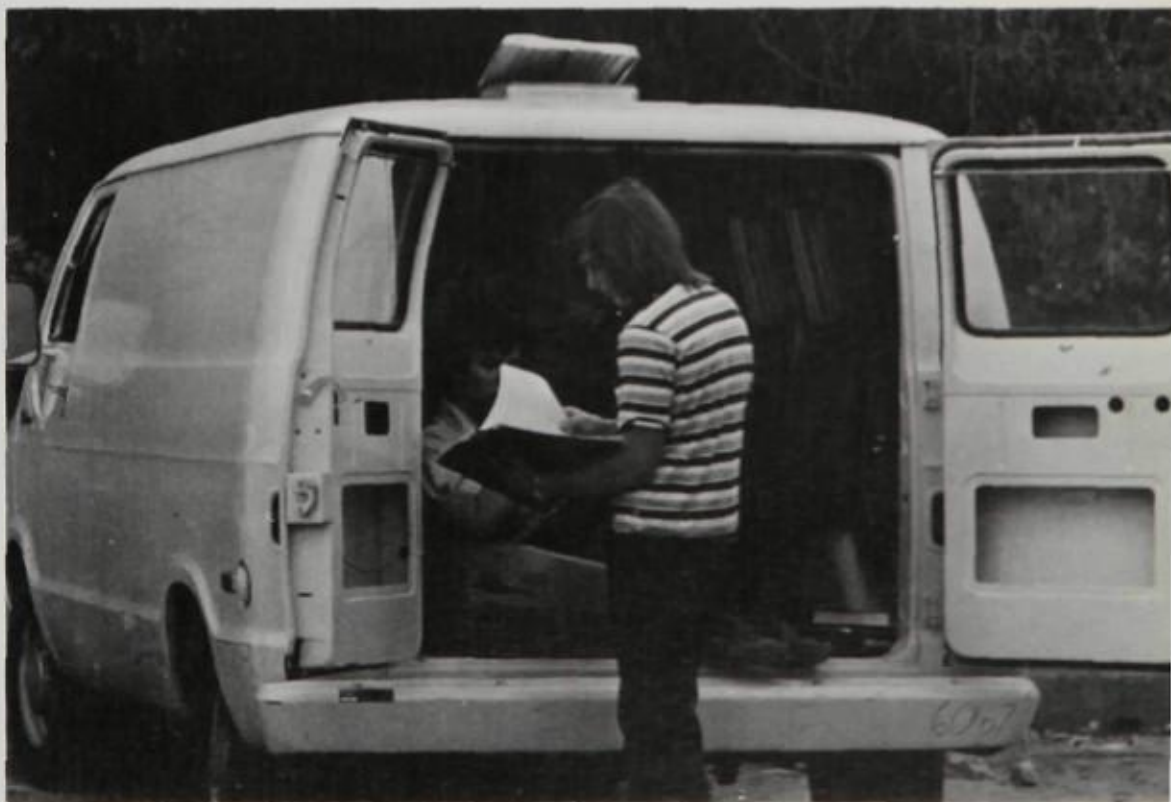
ADS

This yearbook is looking at you: students, faculty, and administration, and as you look through it you will be looking at yourselves.





**Harvard School is the people, the experiences,
the emotions, the work. Pens and cameras
cannot fully capture this truth; only eyes can.**



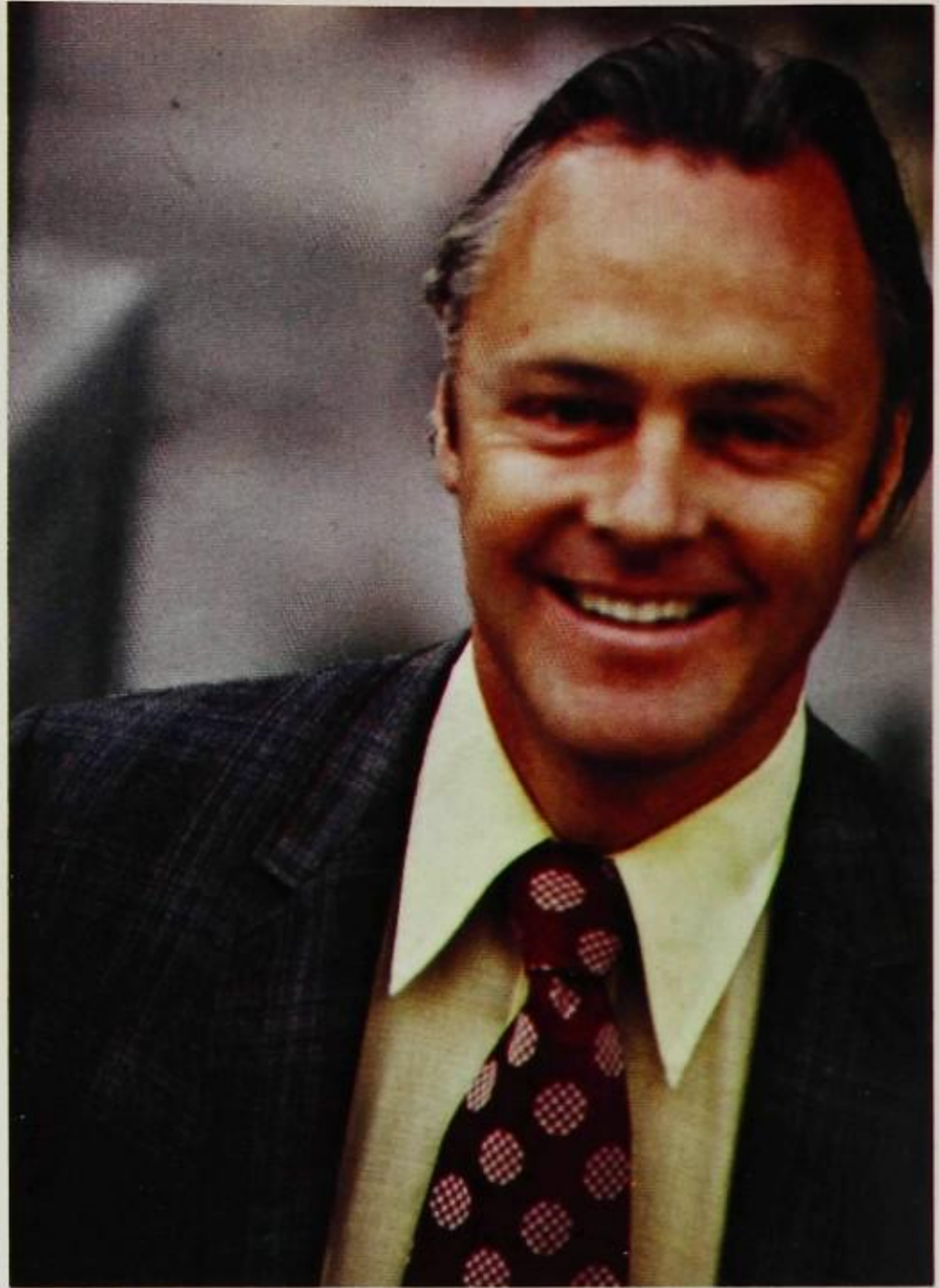


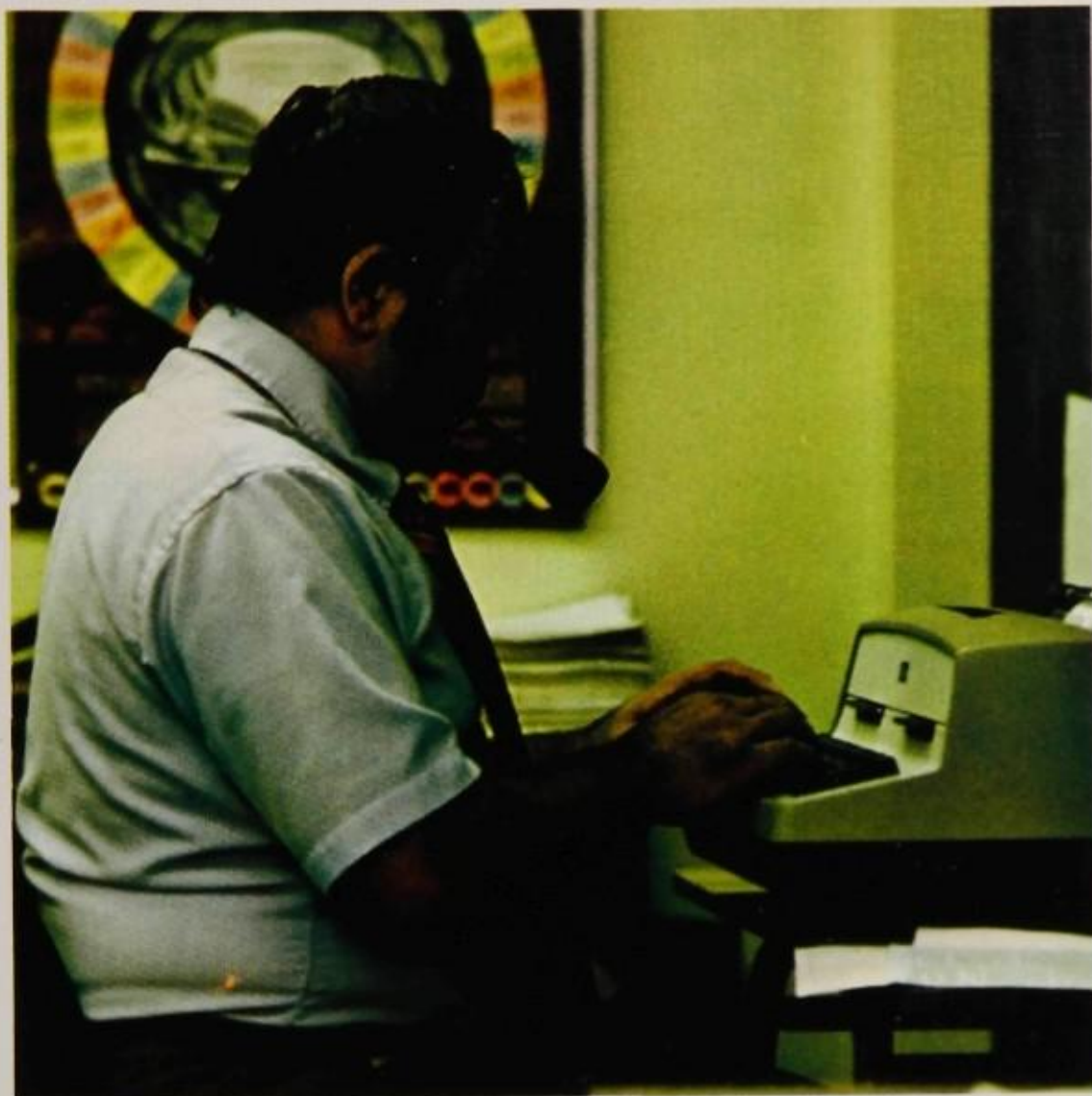
It is a chance to look at each other through your own eyes, and at the same time see yourself through someone else's eyes.



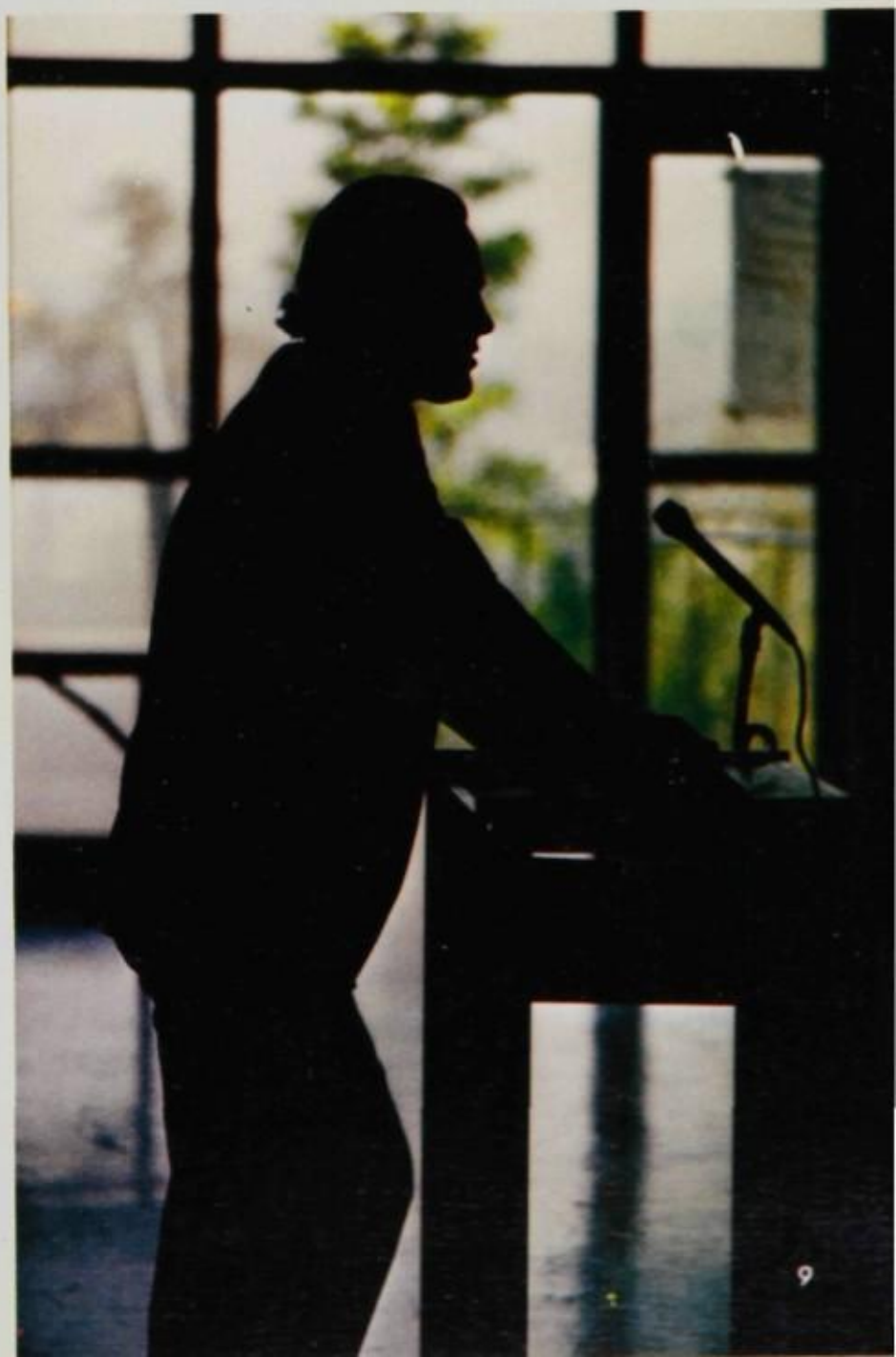
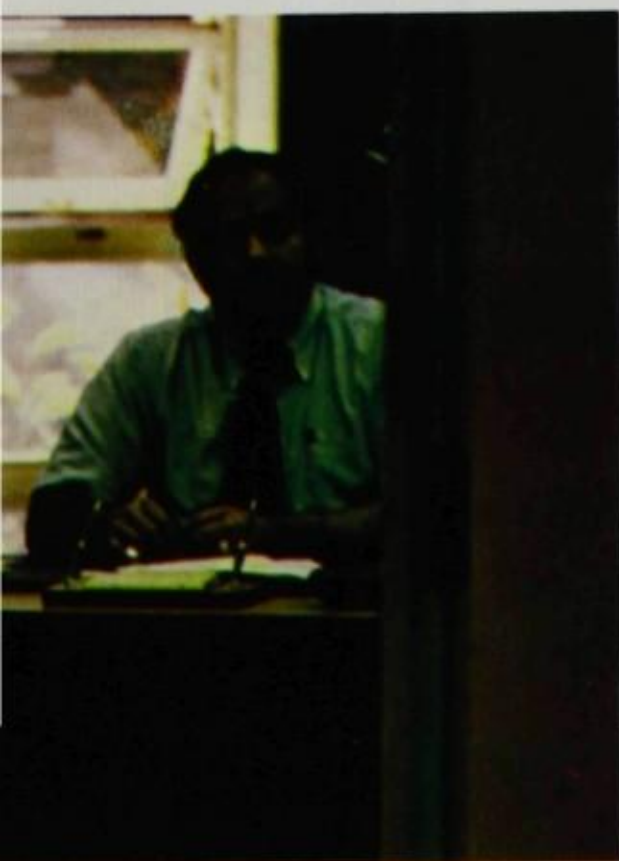


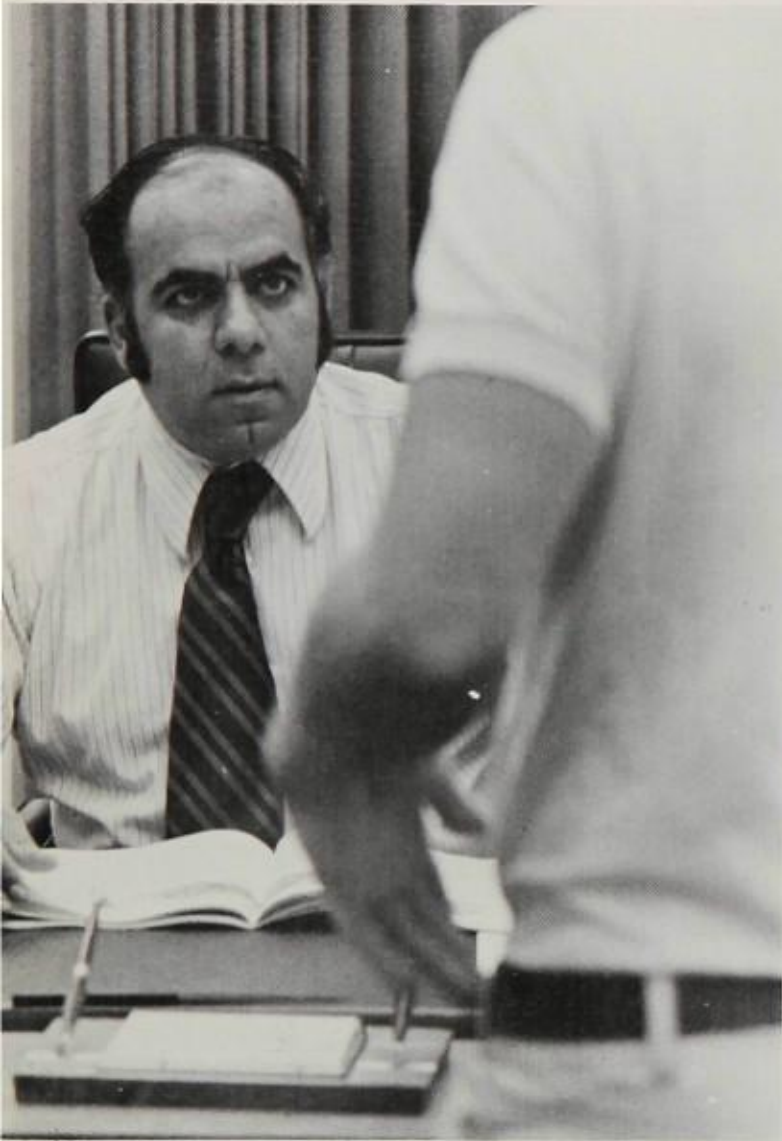
However much we see of others, and however much we think we understand, there is always something inside us all which is visible only to ourselves.





DEDICATION





Our class was the last class to live and work with the military. We have seen the military leave and the construction of three new buildings. We thrived with the abandoning of mandatory study halls and chapel, and the influx and growth of a young and vital faculty and administration.

We, the class of 1974, emerging through the renaissance, confidently dedicate our yearbook to the "founding fathers" of the new Harvard School — Christopher Berrisford and John Pierre Ameer.

These two men, while impressing us by what they have said, earned our deepest respect by how they listened. To Mr. Berrisford and Mr. Ameer our sincere thanks and appreciation for enabling us to contribute to, and mature with, the new Harvard School — your Harvard School.

the class of 1974

ARIES

We worry about failing, and push to make ourselves leaders. Kind, gentle, and magnetic, we hold quick anger when our peers are not as loyal and steadfast as ourselves. With wit and courage we like to live a life of luxury.

Speak the truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too may have their story.



Joel Davison

My Love & Thanks To the Following: Bob + Terry +

Amy + Steve + Andy, Tom M, Sue C, Cindy C, B. Read esq.
 Gary S., Bob S, Craig + Shelley + Toy + Joel + Kathleen, Marc L,
 Linda M, Denise, Gale, DAN, Nicole, Leslie, Shields,
 Rick S, Wendel H, Katie A, **NELLIE**, Ackers, J. DENNEY
 Big Brother JEFF, Mickey, Darryl G, P. McCabe, Georgia
 P. STERN, P. COOPER, Brad P, Mario, Joel Colbert, DJ Hinds



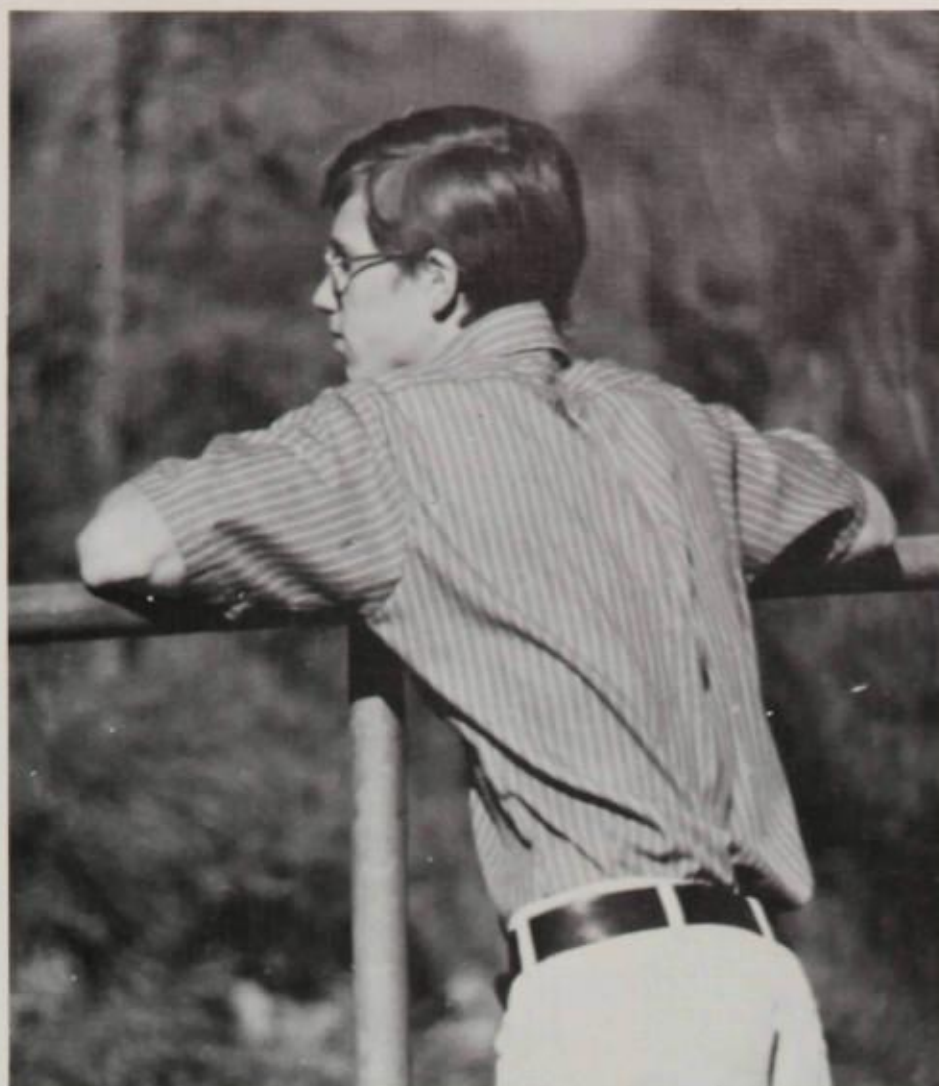
Chris H, Justin D,
 Nate Mob, Craig + Gary
 Jimmie P, Tom Brown
 Bob Brown, ~~Bob~~ Keith
 Jose, Wendy S
 David M, Amber
 OAF, Sampson, Mose
~~Moby~~ Mages
 Trey S, Saliba J,
 Glen R, Sandy Becker
 Don Von Vleit, Curtis S,
 Brad "the wild-man"
LEONARD!

BAUCE RAYE, K. RYAN, Olm,
 C. Smith, D. Wood, D. Rosemont
 M. Davis, Randy + Brad Boggan, C. Wilson, J. Lubetowe, K. Moore
 "Long" Bob Archer, DiFranco, R. Schmidt, L. Carlson, D. Billingsly
 F. Magusin, D. McFadden, R. Michaud, P. Berk,
 Ava + Rolf Oster, Cammie, Raskin, ~~Bob~~ Andrew + Sarah +



Julia + Dewight, Carol C.
 GENE ALLEN, G. Bowler
 M. Bayless, Popo,
 My Parents who I
 Love; Worley + Sue

Robert Dose



History:

Enter
J.V. Basketball
Cum Laude Society
Harvard Sentinel Award
Varsity Basketball
Depart

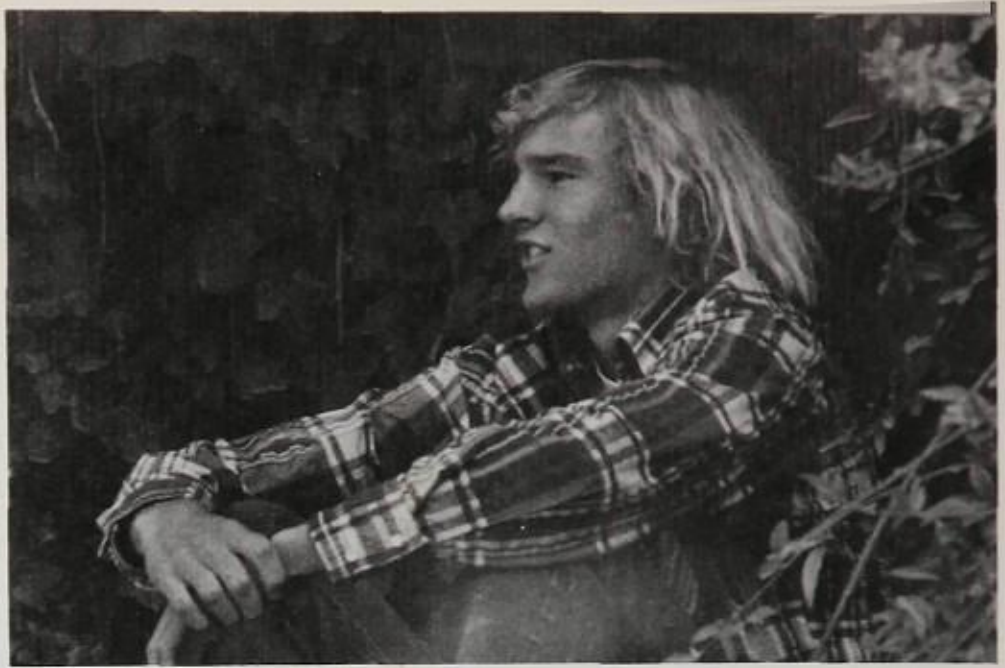
I would like to express my gratitude to those who made my years at Harvard a memorable and rewarding experience. I especially wish to thank my parents who, through their efforts and support (and money), made possible the opportunity for a fine education.



BRUCE N. DICKINSON

History:

**I came at Harvard in '68
And left the hole in '74**



For all those who once knew me here at this school, I leave true thanks for their friendship, trust, encouragement, and faith; all of which helped me to make it through this high school somewhat sane. And to my parents I leave thanks for your love and patience which kept me going through the hardest times.



**Also a special thanks to Mr. Ameer, Mr. Stewart, Coach Billingsley,
Mr. Hughs and Ba-Ba-Lueb**

Don Zdenek



I, Don Zdenek, have willfully enjoyed my learning experiences at Harvard, and am privileged to graduate here with this Senior Class.

I have a lot of things I wish to will to those I leave behind. To Mr. Humphrey — my experiences in his AP class; Mr. Rock — a composition; Mr. Ozawa — the day I'm dumb enough; my riding partner Joel — the hard fact that I'm just as fast on a smaller bike, "The Acres"; Christopher — a new T-bird; Justin — an interior for his van; P.J. — another one of my Bong-sa's; Gary, Bryan, Joel, Craig, Bruce, Trey, Dave, Mike, Pete, and Harry — a little something.

To the next Senior Class, the privilege of not being allowed to get busted in the Senior Parking Lot, and one hundred dollars worth of flowers to celebrate with.



Chris Lewis



"Greatness doth not approach him who is forever looking down; and all those who are looking high are growing poor." — H.D.T.

After six years of Harvard School my thoughts and expectations are directed toward the future. At this time however, I can finally realize what a contribution Harvard has made to my life. From my friends and teachers I learned to appreciate and respect the talents and thoughts of others. For this "true Knowledge" I thank you all.

Take it easy . . .

Rich M. — Swamp Wallabees, a haunted house, two senior basketball games, a pumpkin pitch, and 1000 Oaks.

Pat S. *Canned heat, his dachshund, 12 long years and the best of luck in Decembers mail.

Peter Mc. — Mr. Berk, his friend Castro and a cheering crowd.

Andy U. — Fishburns mechanical skill with lamps, Germain, and quickness.

John M. — the deadline for senior pages, this annual, and the loss of his creative prose.

Tennis T. — my record which consists of 2 practices, 1 suspension (lasting two hours) and zero team pictures.

D. Theis — "OCCASSIONAL" according to Webster. Jim S. — Hawaiian mosquitos, two classical top hats and one of "My Three Sons."

M. Davis — 2 tenths of a second, Russellonian Economics, volleyball, and one hell of a lot of talent.

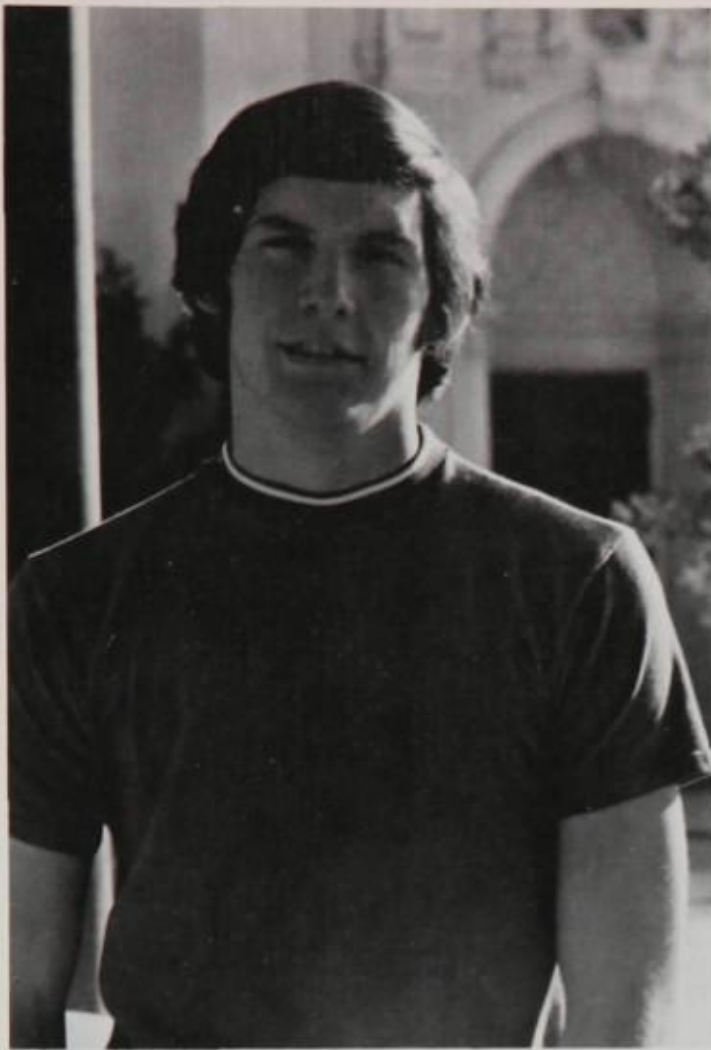
John K. — his canyon, and Endgame.

Craig M. — the 7th grade whites and their superiority over the reds.

Kevin C. — Jokers, jesters, and a life membership in Procrastinators Anonymous.

Rick S. — Beers, "barges," arrowheads, "Oh Hi's," and the knowledge that "it takes two hands to handle a whooper."





Richard Shields



History — I Genesis 1, f.f.

to R.L.
J.M.
R.S. & M.L.
F.G.
F.M.

— Respect
— Apologies
— Thanks
— Thanks
— Bears

P.S.
J.D.
B.L.
P.M.

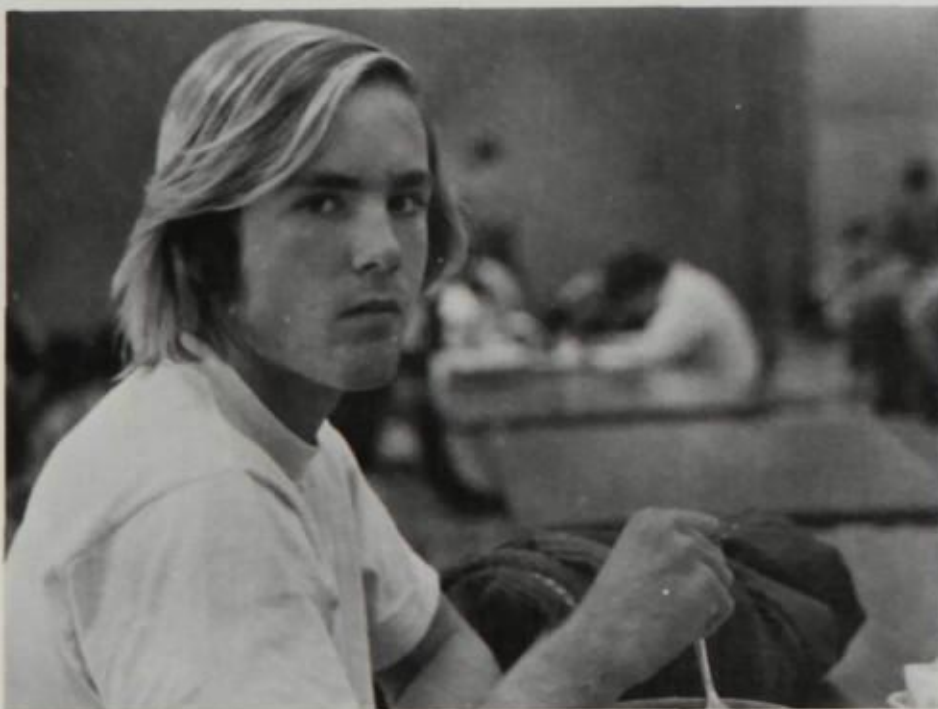
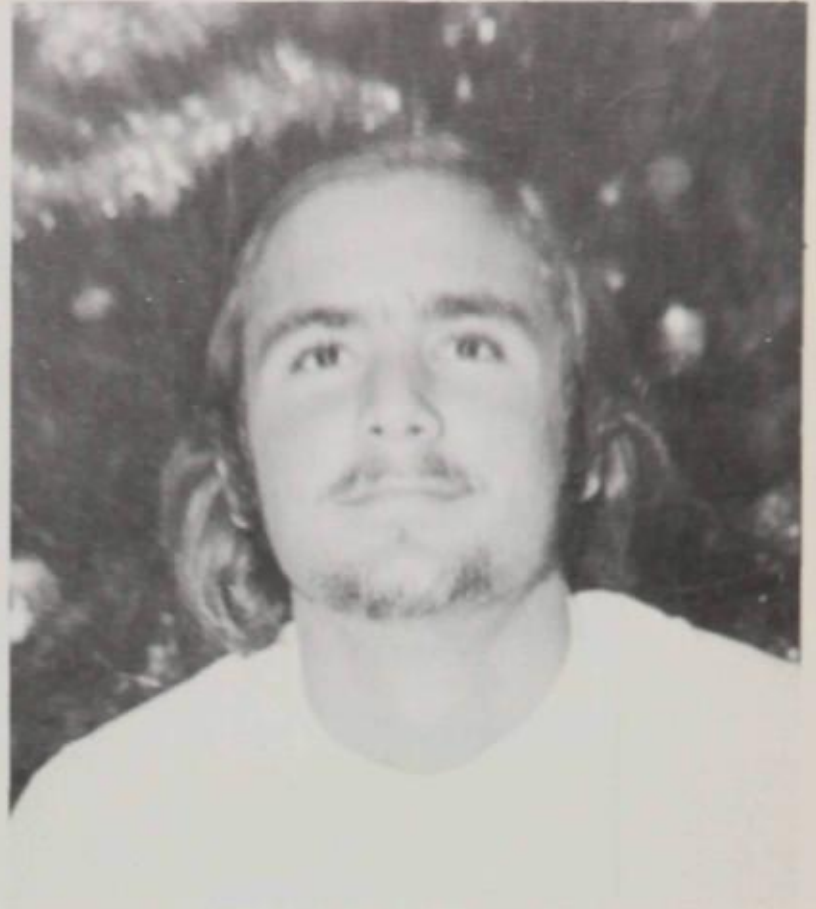
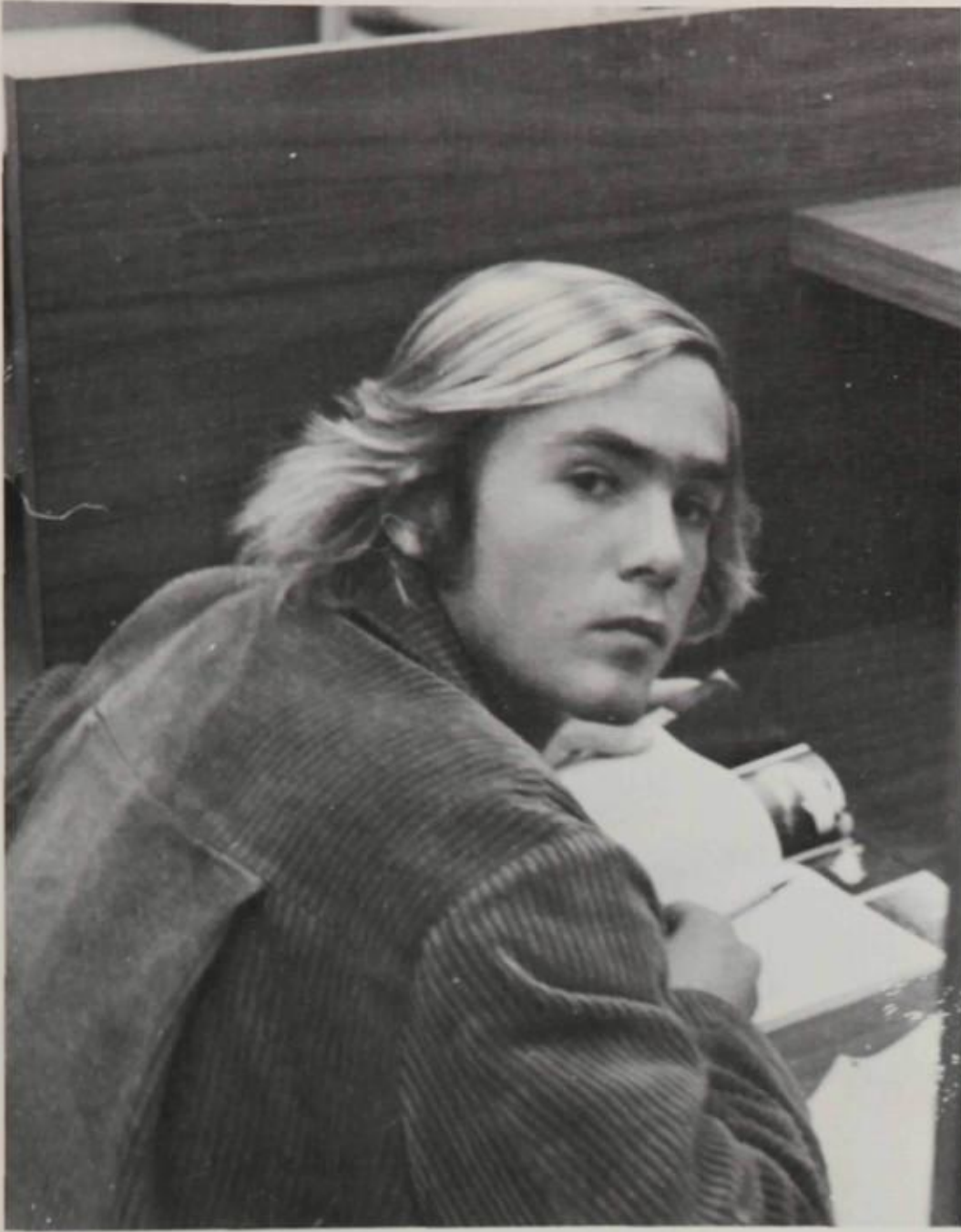
— Calm
— Paint
— Hot Air & P.M.
— Hot Air & B.L.



Peter van Rensselaer Cooper



Marty Davis





JOEL A. COLBERT
Science
B.S. Southern Connecticut
Two Years

A man traveling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him. Coming to a precipice, he caught hold of the root of a wild vine and swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw at the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other. How sweet it tasted!



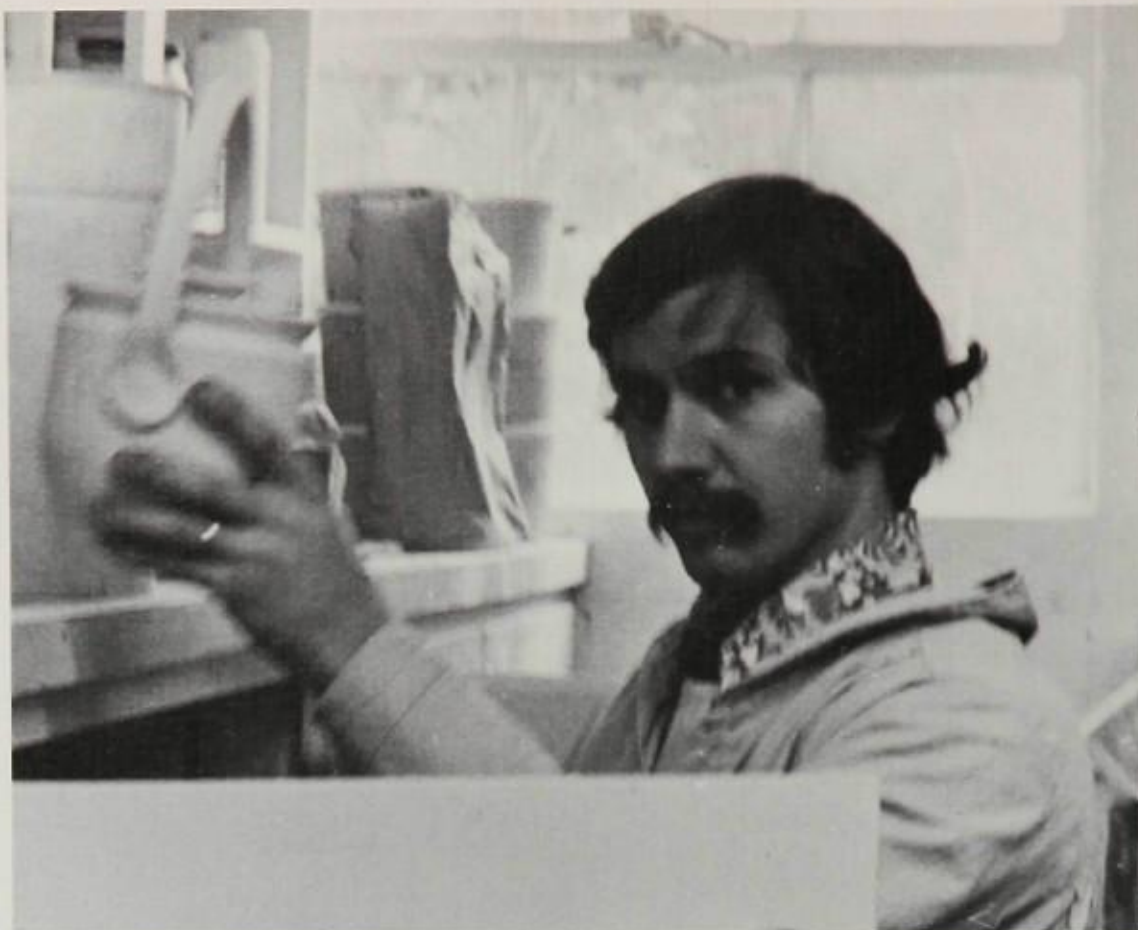
ROGELIO MARTINEZ-OYARZUN
 Foreign Languages
 B.A. H.H. Maristas
 I.P.F. Sorbonne
 Brevet d'Aptitude Alliance Francaise
 Six Years
 "The man without a NAVEL yet lives
 in me."



RALPH N. SCHMIDT
 Social Studies
 A.B. Colorado College
 M.A. U.C. Berkeley
 One Year
 Why eat Hostess Twinkies when you can dine on
 filet mignon?

JOHN G. LUEBTOW
 Fine Arts
 B.A. Cal Lutheran
 M.A. U.C.L.A.
 Three Years

The bus!
 Who's ill?
 The sidewalk?
 The people on it?
 Those in the bus?
 What does our world show us?
 Do we see?
 Do we want to see?

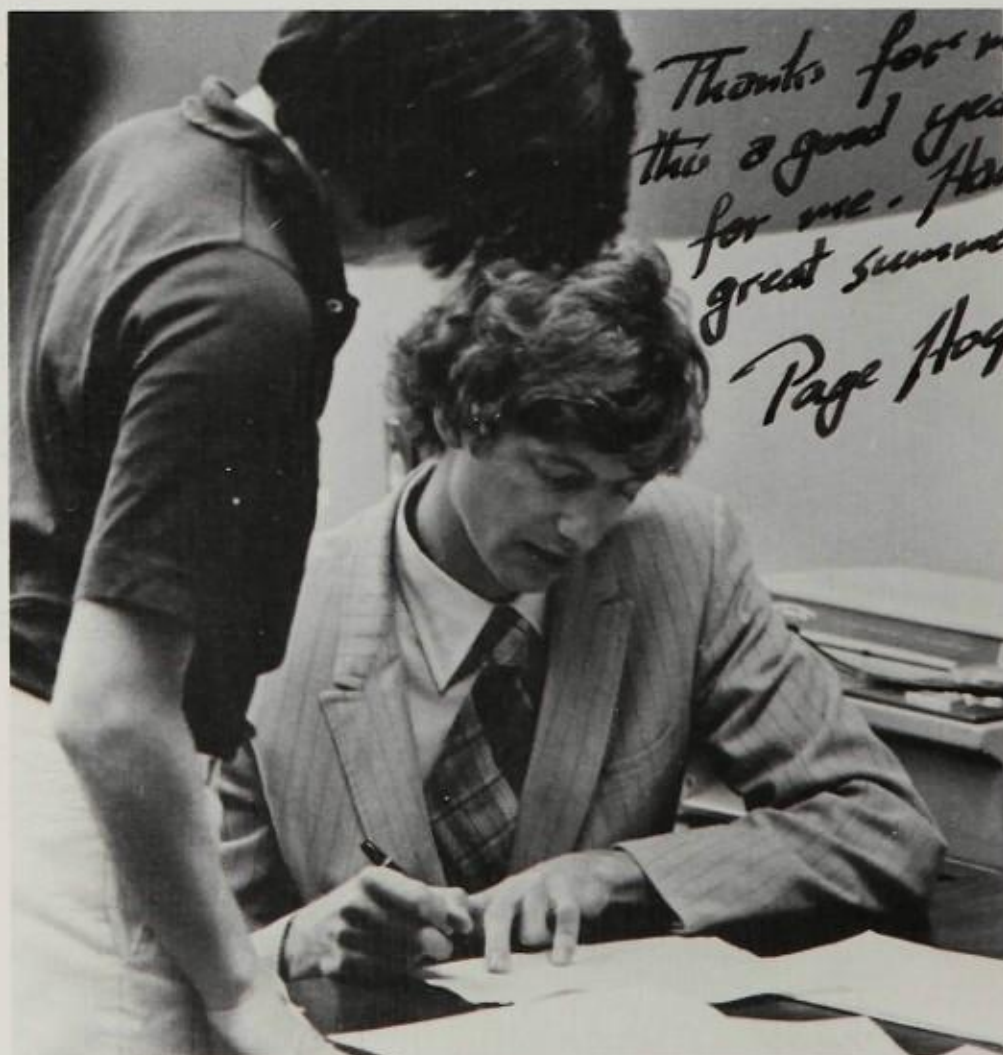


DONALD W. GOODMAN
 Physical Education
 B.A. Cal State Northridge
 M.A. Stanford
 One Year

PAGE HOEPER
 Mathematics
 B.S.E. Princeton
 M.A.T. Harvard
 One Year

You're only here for a short time; so
 don't hurry, don't worry, and don't
 forget to smell the flowers along the
 way.

-Anon.



*Thanks for making
 this a good year
 for me. Have a
 great summer.
 Page Hooper*



COLETTE J. DEES
 Foreign Languages
 B.A. Montana State
 M.A. U.C.L.A.
 One Year



JON RINNANDER
 English
 B.A. University of Pennsylvania
 M.A. Princeton
 Three Years

"I had immense plans," he muttered irresolutely.

— The Heart of Darkness

Another curious dilemma you will be faced with will be the problem of greeting a member of the faculty. You think I've got to say hello to him even though I really don't like him and if he was a student everybody would hate him but he's not, so you greet him cordially and he asks how you are. Well, you want to answer him honestly and say, "Well, sir, I feel like a piece of shit, I can't seem to accomplish anything, and I feel like I haven't got a friend in the world." But you don't want to shake him up because he'll mention it to someone and pretty soon you'll have all kinds of people trying to "understand" you. So you say fine and keep on going.





"Enthusiasm is frowned upon, since it is likely to be noisy. The admiral (administrative assistant) had caught a few kids who had caught a few kids who came to school before class, eager to practice on the typewriters. He issued a manifesto forbidding any student in the building before 8:20 or after 3:00 — outside of school hours, students are "unauthorized." They are not allowed to remain in a classroom unsupervised by a teacher. They are not allowed to linger in corridors. They are not allowed to speak without raising a hand. They are not allowed to feel too strongly or to laugh too loudly. — from "Up the Down Staircase."

John Reynolds quotes from an eighteenth century novelist: "The boys fil'l into the classroom, and their presence noted by the master. A younger one by name Reginalde was asked to recite his Latin, and his Catechism, and having falter'd his commandments was caned twenty times, with four others as example, to demonstrate the austerity of the master."

Familiar images for Harvard School? Not frequently. Obviously the above examples are extreme cases, but at this school we have an extreme, too. While most institutes of learning have interested and helpful instructors, we have something better. The relations between students and faculty . . . what can I say . . . some may hold grudges against the administration, others may reject their fellow students, but I think that all of us realize that our teachers, who are what the learning bit is all about, are an incredible lot of great people. And this counts inside and out of class.

They teach us their subject and we learn it, but we also learn from them as people. Perhaps this is the difference between an instructor and a teacher: the former translates "amigo," the later is one.

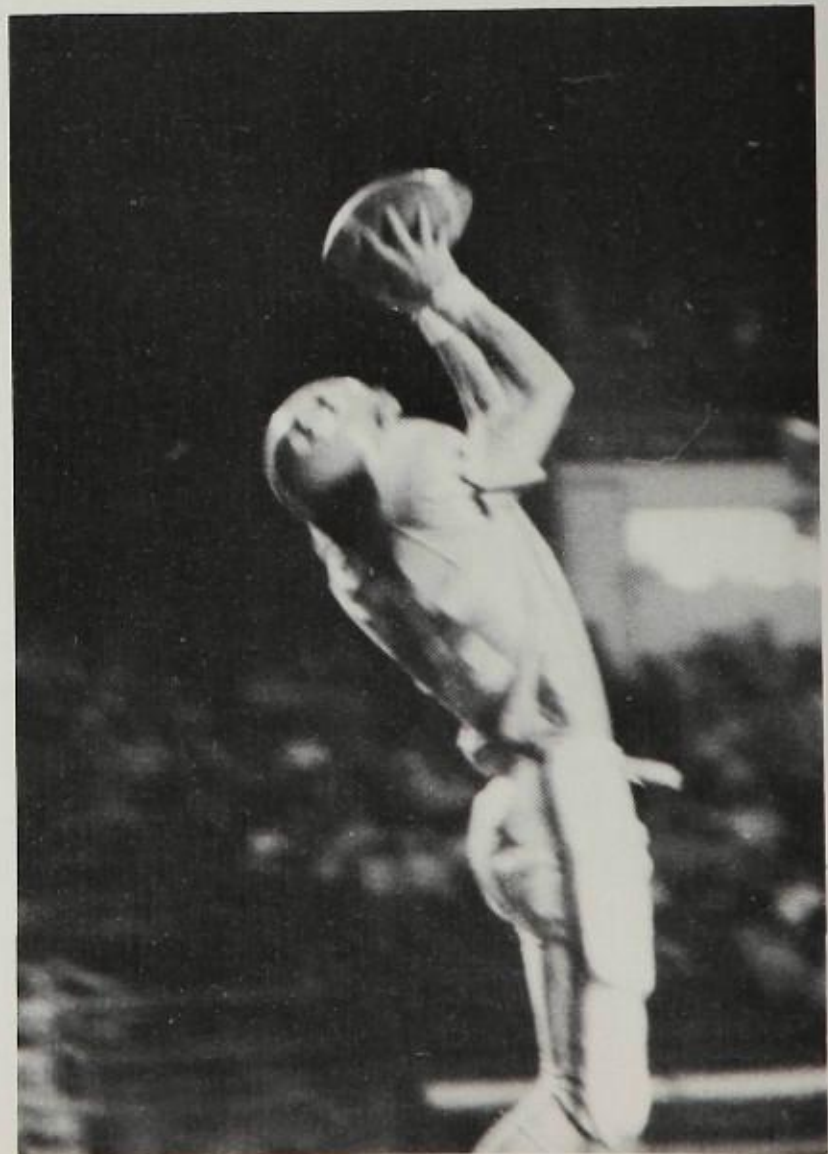
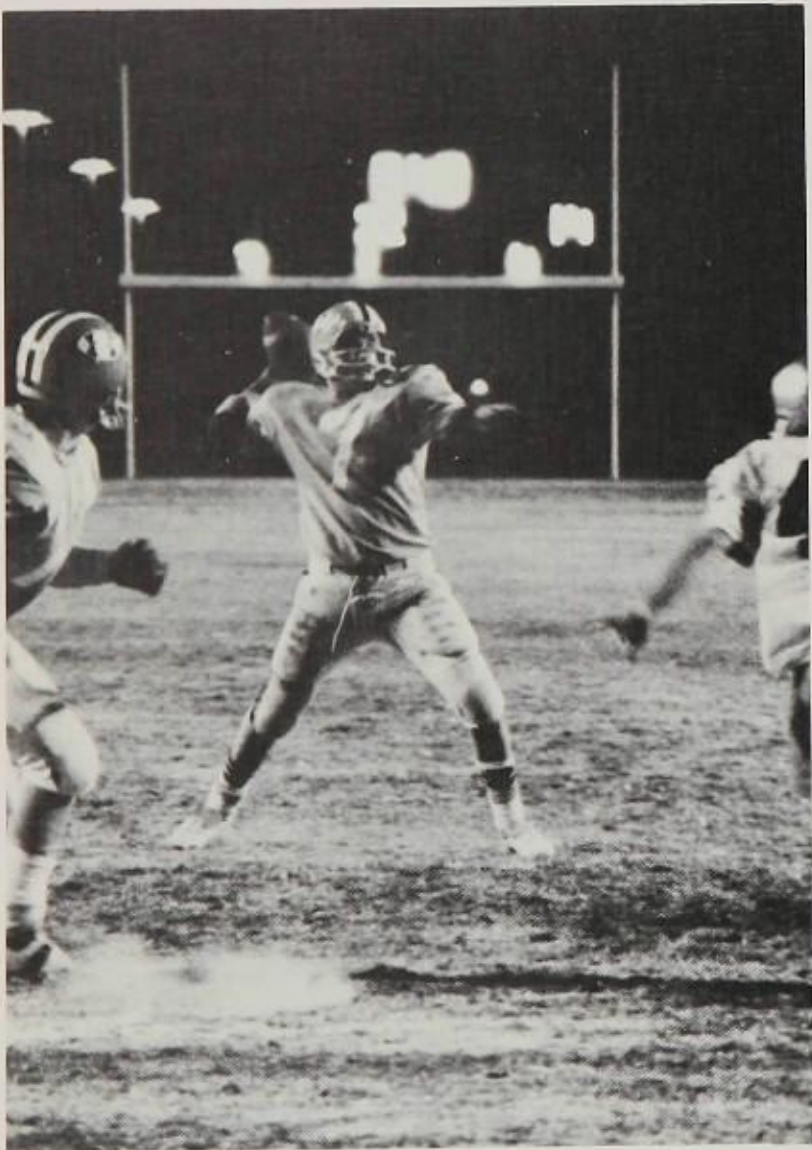
Inside the classroom we submit to the necessary "learning facades;" outside, though, we'll wine, dine, sport, and joke with our teachers. We enjoy them and they seem to enjoy us. And in this way we must perceive the wisdom of Henry Brooks Adams' comment, "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops."

— David Theis



Clifford, Beck, Paul, Fauntleroy, Olmstead, Carroll, Miller, C. Marx, G. Marx, Schuur, Symonds, Mannon, G. Scott, Dickinson, Shields,

Football

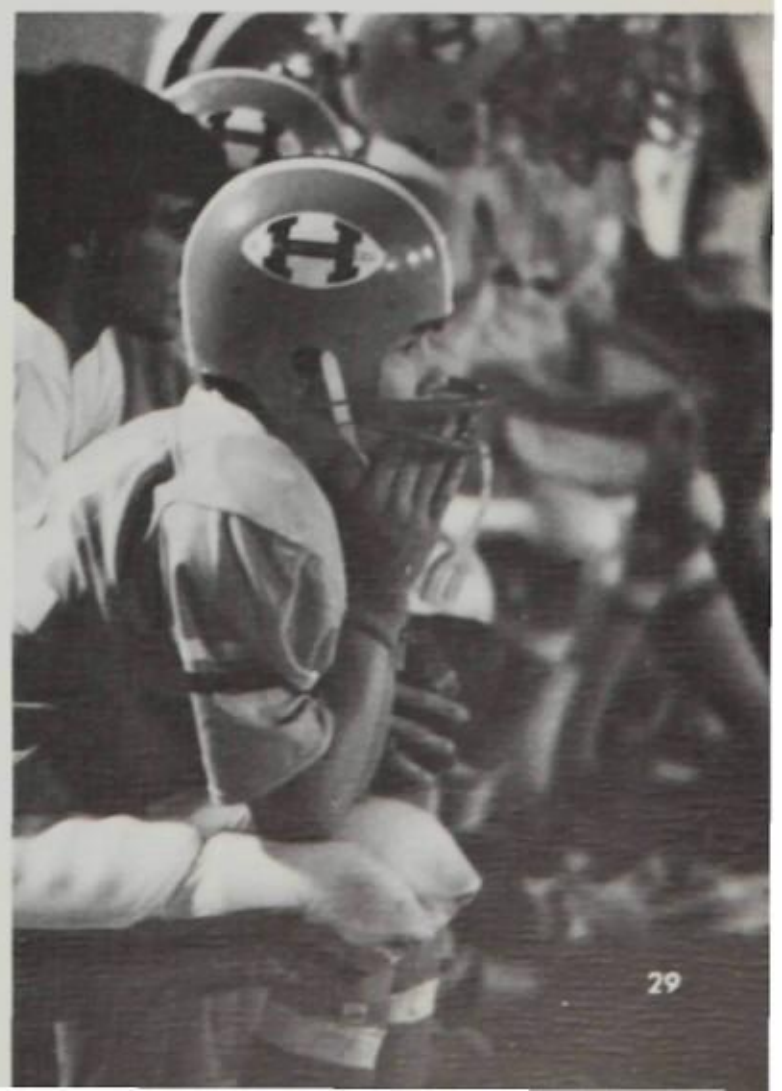


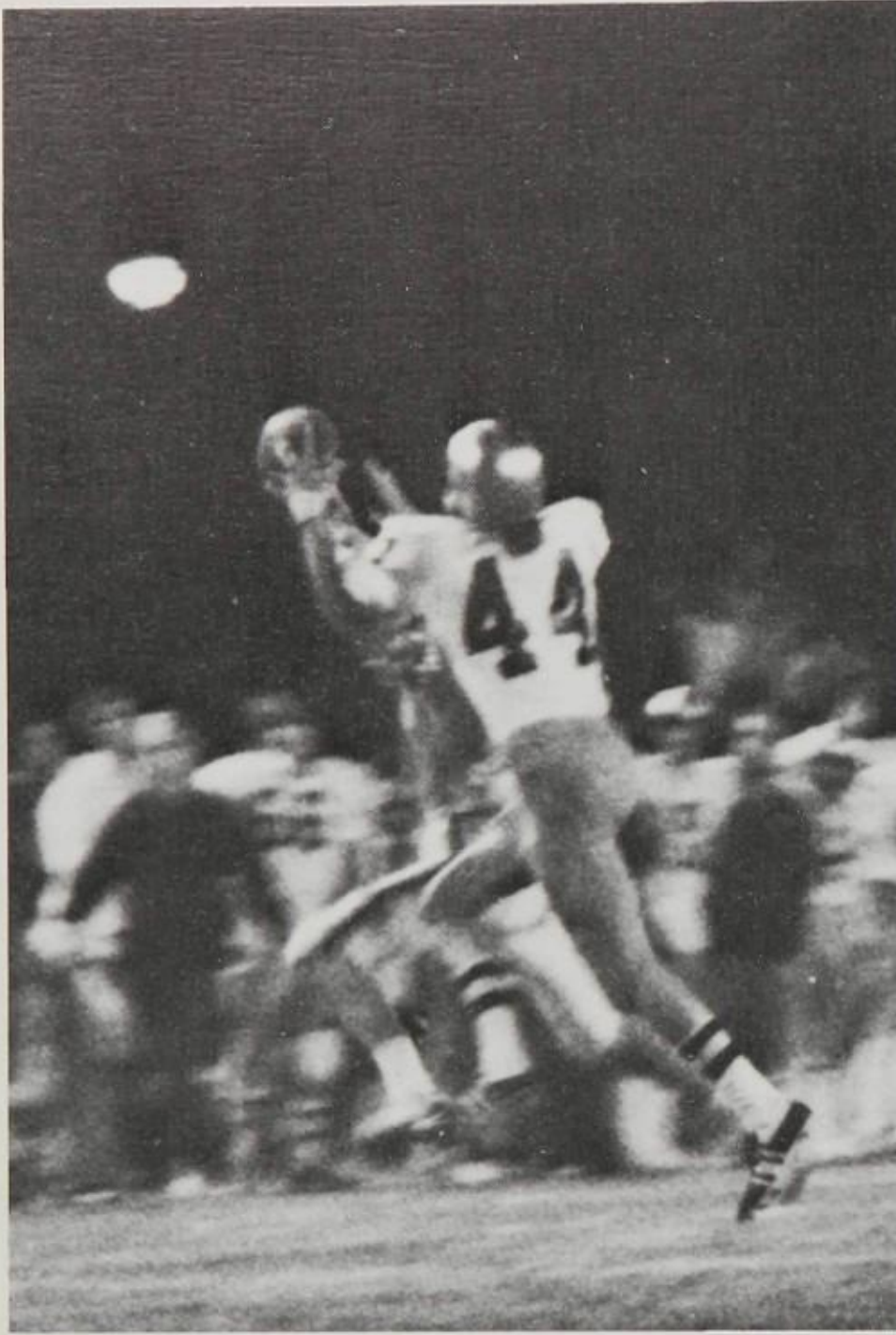


Turnap B. Scott, Stern, Roger, Leonard, Singleton, Hohl, Welshi, Uhlmann, Karno, Oswald, Wood, Riach, Rand, Trainer, E. Marx, Mitchell, Ferm



Then something gave out. The defense died, the offense couldn't score. With only three minutes left, Lennox led with a score of 22-14. But the Saracens came back with a literally unbelievable 73 yard drive and a subsequent two-point conversion. The coaches insisted it was a victory . . . most called it a tie. Regardless, there was a spark in the team. Things could improve. But life returned to normal all too soon, as someone ran off with the game ball, constituting a 20 dollar loss to the athletic department.





It takes little to play on a winning football team. Practices are fun and players are up. Coaches spend much more time praising than criticizing. Crowds are big and boisterous. Cheerleaders are well-practiced. Teachers offer congratulatory back-slaps. Administration members offer helpful advice. Signs displaying good-natured mockery of the opponents are plastered in corridors. Younger kids fight for the chance to be waterboy. The air is heavy with the excitement and anticipation of that week's game. The season flies by. There is the possibility of winning league and going to the CIF playoffs. And the chance, just maybe, of winning the whole thing.



But what about the losing team? The practices drag, the players are down. Crowds are sparse and quiet. Cheerleaders spend most of their time joking amongst themselves. Administration members make cracks about the game. Teachers bet against the team. No one wants to be waterboy. No one knows where the game is going to be played, or at what time. What's worse, no one cares.

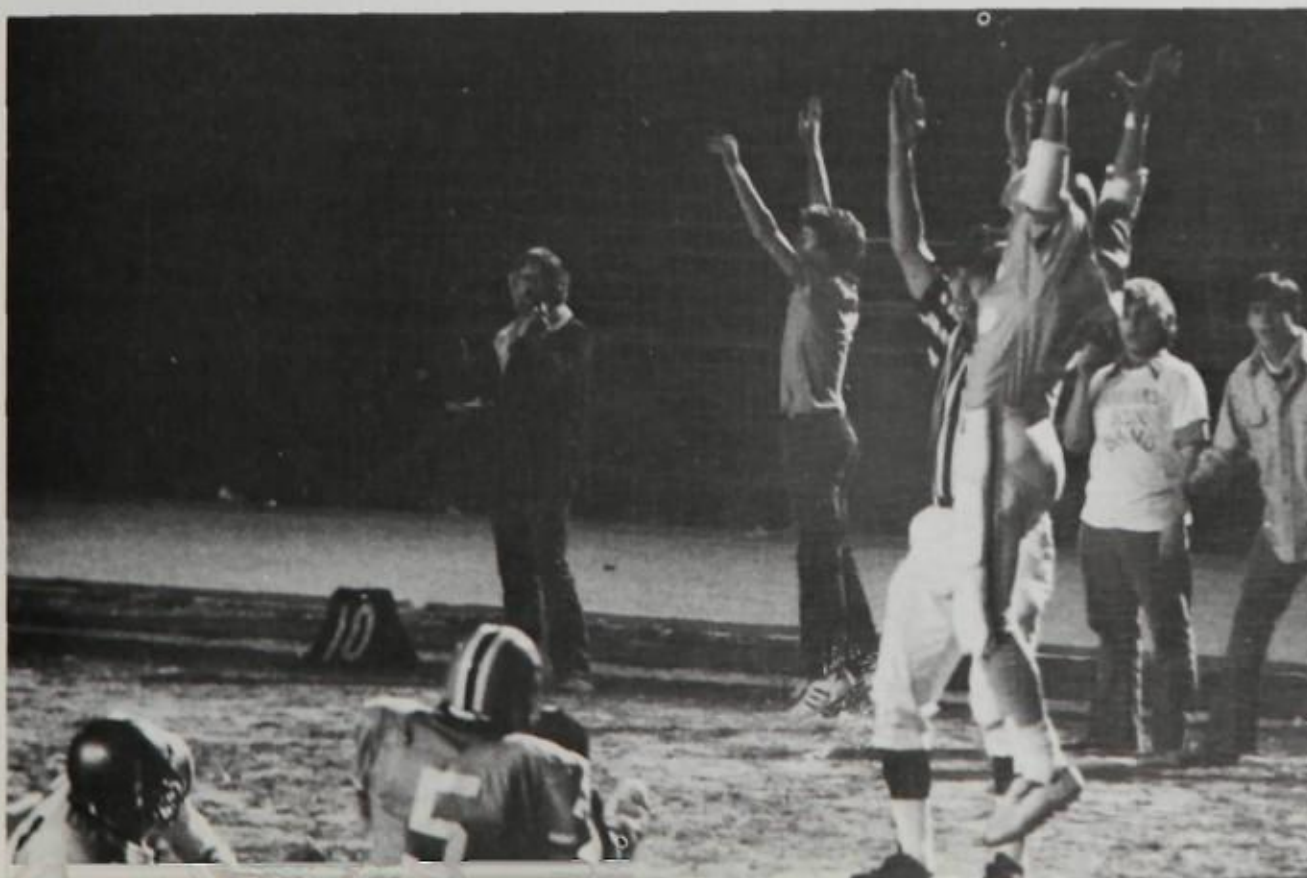
What can you say when a parent comes up to a teacher and asks, "Where in the hell did they get that homosexual offense?"

What can you say to convince your friends not to quit?

What can you say when deep down in your gut, in your heart, you know you're going to lose, and you're a little scared, but you can't admit it to yourself or your teammates, and you're discouraged and disgusted and tired, oh so tired, and you think you can't go on, and you have to put on a wet, clammy uniform and go out onto a cold and muddy field and practice for three hours, and you want to know for what, why in God's name are you out there, and where can you find that last effort to not stop, not quit, not die out, where, where?

It has been said that the measure of a man is not how he lives with success, but how he faces failure. Humans always like to take the easy way out. It would have been easy to quit, to die out, to stop improving and even stop caring. It would have been easy for coaches to stop trying to help, to stop believing in their player, to stop coaching. It would have been easy for cheerleaders to stop cheering and for fans to stop coming. But it takes something special, something hidden deep inside each person, to keep on going. You can call it mental toughness, courage, guts, or just plain stupidity. But the Harvard Varsity football team had it. And they had a lot of it.

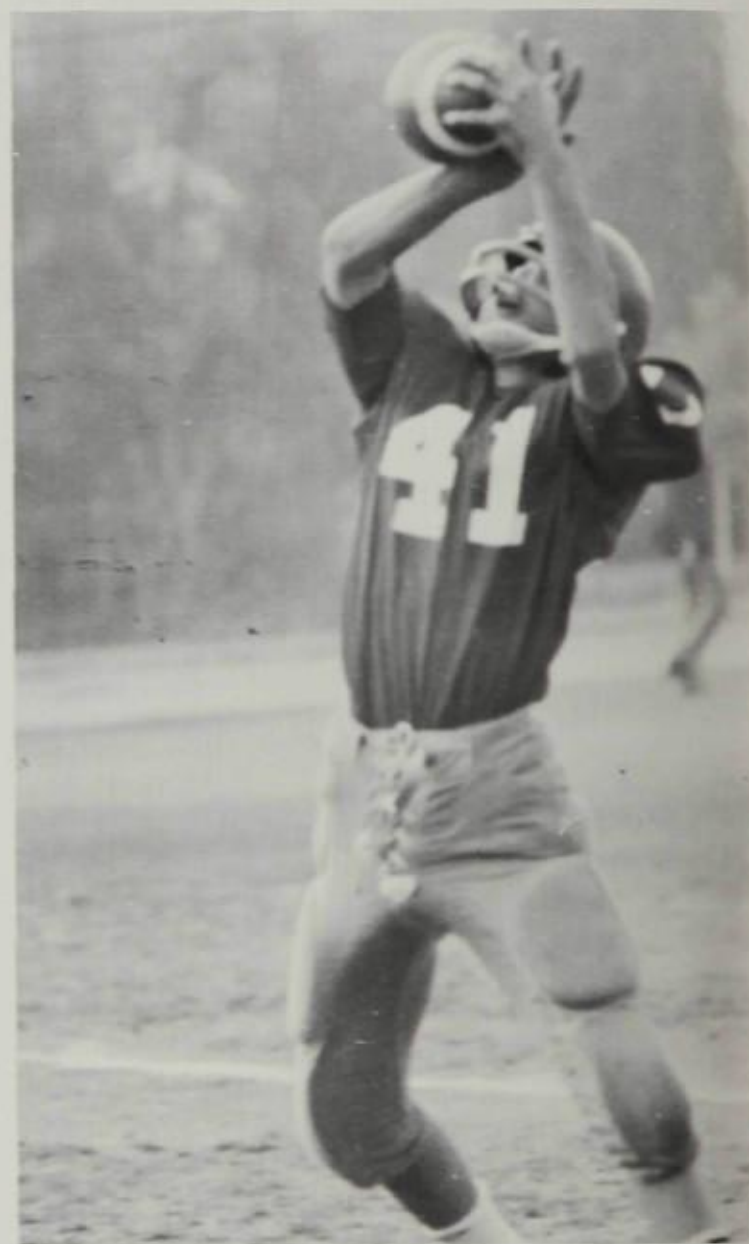
Brad Leonard '74





Burnap, Jones, Pomeroy, Beadles, Flintoff, DeMarco, Sanders, Skouras, Williams J., Williams IV, Aberg, Dahlberg, Barrett, Reif, Kleiner, Fisher, Christopher, Thabit, Greenberg, Bercovici, Coach Dickey.

Freshman Football

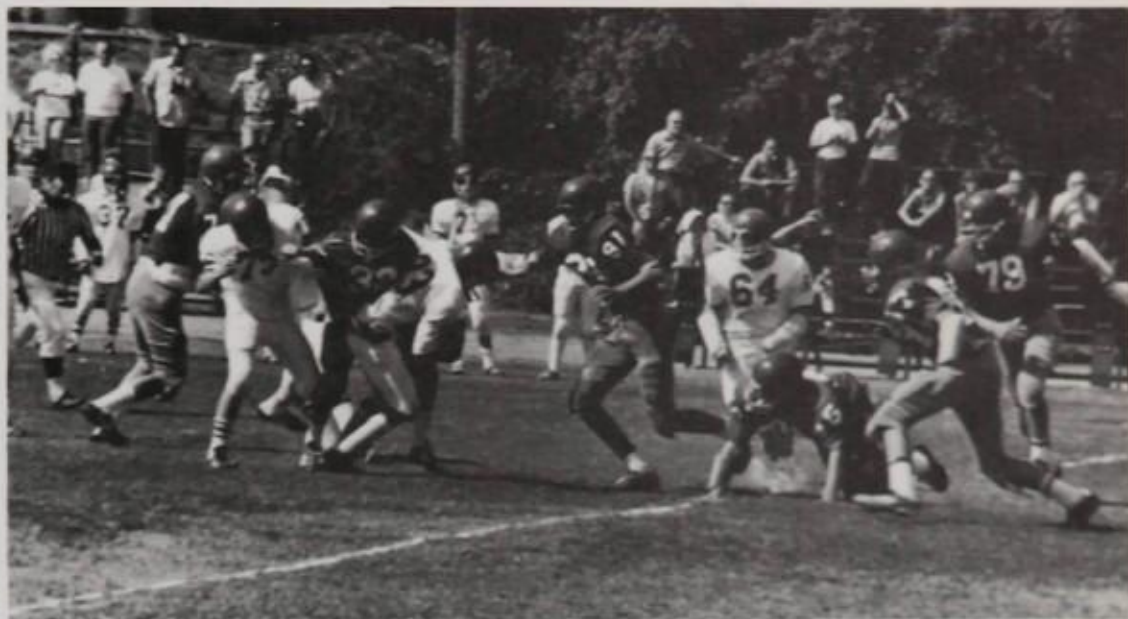




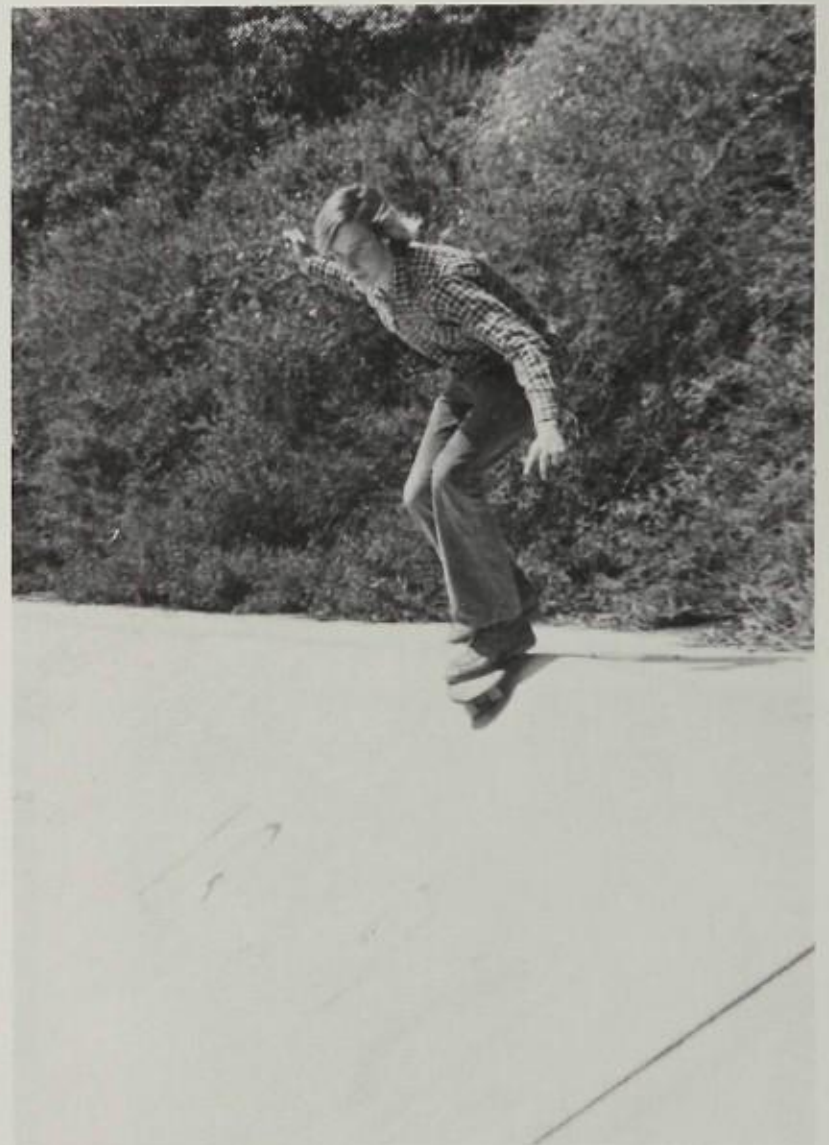
Coach Michaud, Brown, Janes, Moss, Hamile, Mottl, Sutherland, Cazier, Dorgan, Brown, Holland, Read, Hoffman, Harvie, Harker, Palmer, Ford, Swanson, Bateman, Bagnard, Zaro, Fenimore.

The Harvard Freshman Football team got off to a good start in the Pioneer League. Unfortunately, their game record of 1-8-0 did not show the team's ability to adjust and adapt to new methods of playing. On several defensive goal line situations, Harvard held its opponents from scoring. The offense easily learned multiple formations, particularly the shotgun formation. If the offense strengthens and the team sticks together, we will have a good season next year.

The players that were recognized on the team and given awards for their efforts: George Thabit for most valuable player, Bill Bagnard for most improved player, Kevin Fisher for best offensive back and Kevin Read for best defensive back. The best offensive lineman was Jim Burnap and the best defensive lineman was David Zaro.



**Toilet
Bowl
Gang**



**Drama
Troupe**





Kazoo Band Homecoming Queen — Phylliss DiFranco

Harvard Kazoo Band

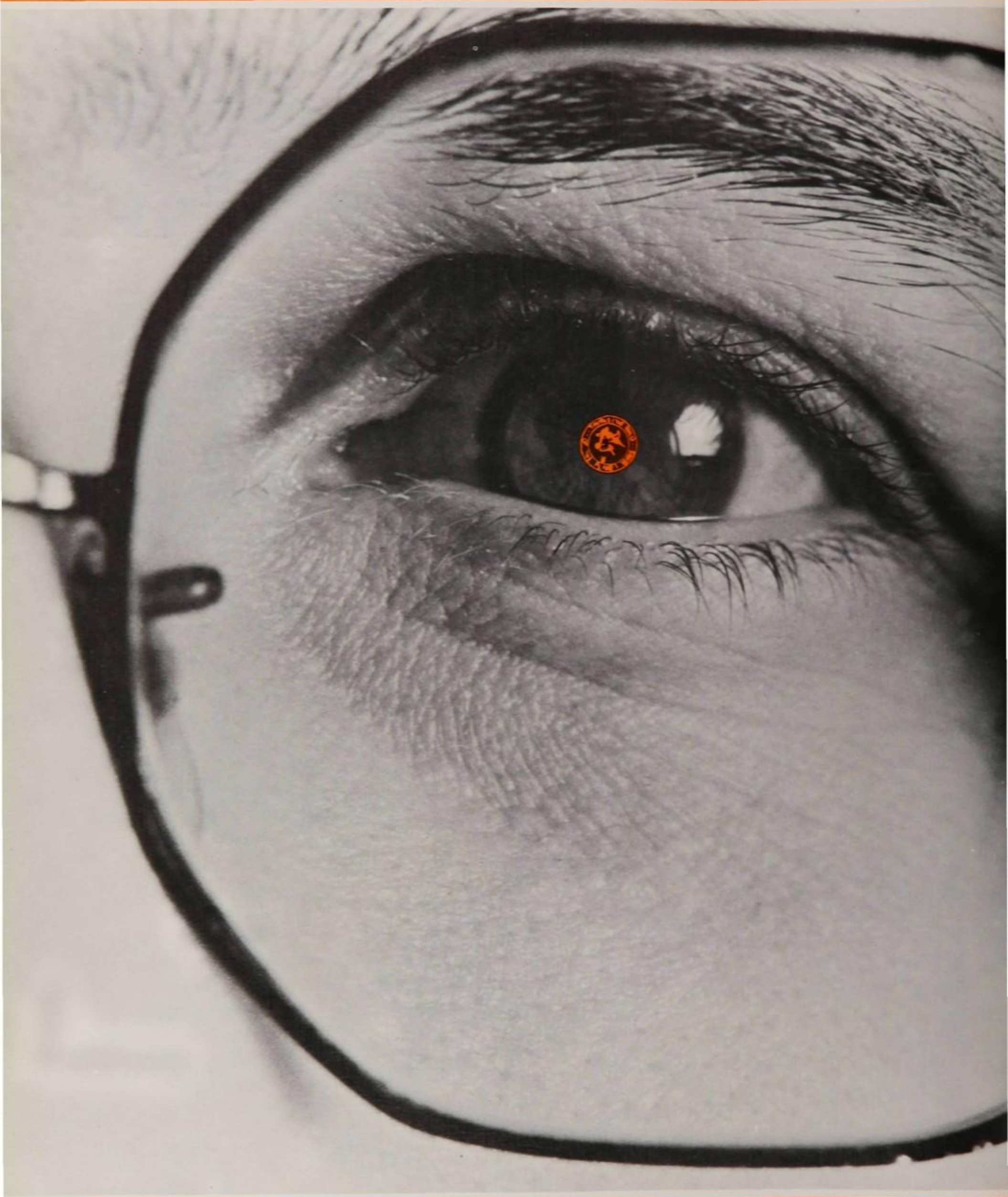


Harvard Film Society

a triumph — 2001



Mr. Ameer
Mr. DiFranco
Peter Meyer
Fred Sherman
Sebastian Deleone
Daniel Sarnoff
Chip Hayes





TAURUS

Extravagance is our key in giving, appearance and emotions. We rule fearlessly and can be harsh and cruel in the pursuit of power. So, while we have natural tact, we must develop self-control and conquer ourselves before others.

If you compare yourself with others you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.



WILL:

I Scott Shepherd being of sound mind and somewhat fat body depending on whether it is Dodger baseball season or not do bequeath the following items to the following people: to John Greenberg a twenty minute short clip from "The Exorcist" with a copy of the book to go along with it; to Riach an unused speech, to LoPresti his uncensored portion of that speech, to McCabe Wednesday night rides to basketball practice, no-shows to pre-season practice as a junior, my membership card in the Harvard Apathetic Club giving him two, all the talks with his foster father he can handle and his All-Tournament vote at Carpenteria. To Parker I leave a \$2.50 refund at Valencia and a few games of air hockey, to Saliba a twenty minute clip of Pete Maravich in action, to Coach Rock a whiff on the fourth at Knollwood and remembrances of Mike Warren at Valencia, and a mystery book he will not call trash, to Randy weekly trips to the movies, the Culture section and the Sleeper- Sting double bill, to Kevin Cooper and McCook first period movie reviews, to Burgess the only man to see my mystery book collection an empty refrigerator, a broken T.V., a Bambi movie, Fatty eating lessons, many basketball games and test making up in Rocks class. To Theis all the celery he can eat, to the remainder of the Harvard varsity basketball team my speech, to Nelson Sentinel Review so-called meetings and U.S.C. vs Stanford, to my riders two years of indentured slavery, to Blumberg almost making us late for Zardoz, to Leonard the satisfaction of knowing someone supposed to be intellectual could appreciate the Exorcist, to Manulis the prodding to get this page in the

annual along with the money, and to anyone I've left out to get what they deserve.

My thanks to teachers Mr. Florian, Mr. Rinnander, Mr. Keith, Mr. Archer, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Miller for putting up with me and teaching me something I found useful. My special thanks to Coaches McFadden, Rock and Wine-trobe for being good friends and a great help in classes and athletic endeavors.

Scott Shepherd

The Pastimes

1970 — Perry Mason, James Bond
 1971 — Lew Archer, Phillip Marlowe
 1972 — Nero Wolfe, Hercule Poirot
 1973 — Jane Marple, Ellery Queen
 1974 — Lord Peter Wimsey

All life is a mad and futile ferment of substances meant originally to occupy space without disturbing it. But alas, here we are in the thick of the disturbance, and the only way that has occurred to us to make it tolerable is to join in and raise all the hell our ingenuity may suggest — Nero Wolfe
 I abhor the dull routine of existence,
 I crave for mental exaltation — Sherlock Holmes





Daniel Frederick Sones

Like a kite
Cut from a string
Lightly the soul of my youth
Has taken flight.

ISHIKAWA TAKUBOKU



Richard Alexander Sheriffs

History

Entered 1968
Serious for 3 years
Should have left 1972
Varsity Baseball
Left 1974



Omar



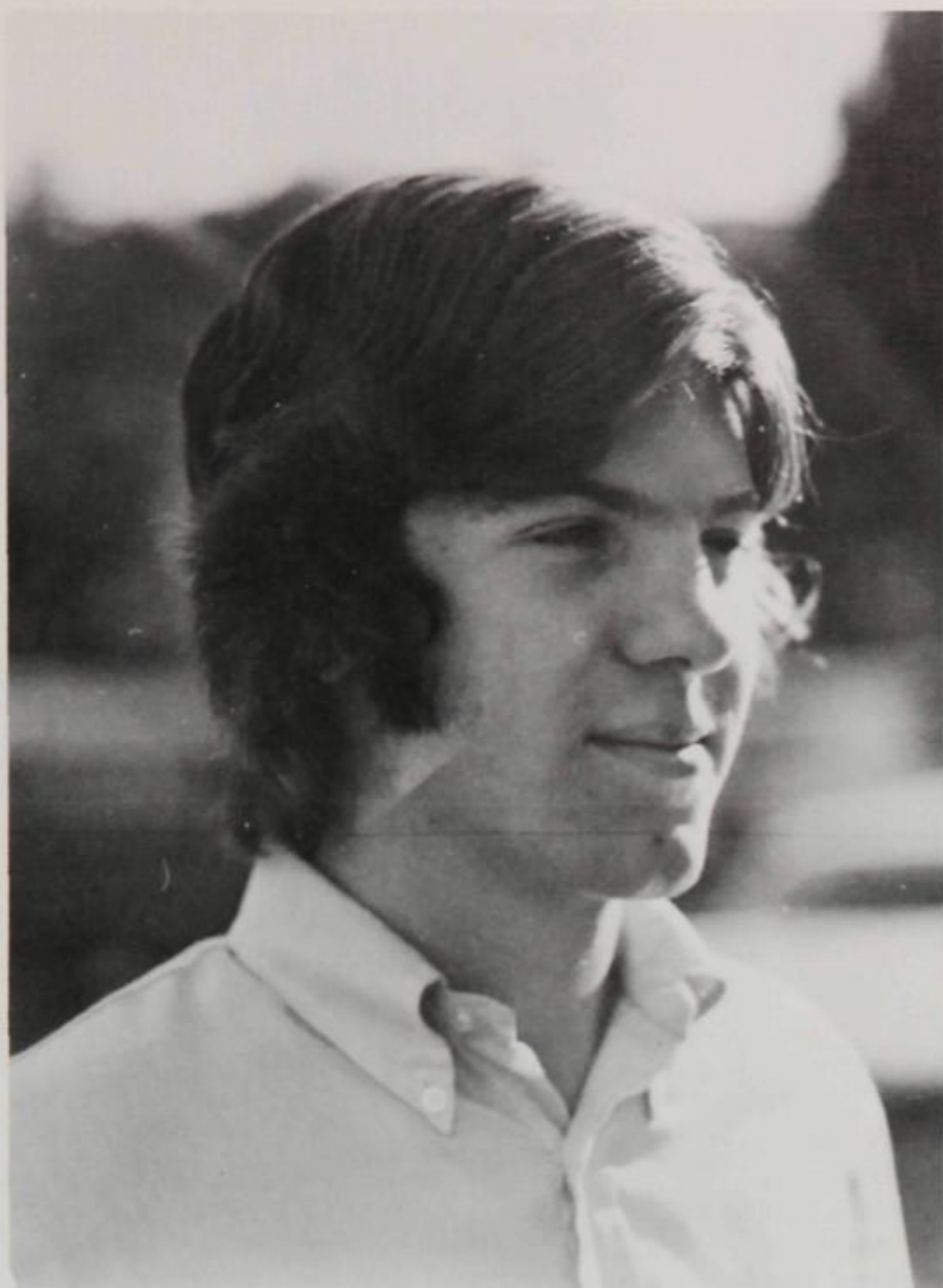
Smiley

I leave to Harvard my memory (so I can forget) and my deep thanks to Father Gill, Mr. Archer, Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Ameer. I'd also like to thank Mr. Margolis, Art Hoyle, Mr. Aiken, and those people, especially Chris and Jeff, who made my passage through Harvard at least bearable and not totally wasted.



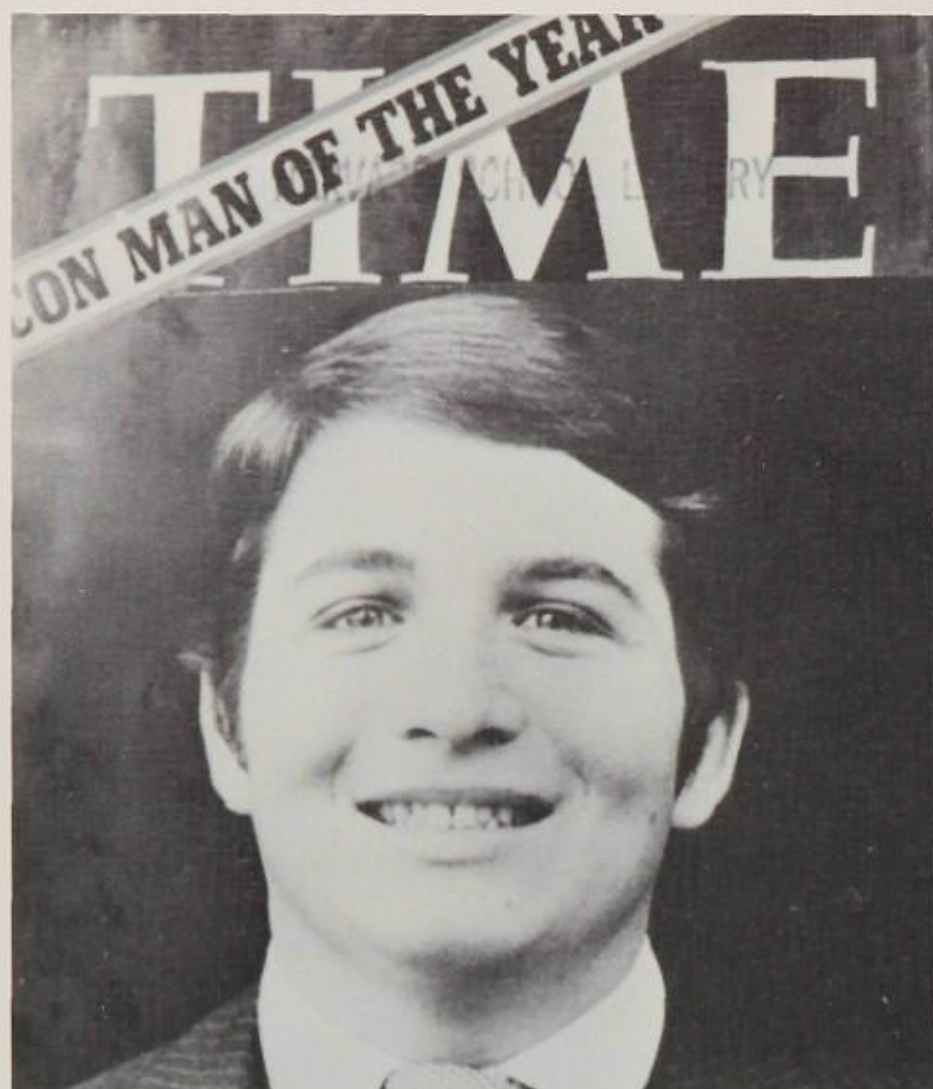
Chard

And the Dead were judged by what they had done.



Tom Lingren

The gates of Heaven are open wide
Off I ride, borne on a dark cloud!
May gusty winds be my vanguard
May sharp showers sprinkle the dust!



Peter Nicholas Meyer

I, Peter Nicholas Meyer, answering to assorted names as Marlin, Clubfoot, Coach Werner, Bacon, Tiny, Uncle Meyer, Slim, Coach, Little X, and Big Boy, do will the following items of unestimable worth to their equally "worthless" recipients: To Harry; Greenberg, our Wednesday 10th period meetings and Kerner's notes. To John West, Bowman, Coach Gross, Mr. Peters and ice cream freak. To Dennis Wood, X, make up, and Pierce College. To Dick, GP, A.P. Poetry with long Bob, Mike Kahn, and Wood in the bushes. To Stern and Ernie, more make up, a camera with film, and Mr. Frank. To Chris, KOUT and baby kouts, Rodney, juicy, and Gordon's class. To Segal and my "brother" Greg; Dean Park, Walt, and Tedd. To Sebastian; "our" stocks and bonds at A. Levy. To Dave; Bullfighting. To Joe Zerin; Nick and the fact you are taller than Castellano. To Chuck; "the boy," "Soccey," and "IL PADRONE." To Leonard and McCabe; ethics, Winters and more Greenberg. To Kanin; Downhill Racer. To Greenberg; the hope he grows up and sees himself as he really is and was. To Doug Wick, Mr. Stewart and our film society. To TRUEX; WICK, THE SURF AT THE STANDARD STATION, LAKE SHERWOOD, AND ALL THOSE OTHER GREAT TIMES!!! To Chip; Jimboy. To the Freshman-Sophomore soccer team; BA's and Mr. Ackerman. To Coach Ackerman, Jamie Alperin, Balboa Park, Why Byk Quit, and Levinson. To Tom Linton; his magazine of David. To Robbie Dick; Chris Forman and Charlie Stack, good luck with DiFranco and the film program. To Aberg; continue with your great career in sports. To Dwight; Hello boy. To Mr. Kanaar; a summer project. To Cutie Farrer; a 6er. To those I forgot; thanks for everything.

To Mr. Koslow, Mr. Keith, Coach Francisco, and Mr. Colbert; thanks for all of your aid throughout the years. To Mr. Rinnander; the fact Harvard is not ready for a man of your caliber and thanks for your numerous aid. To Mr. McGarvey and Mr. Ackerman; my sincere appreciation and the best of luck with future soccer teams. To Mr. Florian, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Gibson; thanks for your efforts on my behalf. To Mr. Ozawa and Mrs. Cross; Spud Taylor, and thanks. To Mr. Woods and Mr. DiFranco; BUCK, and that I really appreciate what you both did for me. To Mr. Kehm; HO, HO, HO, and much thanks. Finally to Mr. Ameer; 2001 Space Odyssey, the spool of film in your home and that mere thanks aren't enough, and that I hope I haven't let you down.

To Mike, thanks for all of your help and for being a great older brother. To John; Lake Sherwood and the hope you will out do Mike and I. To Pat; Bubba and DeCarlo. To Phillips Exeter and Tremallo; many thanks for straightening me out. Finally to Dad and Mom; Jesse Owens and my sincere thanks, gratitude and love because you tried helping me understand and improve myself, regardless of the results.



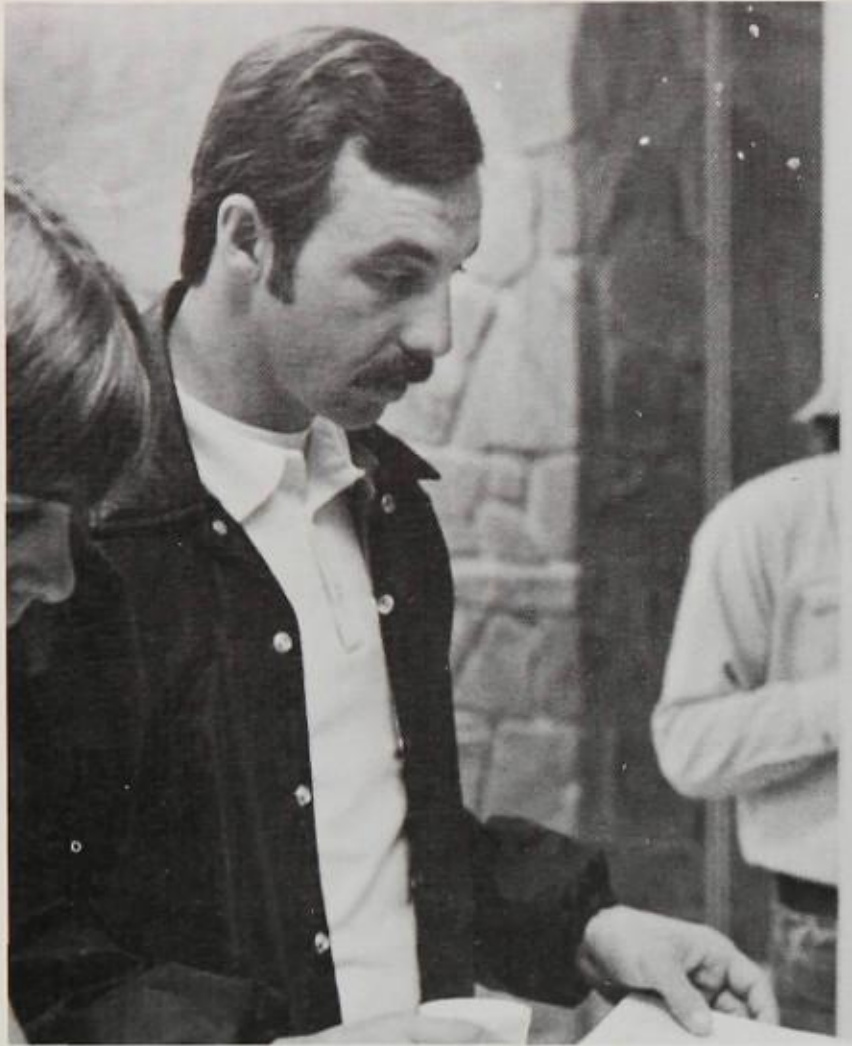
DANIEL T. MCFADDEN, JR.
Director of Business and Finance
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Pennsylvania
Seven Years

Success is peace of mind which is a direct result of self-satisfaction in knowing you did your best to become the best that you are capable of becoming.



NATHANIEL G. HUGHES
Head of the Lower School
B.E. U.C.L.A.

"After thirty years I've said it all!"



GARY D. THRAN
Physical Education
B.A. Pasadena College
One Year

JAMES B. KOSLOW
Science
B.A. Hiram College
Four Years

Frustration produces creative tension or ruination depending on the sinew of the mind experiencing it.



MARY AYLWARD
English
B.A. Simmons College
M.A. Cal State Northridge
Four Years

**"Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?"**

Macbeth

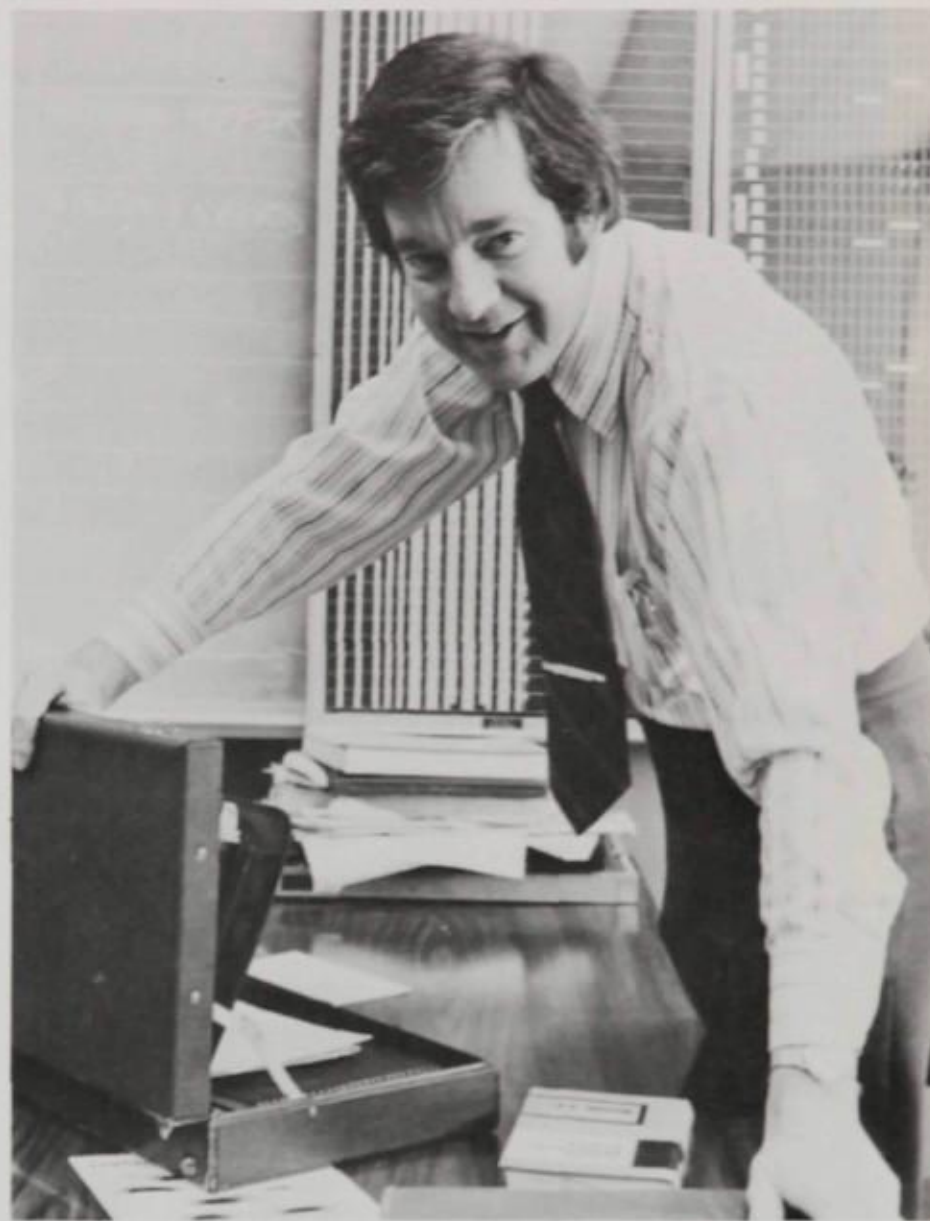
MARY C. KERNER
Director of Public Relations
B.A. Smith College
One Year



Words are but the shadow of actions.

— Democritus

ARTHUR V. GIBSON
Administrative Assistant
Mathematics
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Columbia
Two Years



"If we can't do it with a smile on our face, and if we can't do it with love in our hearts, then children, we ain't got no right to do it at all.

(Compliments of Stephen Stills)

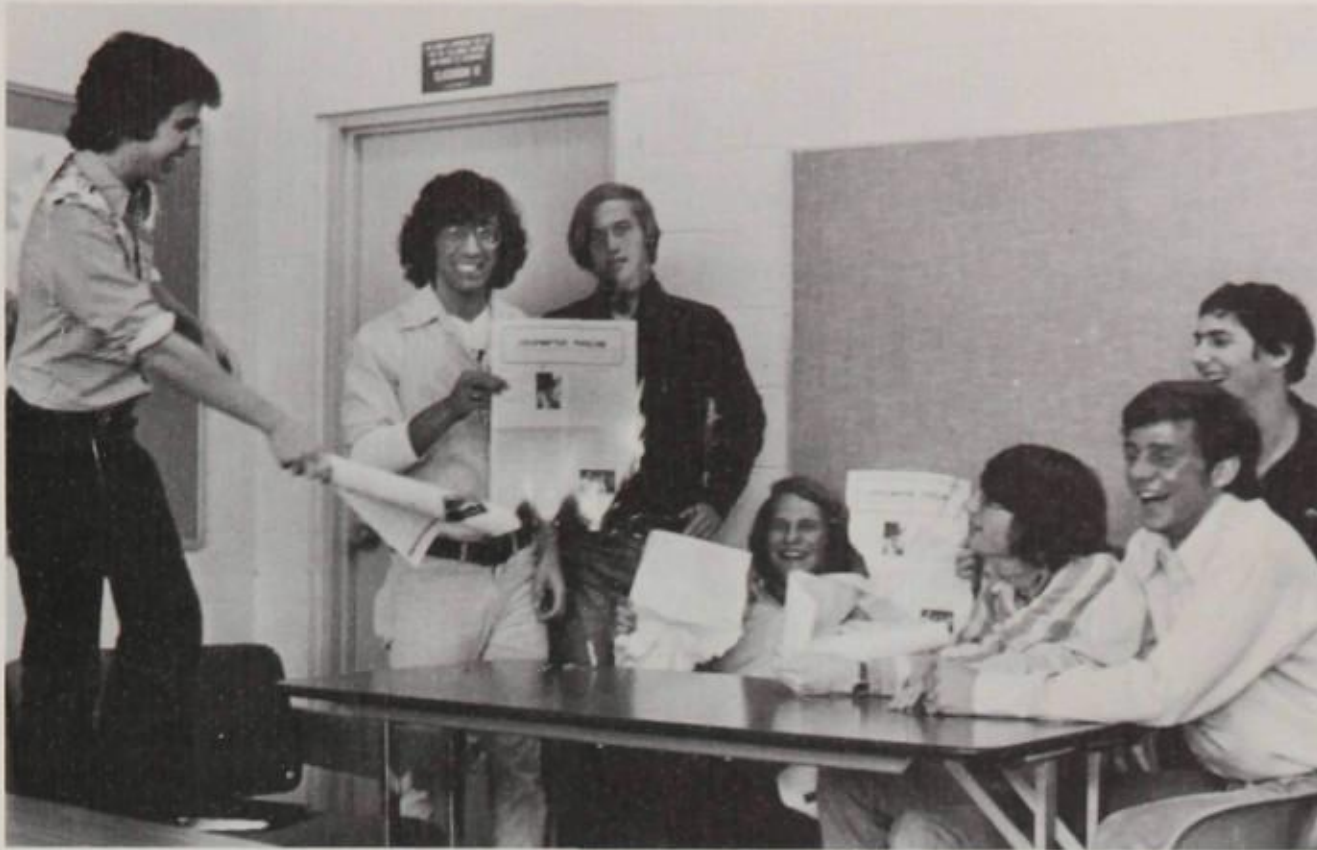


Looking Down . . .

Throughout our years at Harvard, lessening only as we became seniors, many of us surrendered our humanity to the many pressures of school. Foolishly embarrassed or selfishly obsessed with mathematical formulas, with our own personal problems, or with excessive worry about college and grades, we reserved no energy to look up, smile and say hello. So every time someone walked by or happened to cross our path, we'd stare at our feet, forsaking for a few square yards of decrepit pavement, the sight of a human face.



Sentinel Review



(Left to Right) Dave Blumberg, Brad Leonard, Peter Jones, Chuck Nelson, Rob Miller, Dave Theis, Scott Shepherd. (Missing) Ty Howard, Randy Davis, Bill Allen, Bill Hohl.



The Sentinel Review this year underwent many changes which can honestly be referred to as "improvements." On the surface, an observer might have trouble in determining from whence these improvements originated. Our Weekly meetings often turned into discussions on the gourmet luncheons of David Theis and Peter Jones. Journalism topics were also discarded in lieu of the never-ending saga of Bumbledeberg and the Titlelytee. But between these, amid shouts of "Nelson, you boob!" and Geoff Rusack's wisecracks, some semblance of organization was achieved. With the organization came the accomplishments of the Staff's goals and hopefully an enjoyable newspaper.

The job of an editor is basically one of little reward. Besides the personal satisfaction, there is the occasional compliment or nice word but not much else. I would like to thank the Staff (especially the quiet ones, Randy, Scott, Rob, Ty, and the two Bills) for their time and effort. I hope you enjoyed and learned as much as I did.

To the Eighth Grade "stuffers," Doug, Greg, Tom, Brad, Tom D., John, Mark, Pete, and all the others, I hope you didn't mind missing a class or two. THANKS!

Varsity Water Polo



(Bottom Row) M. Segal, G. Swanson, J. Fisher, J. Parks, G. Meyers. (Top Row) C. Verdon, M. Maytum, B. Blakely, T. Israelson, J. Healy, M. Davis, D. Belden, B. Read, T. Mitchell, Coach Stewart. (Missing) D. Sarnoff.





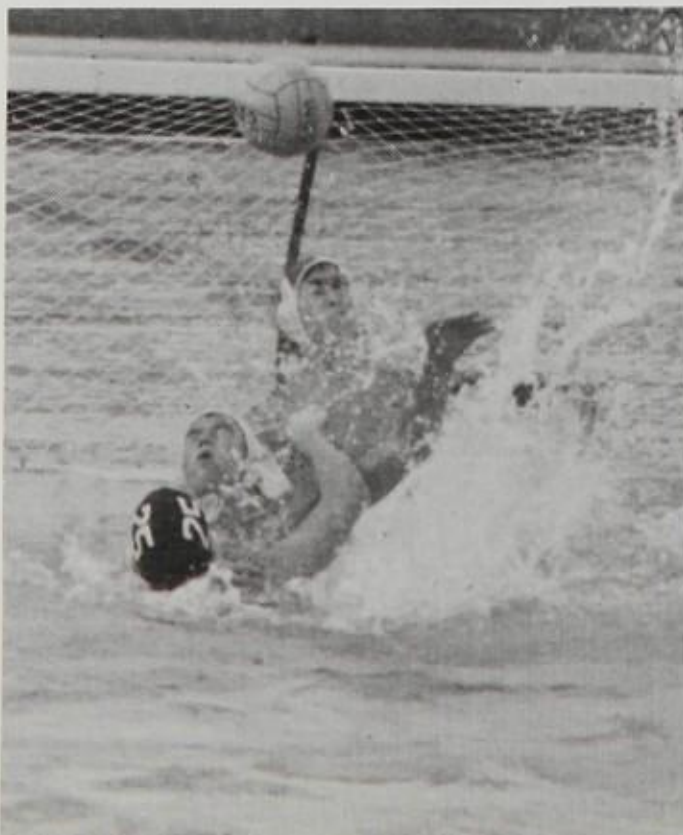
League Champions

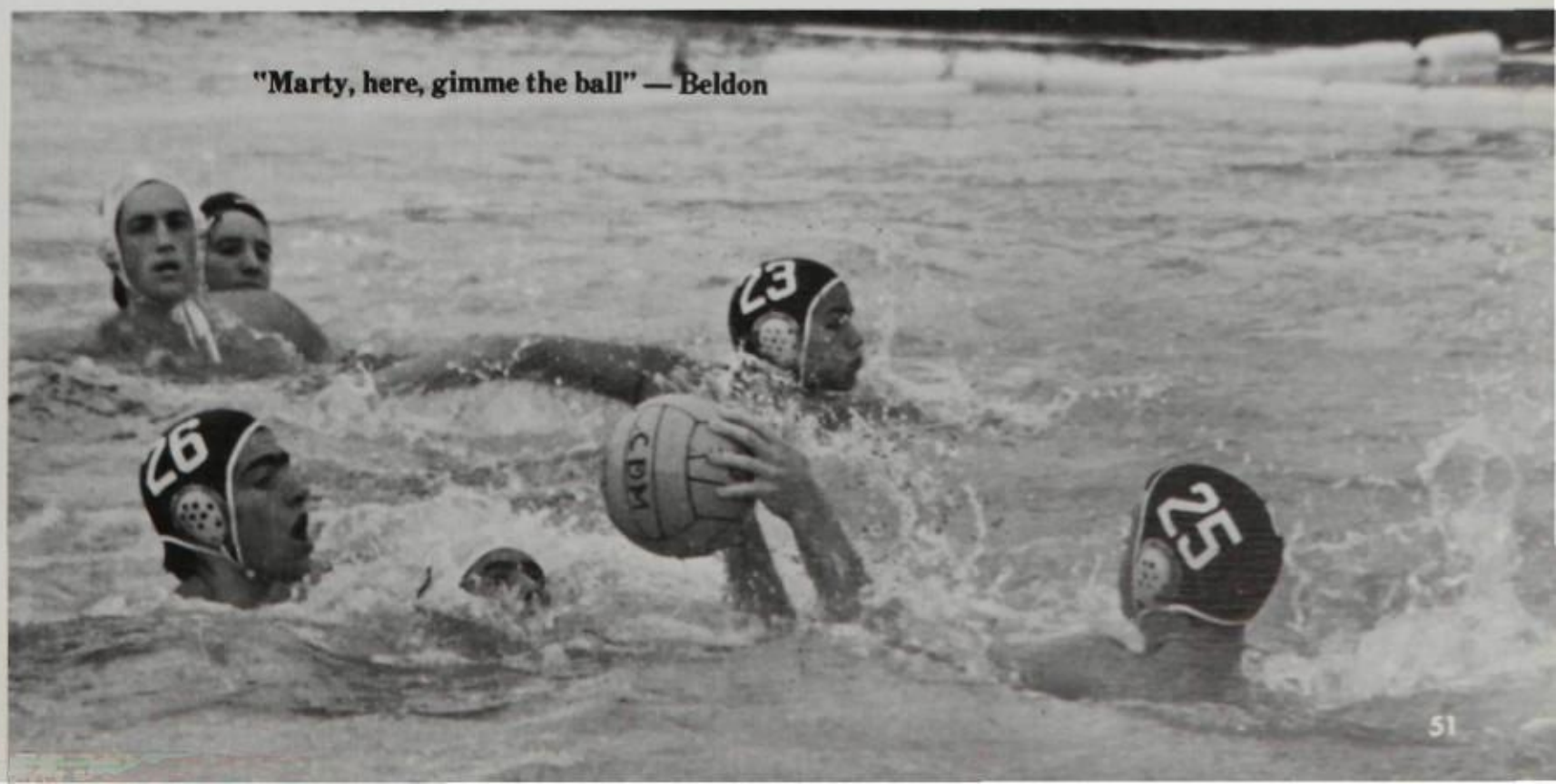
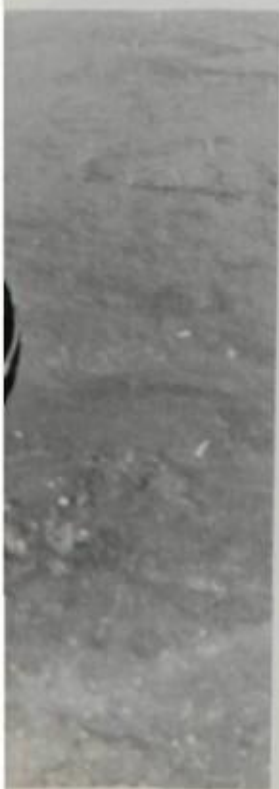
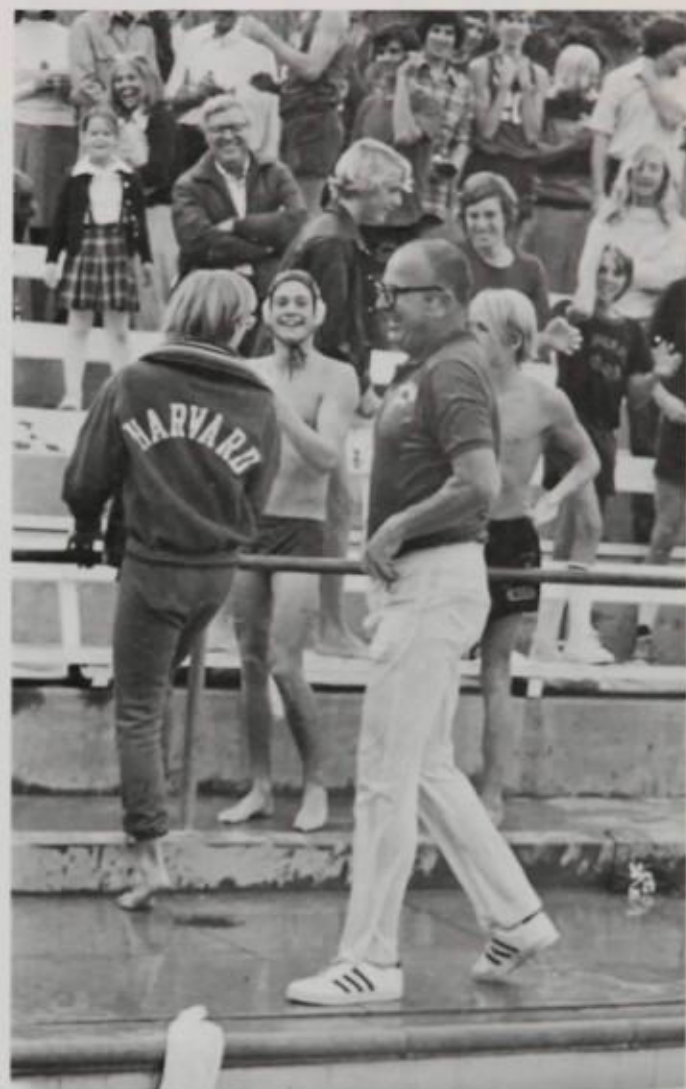
This year's team picture typifies our season and our team. It seems that Coach Stewart has the perfect mixture between work and fun. The practices are demanding but relaxed in atmosphere. Unlike other sports that practice three and four hours a day, five and even six times a week, Water Polo worked out two hours a day and was still able to produce a League Championship and five All-League Players.

Water Polo lacks the cheerleaders and yell leaders to root on the team, posters demanding the annihilation of opponents, crowds that make it seem that all our work isn't in vain and a so called "boosters club" to encourage the turnout.

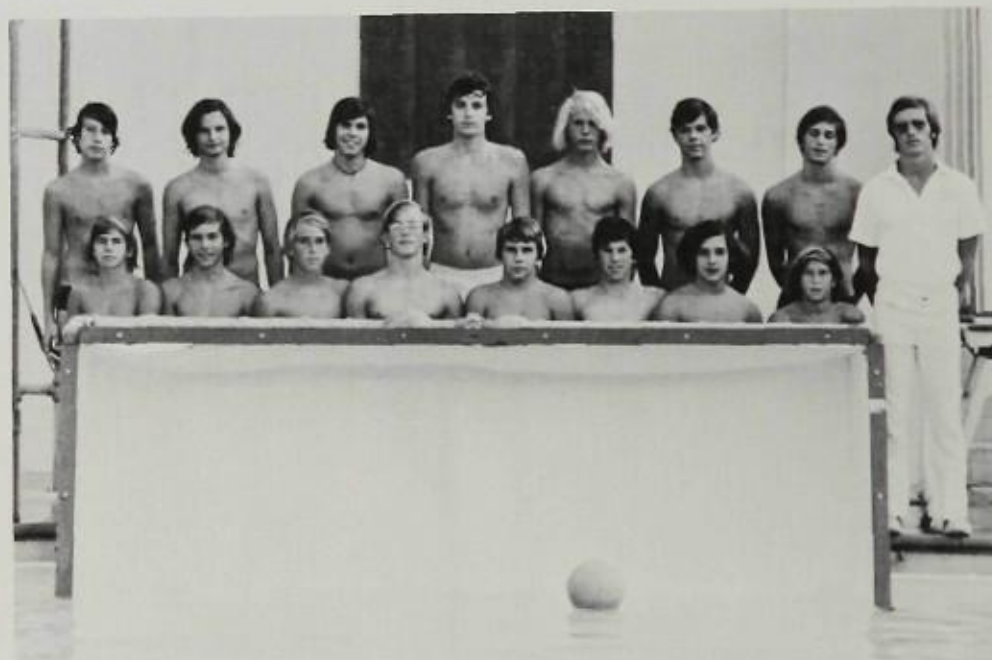
To overcome these deficits and still end up with a perfect League record is quite a task, yet that is exactly what this year's team did. We did this through hard work and Coach Stewart's guidance. We only hope that soon people will begin to realize that Water Polo is a major sport and give it the recognition and support of any other sport at Harvard.



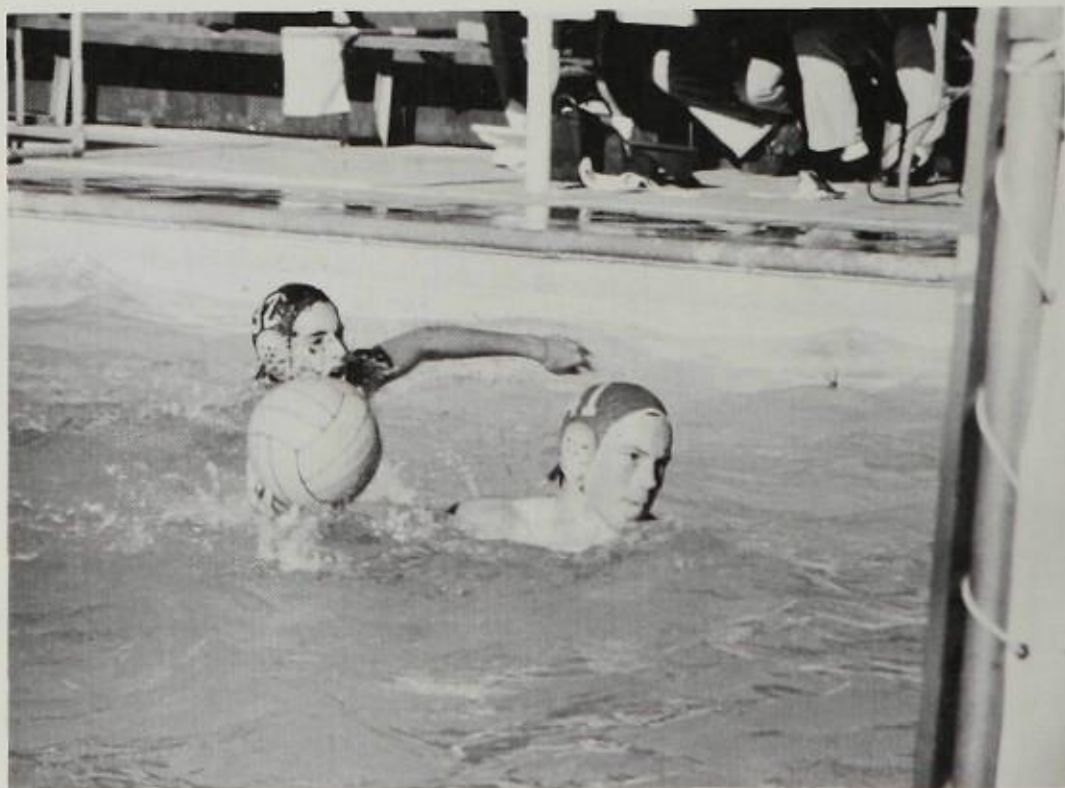
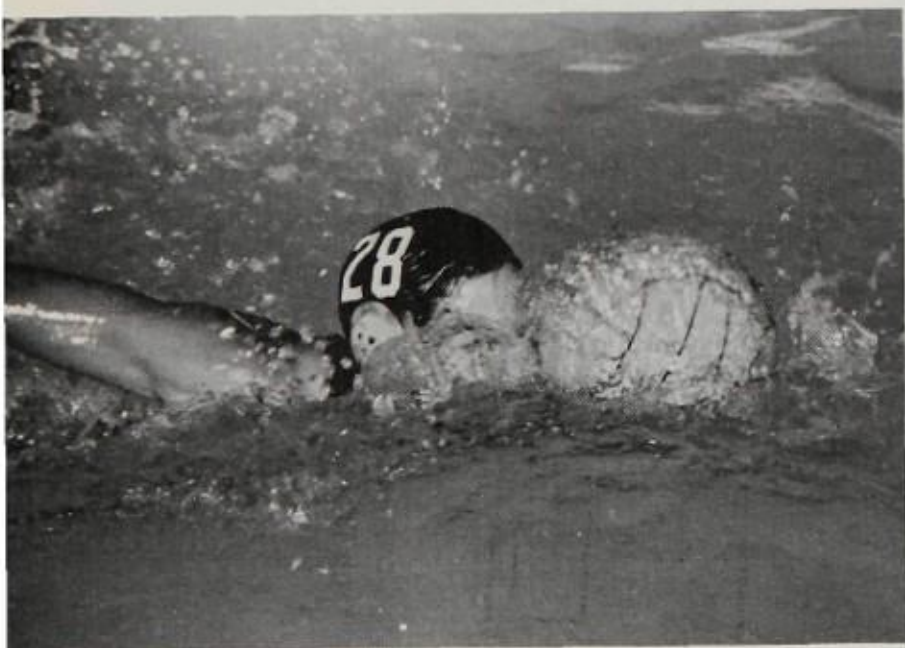




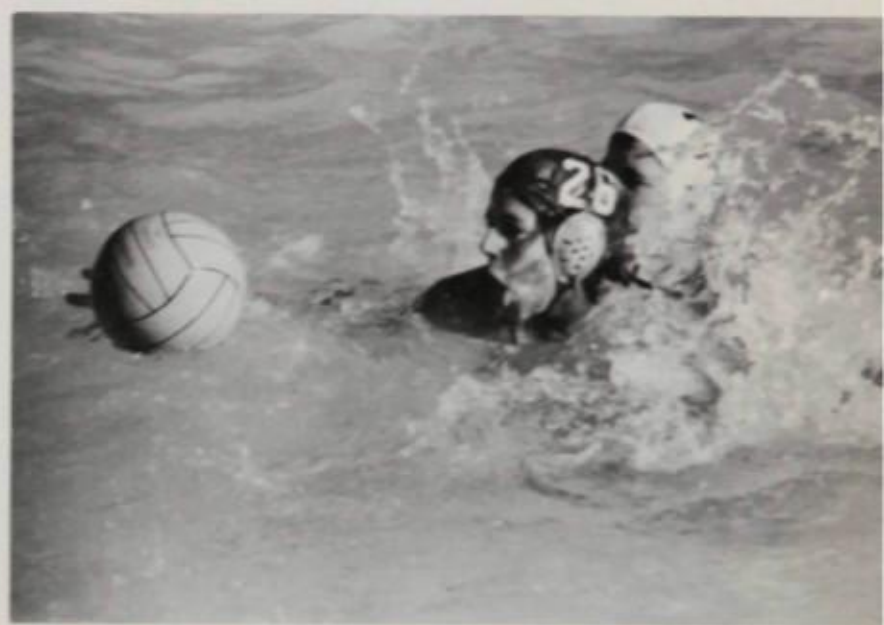
Junior Varsity



(Bottom Row) G. McCarter, T. Jones, B. Maloney, J. Howard, R. Miller, A. Caine, J. Holland, M. Healy. (Top Row) C. Olch, E. Lund, J. Magee, G. Gamsky, M. Mitchell, G. Adamson, C. Maytum, Coach Wilson.



Frosh Soph



(Bottom Row) J. Girard, D. Frankl, R. Fredricks, G. Kirkeby, T. Ames.
(Top Row) M. Mellinthin, B. Castle, D. Ulich, D. Wolpert, C. Bader,
Coach Stewart, E. Poplawski, M. Kaplan, R. Radstrom, C. Wright.
(Missing) B. Sims, J. Sigoloff.





Chuck Colby
Chuck Crane

John
Cruikshank

Lawrence
Daniels



Grant Adamson
Bill Allen
Mark Alperin
Garret Ayres

Charles Beck
Bert Bernheim
Scott Bokowski
Tom Brown

Tom Carroll
Rich Carter
Ed Chaum
Robby Clifford





Pat Davies
Ralph Davis
John Dean
Jeff
Deutschman

Robbie Dick
Bill Driver
Gregg Elliott
Steve Erickson

Bruce Falstein
John Fischer
Harold Fletcher
Ed Fong

Juniors





John Frankman
Peter
Fredericks

David Frye
Greg Gamsky

Scott Garber
Lawrence Gay

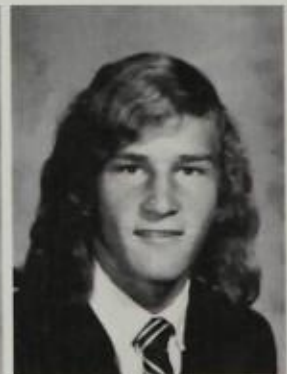
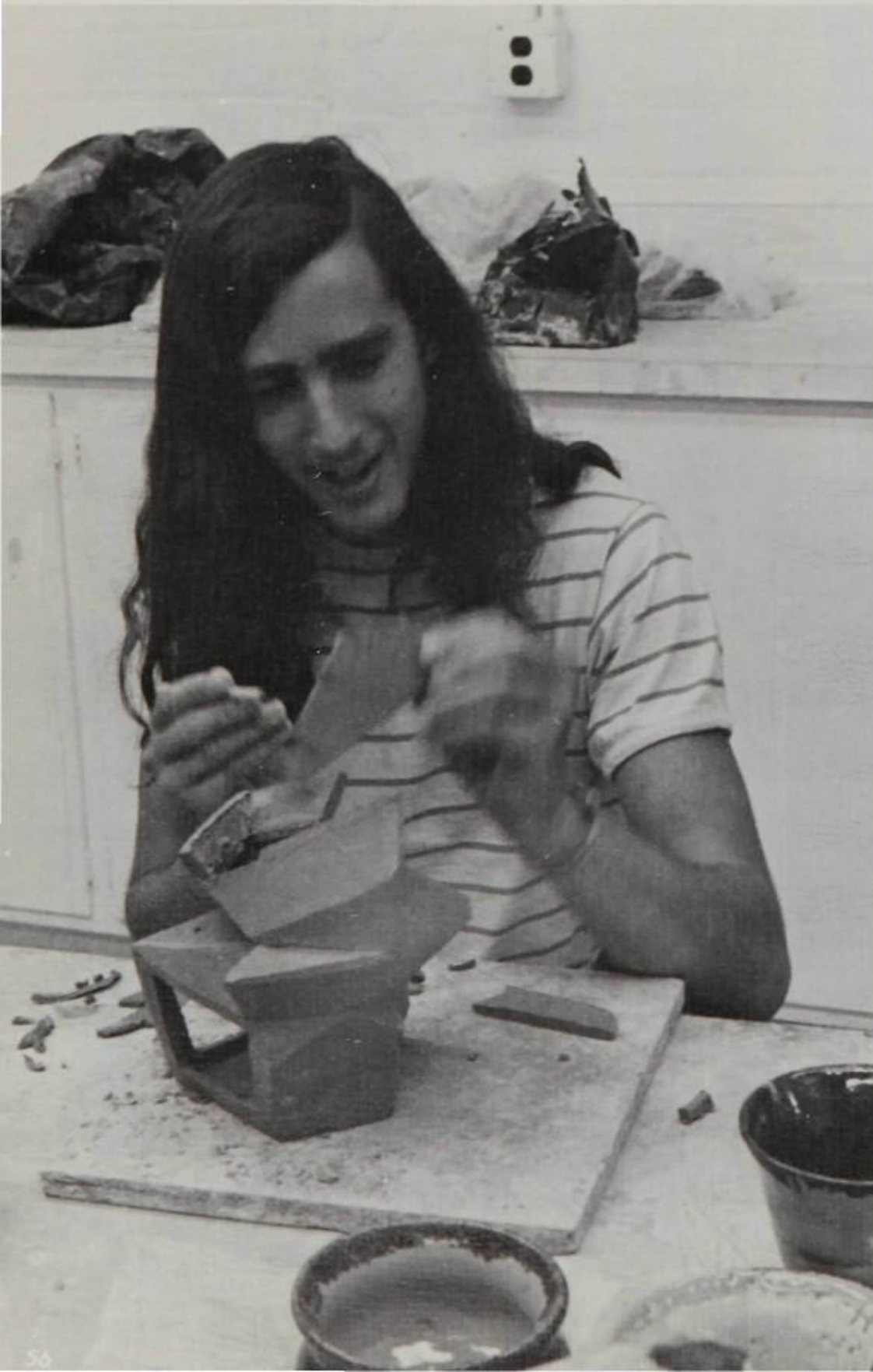
Jeffrey Gold
Russell
Goodman

Darryl Griff
Daivd Guth

David
Halliburton
Randall Heyler

10 PRINT "HAVE A GOOD SUMMER."
20 GOTO A PLACE I FORGOT.
30 DO I;1 TO 30
40 MANY INTERESTING AND
50 SELF IMPROVING THINGS
60 CONTINUE
70 PRINT "SIGNED -"

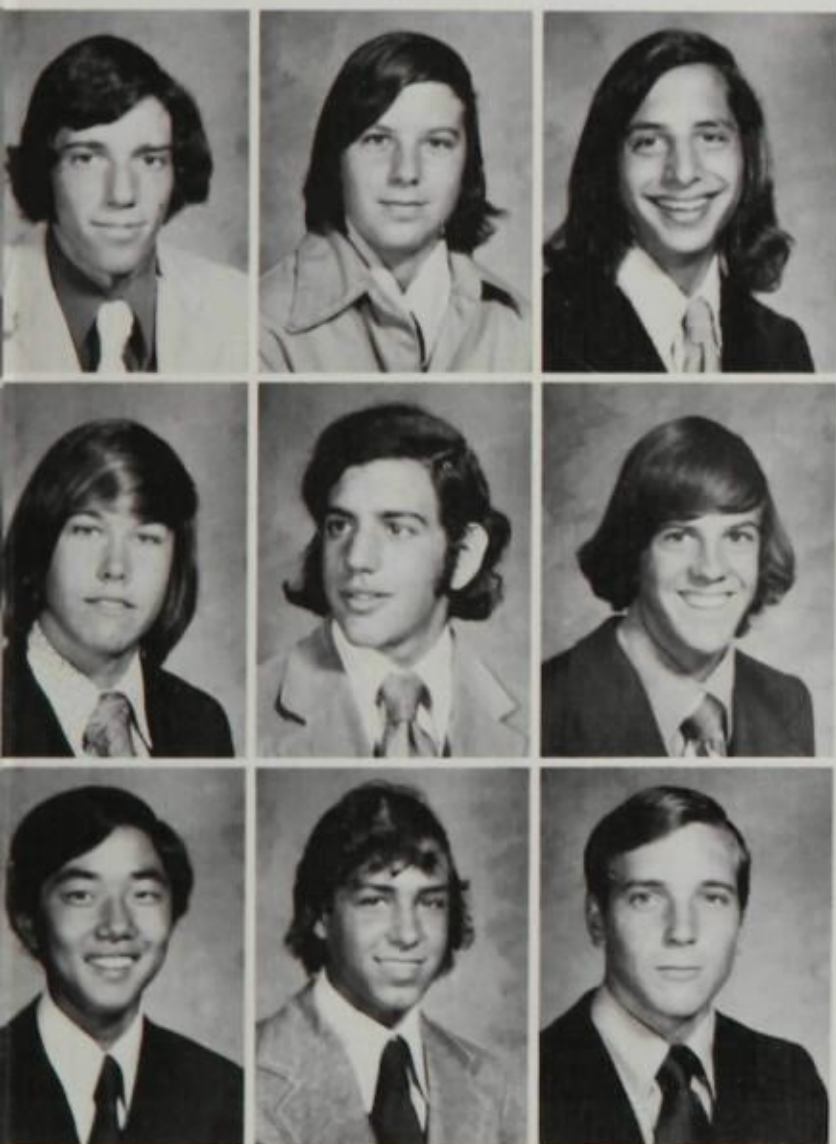
Russell M. GOODMAN



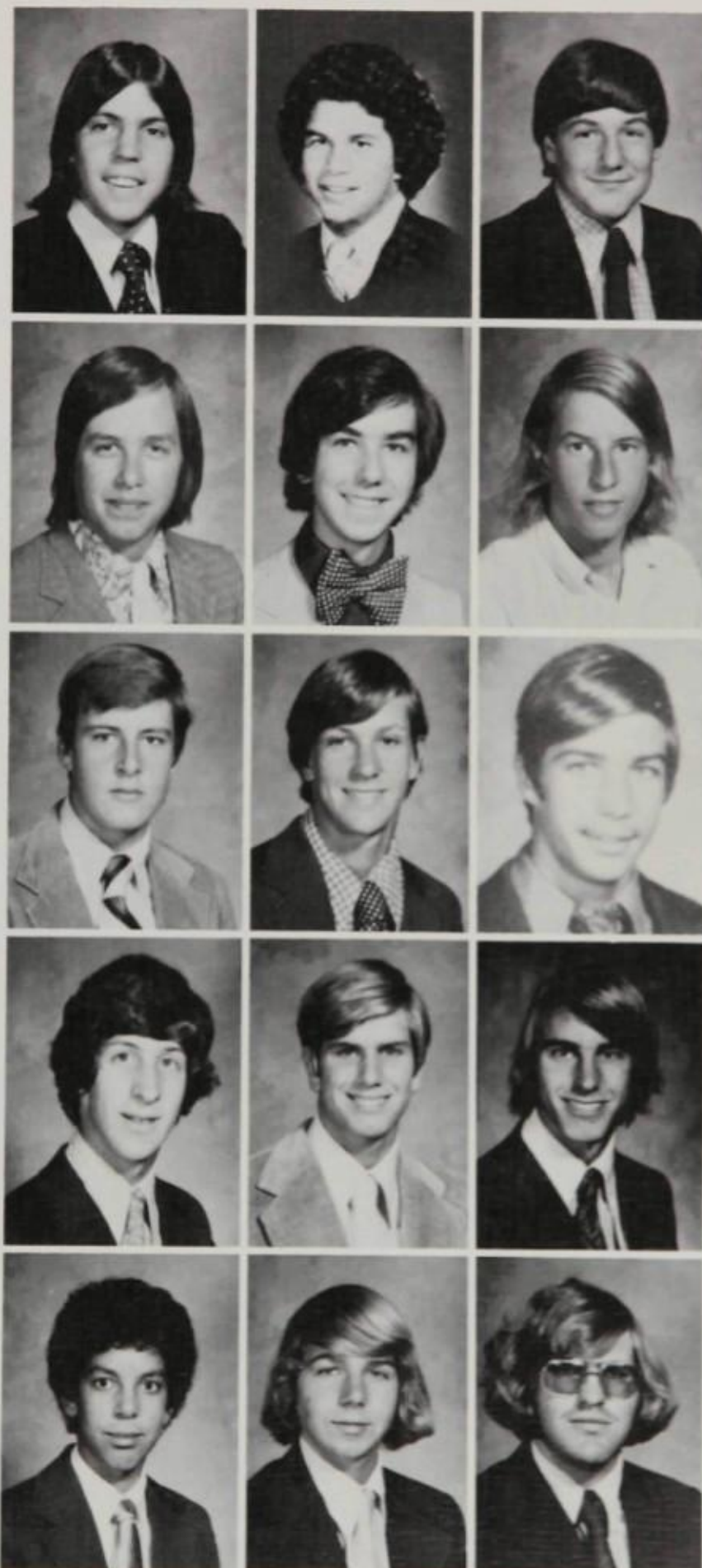
Jon Hogen
Ron Hoggert
William Hohl

John Hooker
Ty Howard
Greg Jacobson

Chris Jones
Thomas Jones
Randy Kaplan



Raymond Karno	Bruce Licher	Jonathan Lovitz
Michael Kerr	Mark Lipshutz	Robert Maddox
Charles Lho	Joseph LoPresti	David Magee



John Magee	Gary Marx	Gregory Meyers
Steven Mair	Steven	Daniel Miller
David Mannon	Marylander	Thomas
Michael	Anthony	Mitchell
Margolis	Mathews	Paul Morgan
Christopher	Martin Maytum	Jeff Morton
Marine	Guy McCarter	



Ron Moss
Steve Moss
Chris Olch
Steve Ortega
Rich Oswald
John Parks

James Pawlak
Mike Pomeroy
Rob Rabin
Scott Rand
Tom Riach
Peter Richman

Carl Rosendahl
Rob Rubenstein
Greg Rutter
Eric Schwab
Greg Scott
Mark Scott

Bobby Scott
Mike Segal
Todd Singleton
George
Stinmetz
Paul Stupin
Scott Thompson

Charles
Uhlmann
Brian
Weintraub
Steve
Weisenberg
Steve Winters
Steve
Wunderlich
John Zero







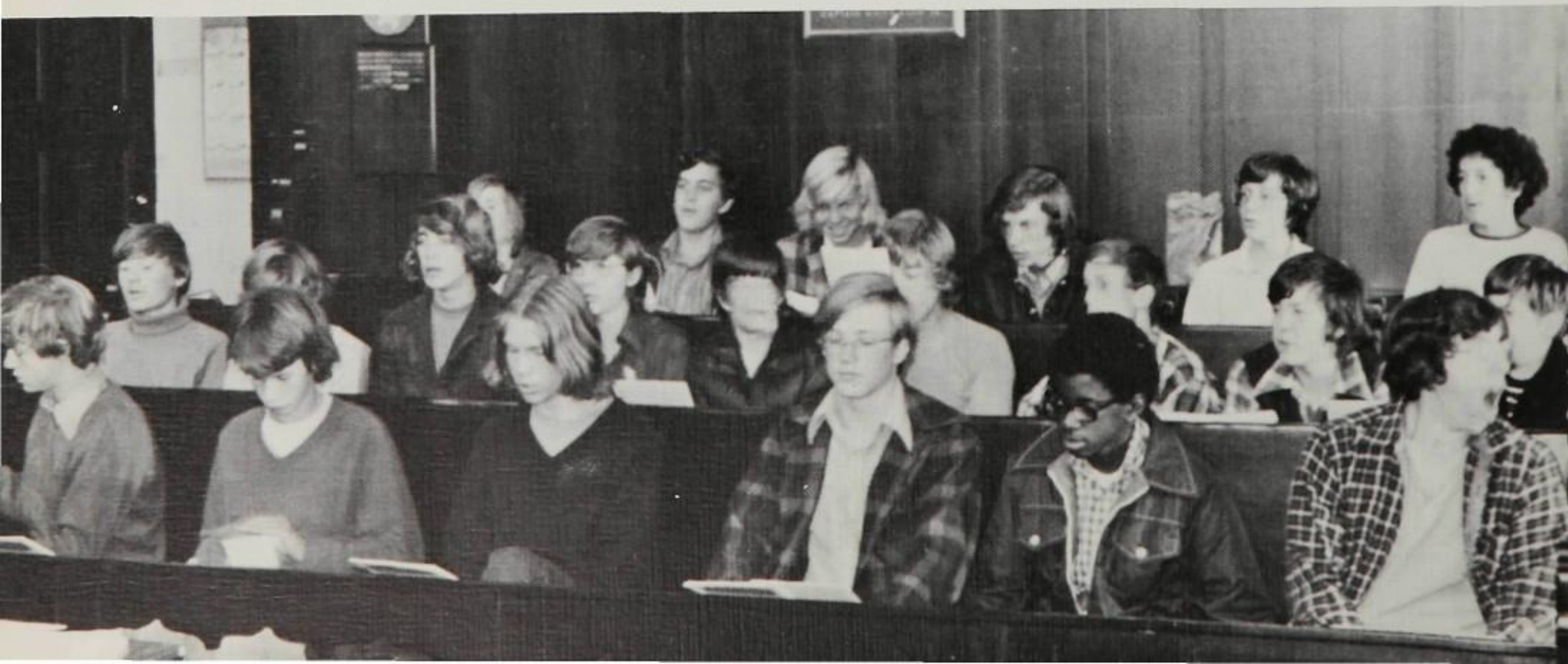
Parking Lot Attendants League

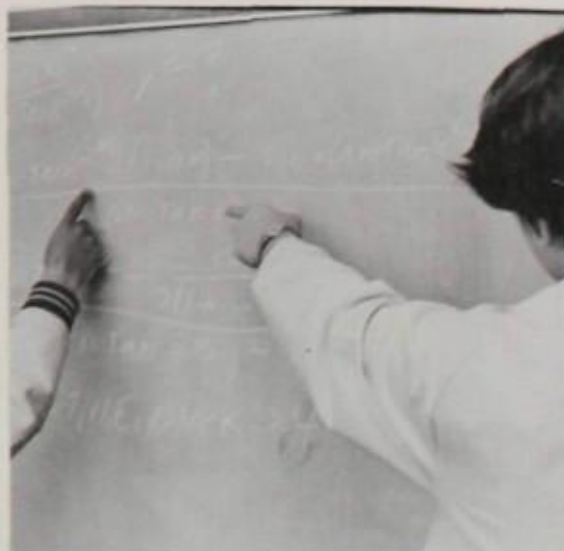
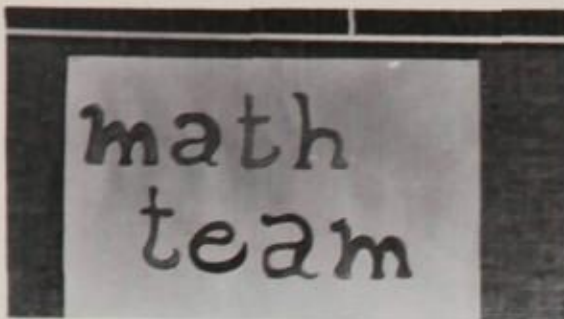


Rock Climbing Club

Justin Dituri and Gary Ayres. (Missing) Shawn Curtis.

Chorus





Practicing for the next competition.

Computer Club

Chris Hormel and Justin Dituri



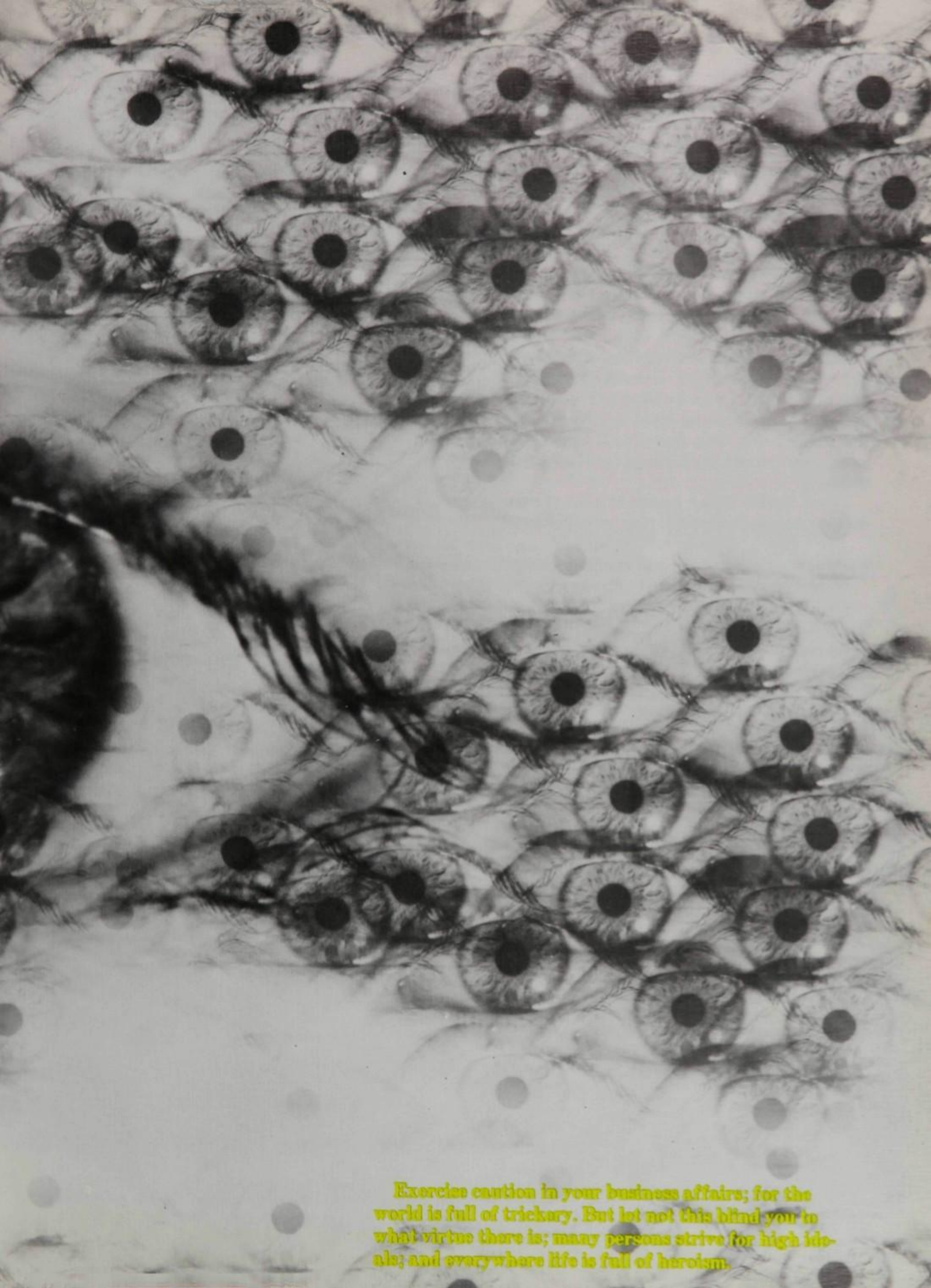
Friends of Music



GEMINI

Restless Duality

causes us to do too much at once. Believing in a magic short cut to success, we avoid work and moderation. When success is ours we are generous often to a fault of giving away everything.



Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let not this blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Richie Miller

My First Day at Harvard School

I was dressed in my Desmonds blazer, all set for opening day. I was wondering what my friends were doing — renewing old acquaintances, starting school on a happy note, at least until homework started. But they were together, and now I was alone. I was glad to be rid of the cliques and stereotypes, but I was unaware of something that could be worse. As I walked into the auditorium, I saw nothing but blank faces staring at a stern faculty, both unable to reach out and create color. Everyone was the same: all male, all dressed alike, all short hair, and even though I realized my conformities with them, I knew I was not cut out for that type of environment. I felt lonely and lost, and in fact, I was. I wished to leave from that minute on, but no one, nothing could answer my plea until now; that thing being time. Sure I've learned; but I've learned more about people. My feelings for Harvard School are all inclusive.

Thus I, Richie Miller, known by a lot of names except by my own, bequeath the following to the following:

Steinhart — raids at the golf course with Nevill and Weezy, dreams of Cheryl (Newport), the Hancock Park Follies starring "THE AMAZON QUEEN" and featuring Cathy "Oakie Dokie" Gates, and a beer pump to your stomach

Lewis — Ruth and a flat in one night, J.R.'s Alfa's and Omega's

Coa-Kanin-Elton John, Cindy Wick, and one stoney night . . .

Cohee-Wendi what's her face

Swamp Wallaby — \$10 and a Farfisa

Hinds — an audio-visual extravaganza

Linton — Cheryl (she gets around), the wedge

Manulis — tennis, this page

Meyer-Pierce, Northridge, etc., — John — you know what!

Tennis Team — a drunken Howard, Hoeper's brains(?)

Rusack — BMW

Ulich — success at the Dudley Cup

Stern — Schuckin' and a jivin', Mr. Keith

Dano — Sunday football, my car

Brad — a party with Liz, Mary, and Cam

Rose — Luke, stoogies, fishin' at Watergate, and "those damn waders"

Norma — a slight misunderstanding

Tricia — Kelly's mouth, bendable buddies, monopoly at Sue's

Williams — 10,000 pairs of sticks, Led Zeppelin

Kalik — Sun Valley with "the mask", good talks

Schoenfield — Myrne, Sand S Club, banana splits and "He has a nice smile"

Cathy — a date in the senior parking lot

Corey — a one nighter, aggressive hands

Mr. Keith, Mr. Florian, Mr. Ameer — thanks for all you helped me with

To my parents I leave behind — headaches and begin a new life. It's time to get the hell out of here.



Mike - Good luck - nice taking you to school while it lasted - Rich



David Ingram

To John: an orange flow, a piece of bread instead of 'nilla and peanut butter.

To Brad: no wind at the top of the falls, and 30 points per game in IM B-ball, and a hot chick who likes making pots at 12 P.M.

To G.B.: peanut butter without getting caught, a lousy time, and 15 direct insults from Dave (the pro) Rock.

To Haddad: a not her wipeout, and a barrel of Arabian oil to bathe in.

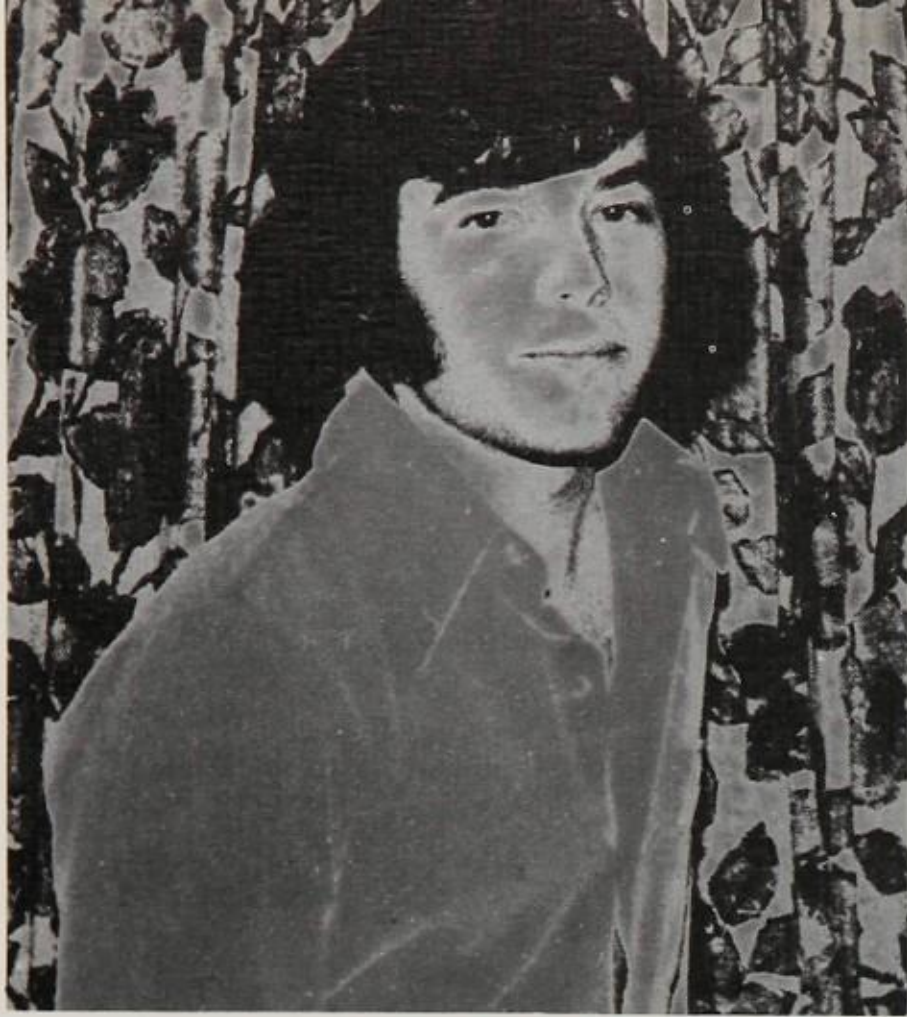
To B.B.: a little b, taaastee, better whatever, and a look at this will in ten years; in that order.

To my parents, thanks.

To Mr. McCleery, John Clark, Mr. Ameer, Father Gill and Coach B.: thanks for trying.



Famous quotations are just words you can't pass by without pondering for a second or two. — Ingram



It Began Somewhere

It really is somewhere,
But really nowhere...

The natural order of
things is to be random.
Sloppiness is Random.
Therefore, let's be
SLOPPY! why
fight nature?

SEPT. 1972

To someone I leave anything...

Anthony B. Alden

where are
the stairs?

SLUMP
OF 1973-4!

Keep Cool
Cool

STAIRS

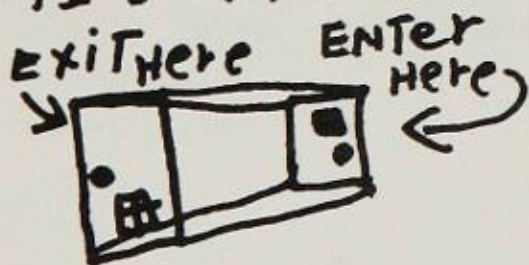
DO YOU GET
THE IMPRESSION
NO, I GUESS NOT.

DO IT
NOW



JUNE

1974

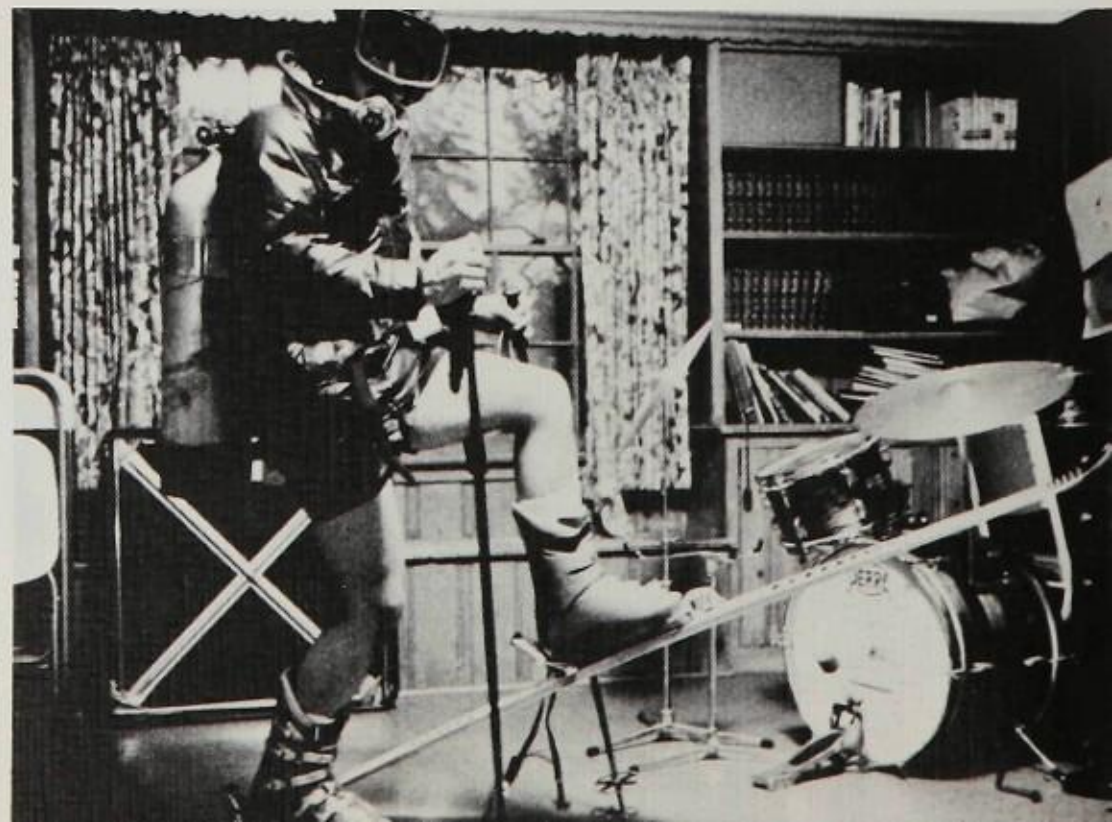


LOOK!



SMILE.

AND will
End Anywhere!





Geoff Rusack



My thanks to Mr. Archer, Mr. Florian, Mr. Bowler, Father Gill, Mr. McGarvey, Mr. Hargrove, Trey, Jamie, and Mr. Dan Mcfadden.

To the St. Matthews gang I leave the fact that they finally split us up, whether for better or worse. It was definitely fun while it lasted. To you and the rest of the class the best of luck.

Special appreciation to Mrs. Chalmers who made me realize that I could take five years of Harvard.

To Pearson's Brentwood I leave a cure to rabies that doesn't require shots.

To Mr. Hughes I leave the hope that no matter how many times I am led to the bottom of a new staircase I'll keep climbing.

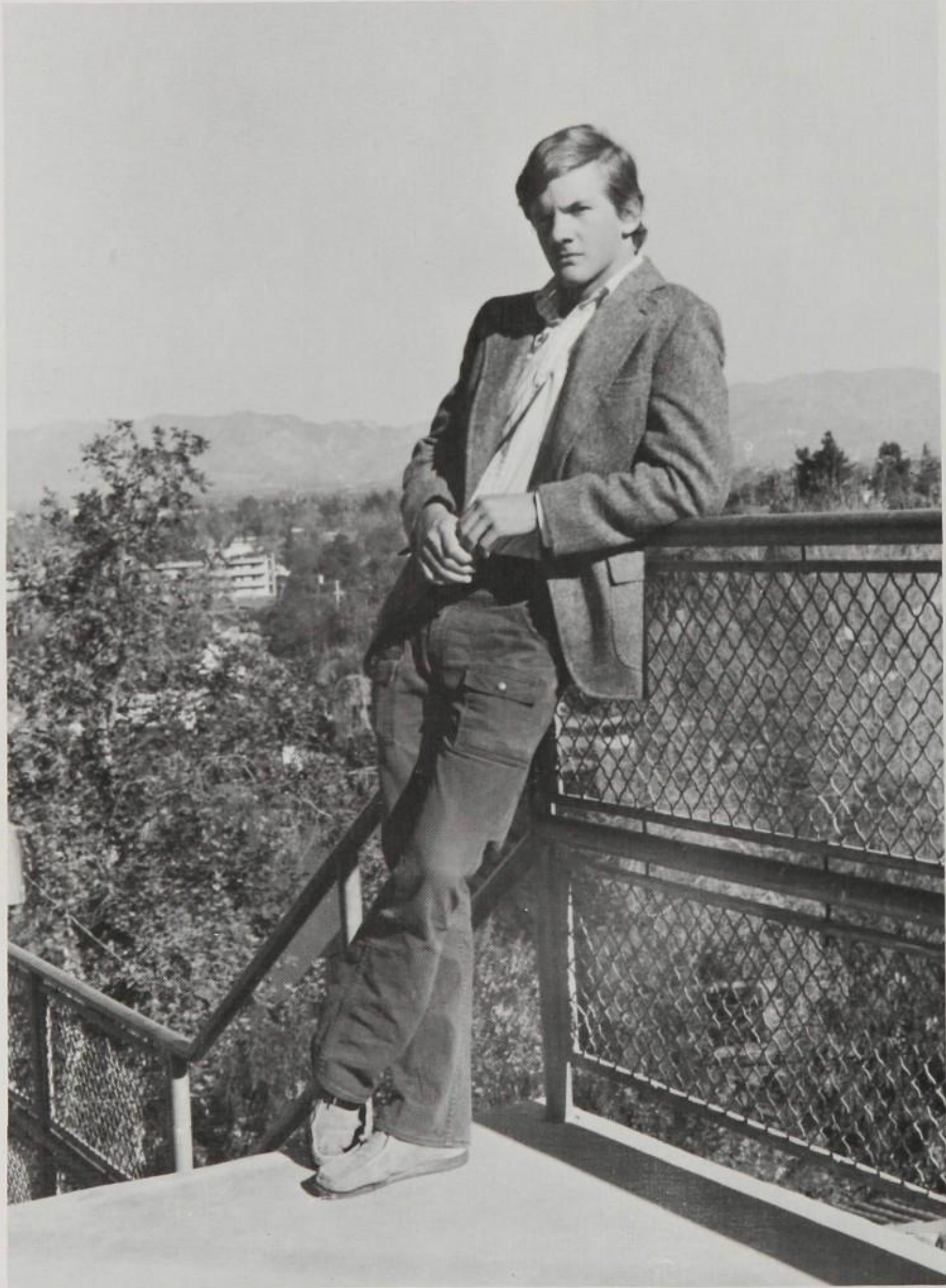
Mom and Dad and Bec I leave you the credit deserved for a job well done.

Au revoir,



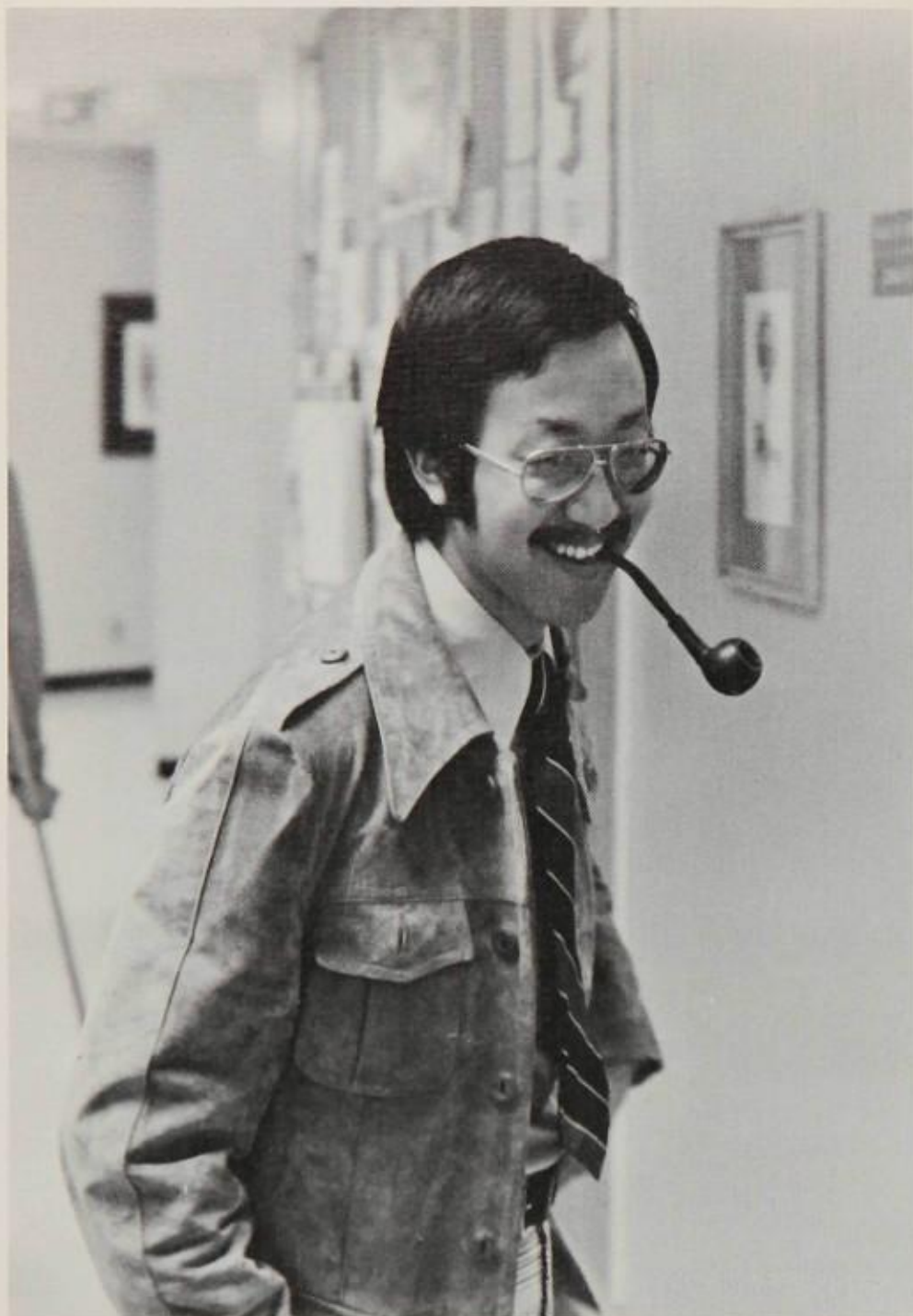
Geoff Rusack

P. M. Dorgan





The progress of the Seeley G. Mudd Library was of constant interest to us all, and once we got used to the noise and unfavorable detour the construction imposed, we began to watch with anticipation of eventually being able to use it.



JOSEPH P. OZAWA
 Dean of Students
 English
 A.B., M.A.T. Harvard
 One Year

"Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a
 peach?
 I shall wear white flannel trousers and walk upon the
 beach;
 I have heard the mermaids singing each to each."

— T. S. Eliot

TEDD D. WOODS
 Speech and Debate
 B.A. San Diego State
 M.A. U.C.L.A.
 Six Years

"An acre of performance is worth the
 whole world of promise."

— Howell





DAVID JOHN FLORIAN
Foreign Languages
B.A. Case Western Reserve
M.A. Stanford
Three Years

"For an organization that is being so widely criticized today, the younger generation certainly has an outstanding list of former members!"

CHESTER FRANCISCO
Director of Athletics
B.A. San Fernando Valley State
Three Years



RAYMOND R. MICHAUD
Social Studies
B.A. University of San Francisco
Three Years



Let a child perceive failure; he will learn to despair.
Let a child perceive fear; he will learn to withdraw.
Let a child perceive rejection; he will learn to condemn.
Let a child perceive pity; he will learn to feel sorry for himself.
Let a child perceive hostility; he will learn to hate.
Let a child perceive success; he will learn to hope.
Let a child perceive security; he will learn to become.
Let a child perceive respect; he will learn to tolerate.
Let a child perceive empathy; he will learn to be compassionate.
Let a child perceive worth; he will learn self-confidence.
Let a child perceive warmth; he will learn to love.

Cross Country

It began in the humidity and pollution of a hot August afternoon, and ended in the chilled wind of a November evening. The Harvard Cross Country team after coming off last year's 1-8 season, finished the year with nothing to scream about, yet nothing to cry about, for a 4-6 Varsity and 8-2 Frosh-Soph, and a 3rd

and 4th place in the final league rankings does not leave one ecstatic. But, that somewhat disappointing showing can be relieved by the knowledge that, had we remained in the Olympic League, odds are we would have won league in both Varsity and Frosh-Soph divisions. Yet, it is folly to prophesize on what might have been, for we did transfer to the Pioneer League — and what happened there is history. Indeed, we were out-classed by big schools which was expected.

Cross Country is an individual sport — for a meet can be determined by one or two men, yet, there was a team feeling on the squads. Perhaps it was the common agony we shared in the torturous "80 second quarters" in "maintaining contact," on the Seaver Hill, and "one more time around." Or maybe it was the group feeling of success after the win over Chadwick, or the community feeling of freedom racing down the fire roads while the sun sets over the mountains, or the simple things of mickey mouse shirts, shin-splints, the "hot stuff" and the other characteristics that made us individually and wholly unique. Or possibly it was being in competition as a whole, which made us a team, in the sense of the word.

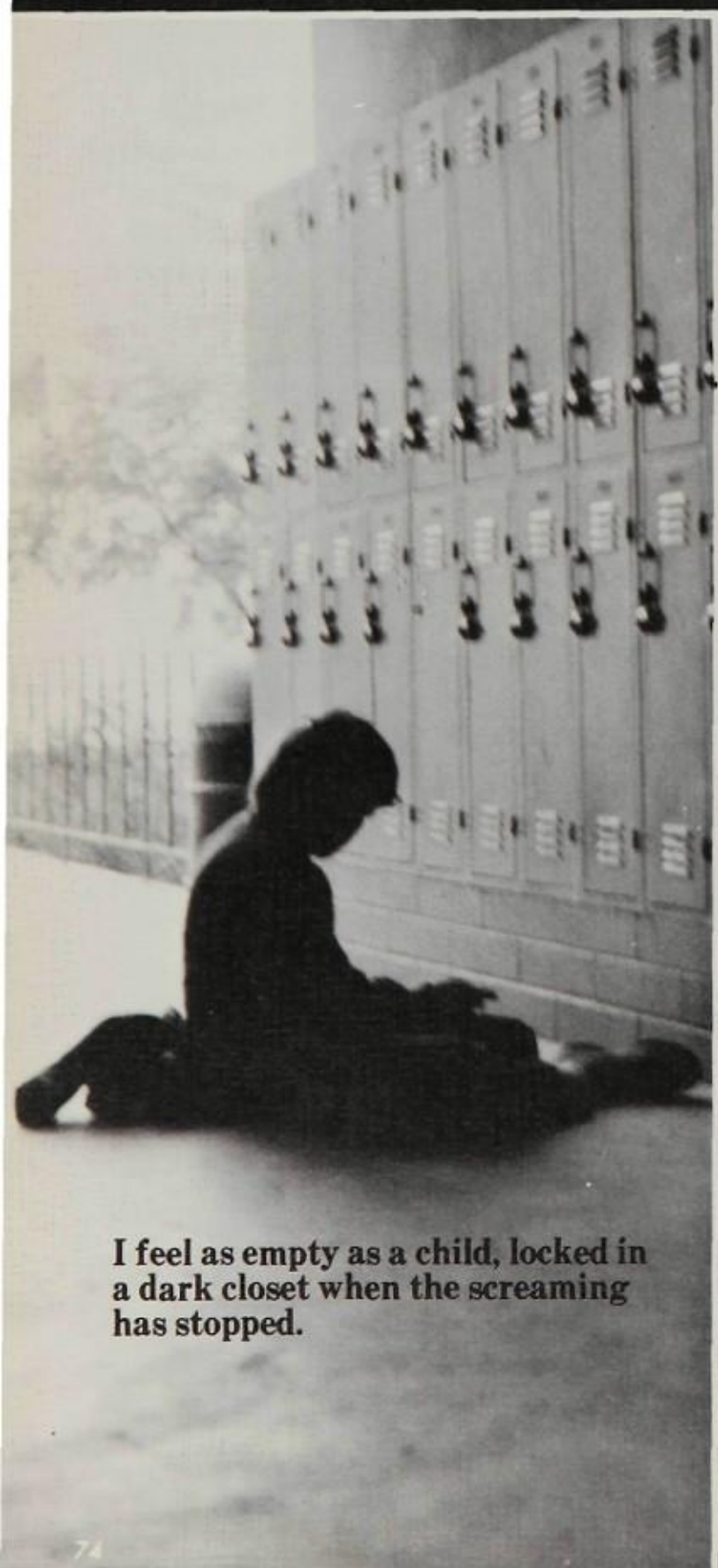
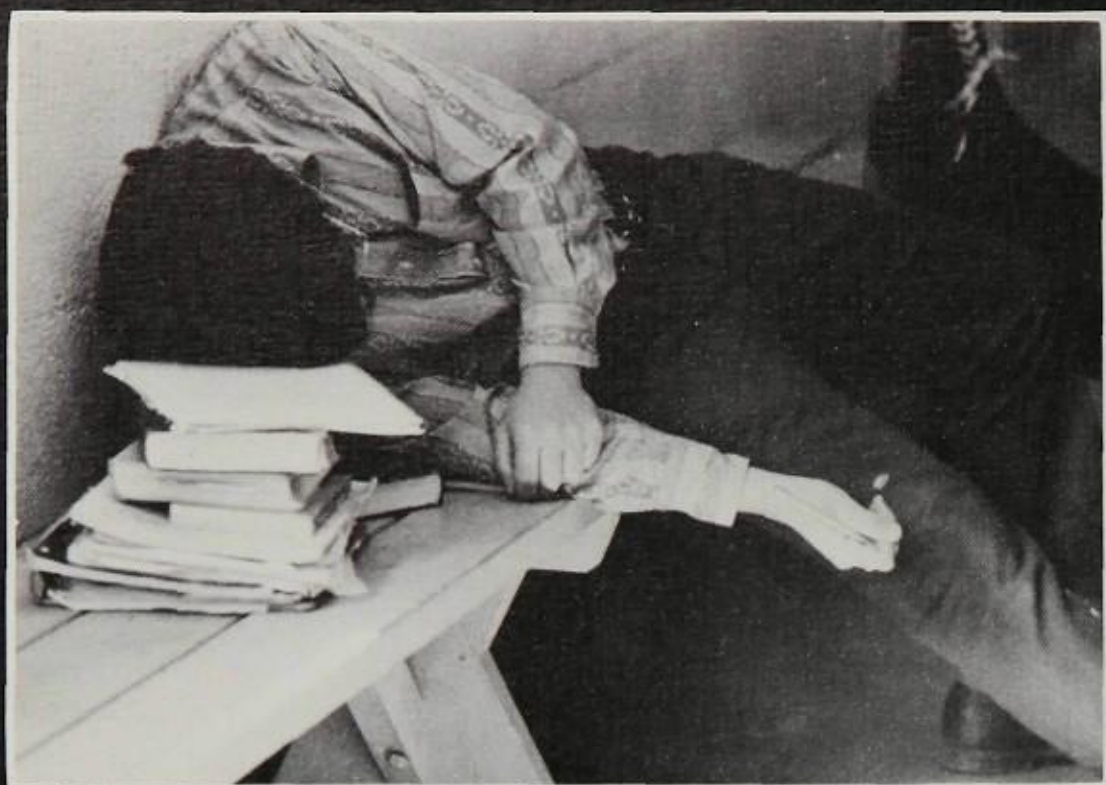
On that chilly November night, as the bus rumbled along the San Diego Freeway there was in all the commotion a common feeling, yet different in each of us. As that night marked the closing of the season, the season that saw success, defeat, pain and ecstasy.



(From Left) J. Frankman, R. Levine, C. Stack, J. Maddox, P. Jones, P. Richman, D. Ingram, Coach Berk.







I feel as empty as a child, locked in a dark closet when the screaming has stopped.

Rrrinnggg. Ugh. What time it is? 2:15. In the morning. My God. Got to get up. Brrr. It's colder than hell. Find a robe. Stumble downstairs, to the kitchen.

Ah, all hail to the goddess Caffeine. She maketh the most dismal hour of darkness brighten to a summer's day. Hot, black coffee. That'll keep me up.

Back upstairs with the cup. Let's see. God, how I loathe this trash. So boring. "In this chapter, Proust is trying to relate how . . ." Who cares?

Maybe I'll just go back to sleep for a little while. Just about twenty minutes or so. I' . . . just . . . What the hell am I saying? Once I hit the sack I'll be asleep forever.

I'm never doing this again. Next time it'll be different. Just wait and see. I'll do a little bit of work each night and that way I'll have no more of these god- awful crams. Hah! Who do I think I'm kidding? I was born to work this way. I'm a pathological procrastinator.

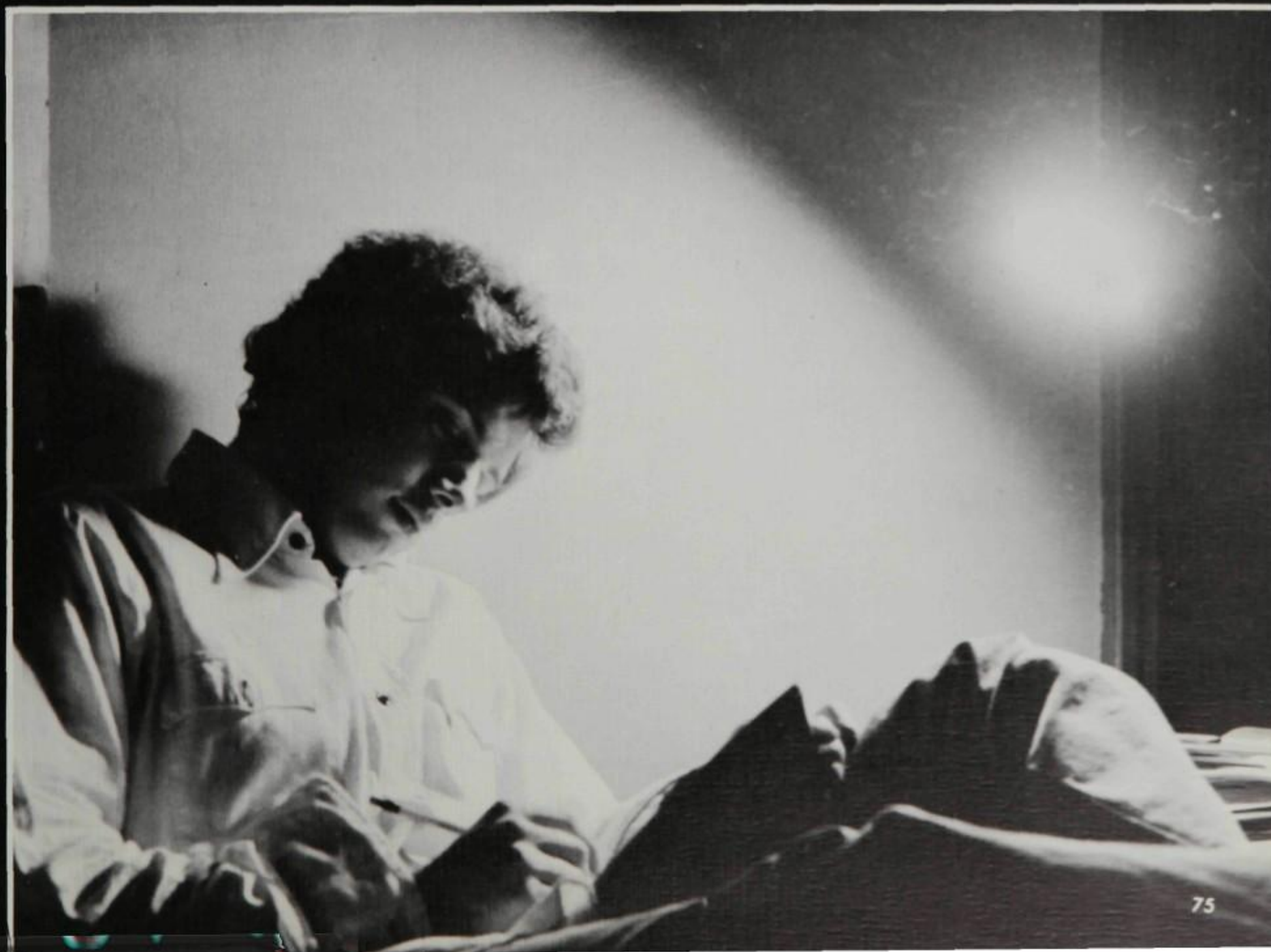
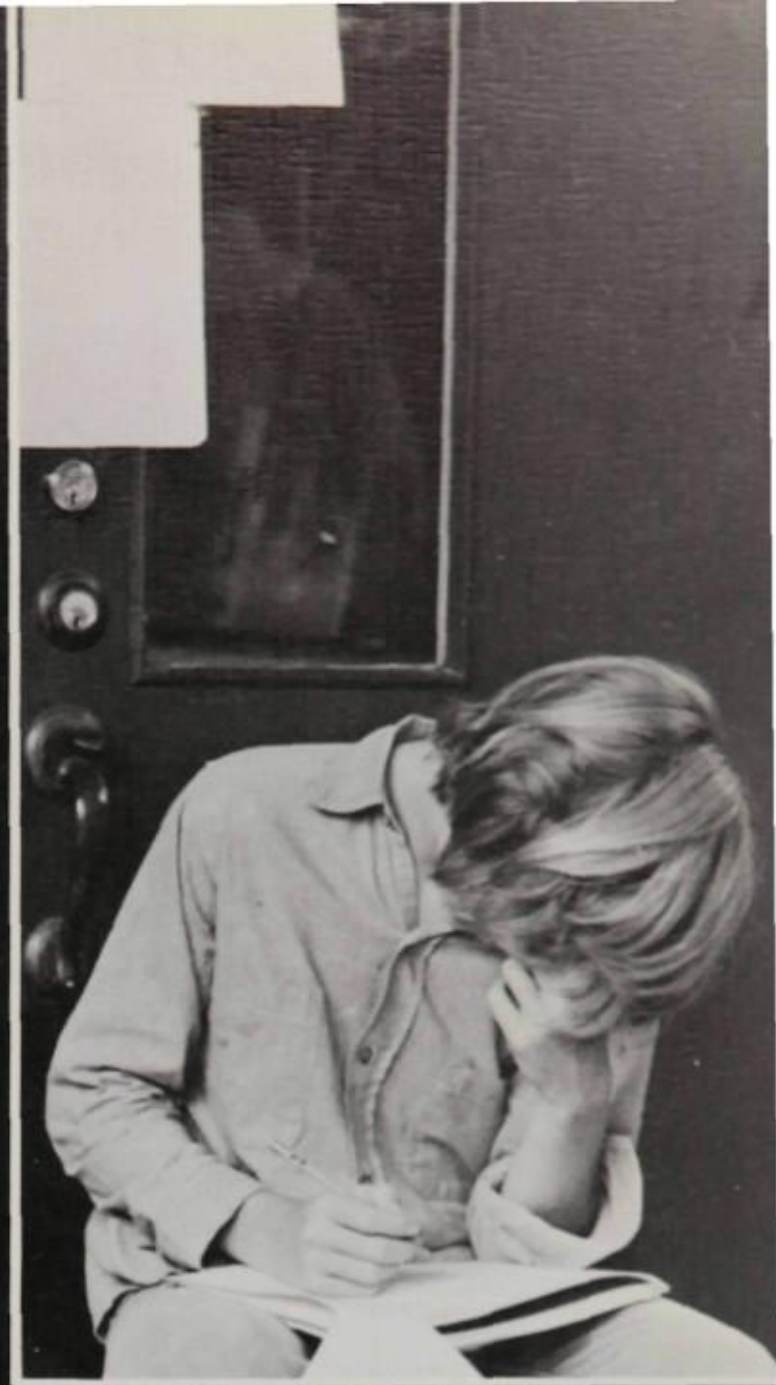
I've read the same sentence five times. The house is so quiet. Cold, too. Just me and Proust. And he's dead, or at least he writes like it. I'll never make it through to morning. No, I've got to keep working. Test tomorrow. Jesus, I'll never do this again, never, never, nev . . . zzzzzzzzzzz

— Brad Leonard

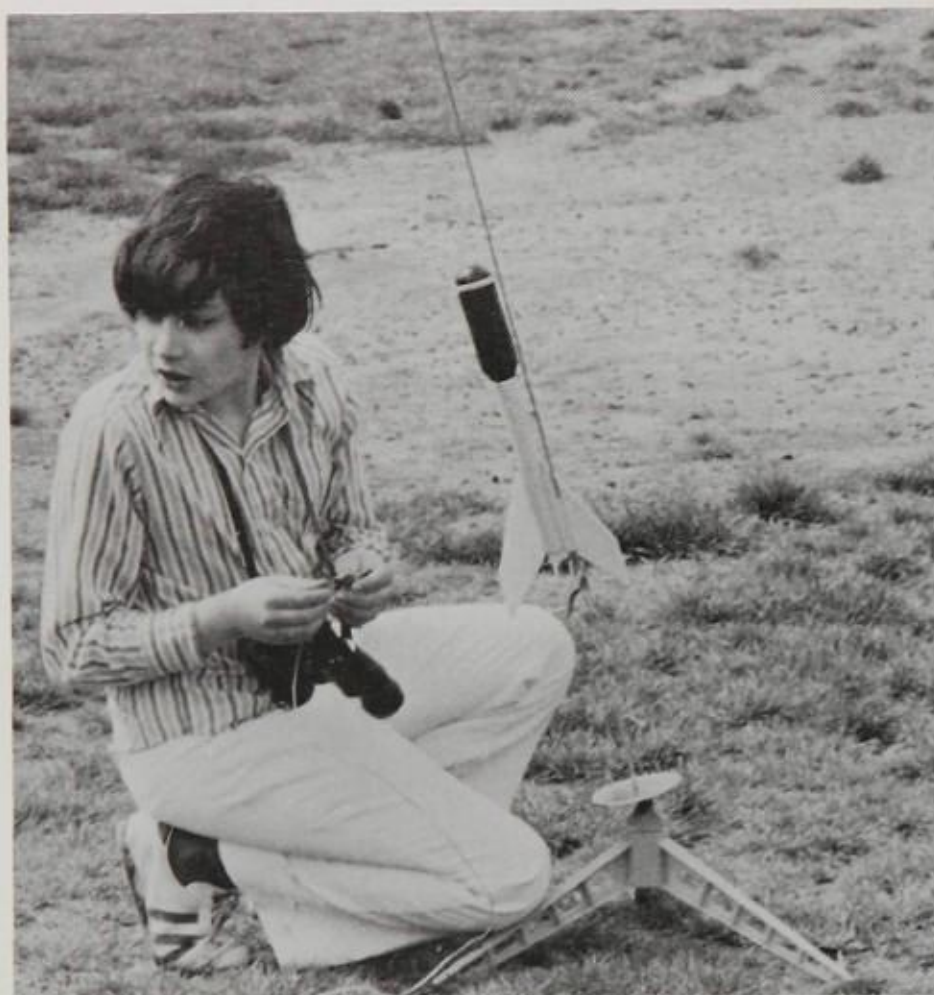
As I sit at my desk and stare up at the blaring lamp — its brightness pounds me much as the spotlight illuminates an actor. I look down at the desk, yet I still feel the lights weight upon my neck. The lamp sheds harsh light on blank paper, forcing me to write what I cannot express or even do not feel, to calculate when I want to sleep, pressuring me to be what I am not. It is a spotlight. It is artificial. Outside there is still natural light. I turn off the switch.

Only when darkness comes, and even then with hesitation, will I resort to the switch. For natural light is my refuge from the lamp.

The spot-lamp is pounding me again — shining on a work-weary, midnight face. Yet still, as always, I yearn for the warming release that is sunlight, the light that shines in eyes, in smiles, in clouds, and that blooms at dawn.



Rocket Launching Club



Fencing Club



Mark Boutzer, Elliott Bounds, Tom Howard, Mark Reinhardt, Chris Fries, Donald Hill, Bill Grasker, Jim Singleton, Grant Marylander, John Frankman, David Goth, Charles Labiner, David Richland, John Strauss, Yongsuk Kim, Michael Kahn, Peter Brown, Jeff Thorpe. Instructor: Professor Ganchev.



Recreational War Games

**Bill Boyd
Paul Peterzell
Mark Mosch
Charles Lindley
John Fischer
Steve Erickson**

**Jon Frojen
Randy Miller
Mike Wilber
Avis Bader
Chad Bader
Peter Hoffenberg**





Jon Greenberg, Harry Moses, Peter Meyer, Craig Marx, Brad Leonard

Like all other prefects, I entered Harvard student government with grand objectives in mind. This was going to be a really different year. I was convinced that with enough hard work and creative energy, the new student council, and the prefects in particular, could make Harvard a much better place to go to school. We could put an end to apathy, bring back school spirit, bridge communication gaps. But I learned soon enough. I learned that student council could never be what I hoped. I learned that we could do just so much before we were told "no more." I learned that we had very little power if any at all. I learned that very few people cared at all what we did do, or for that matter, what we didn't do. But I also learned that this was not our fault, that student government would never be what I hoped, not because there weren't enough people willing to try, but because we were a private school and thus, subject to the decisions of the administration.



When I went to a leadership conference at Beverly Hills High School, I heard of student councils that helped to patrol their communities, that set up teacher review boards, that talked with city councils, that raised money for charities, and on and on. But we don't have a community — students come from all over the city, as much as fifteen and twenty miles away. We can't talk with city council because we would have nothing to say — we aren't a dumping ground for kids who would otherwise be roaming the streets. We can't set up teacher review boards because we have very few problems with over-discipline and unfair grading policies. We simply haven't the numbers of kids that a big city school has, and even though we haven't the problems which large numbers create, we also haven't got the spirit or energy that can be found in big numbers either.

But simply because we can't do what a public school student council does, doesn't mean we are a failure. We can still be an effective liaison between students and faculty. We can still initiate such activities as Ethics Day and exchange days. We can still provide a source of opinions to be consulted when necessary. We can still set standards of excellence to be followed by the rest of the school. We tried to do these things this year, and to do them as best we could. Whether or not we succeeded can only be determined by each individual.

Brad Leonard '74



Moon Children

With strong determination we pursue our aptitude for learning new ideas and culture. Though we are thrifty our restless desire for change often causes us to lose all we have. In all we do we are loyal, home loving, and tactful.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortune of time.

Harry Morgan Moses



**The best things in life are the things you can take without forgetting
and give without remembering.**

My thanks to All of the people who know they deserve my thanks.

To Trey an orange; to Don the junior class;
to Rhino a nig and to nig ardino; to Joel,
Dan and Mike the RM's; to Coach Joel C.
Tuesday nights and Tae Kwon Do. And to
all I leave the question, "What good is a
glass dagger?"

A. Michael Burnap

Prophecy and prescience — How can they be put to the test in the face of the unanswered questions? What of the harmonics inherent in the act of prophecy? Does the prophet see the future of does he see a line of weakness, a fault or cleavage that may shatter with words or decisions as a diamond-cutter shatters his gem with a blow of a knife? F.H.

Respect for the truth comes close to being the basis for all morality. "Something cannot emerge from nothing," it has been said. This is profound thinking if you understand how unstable "The Truth" can be. F.H.

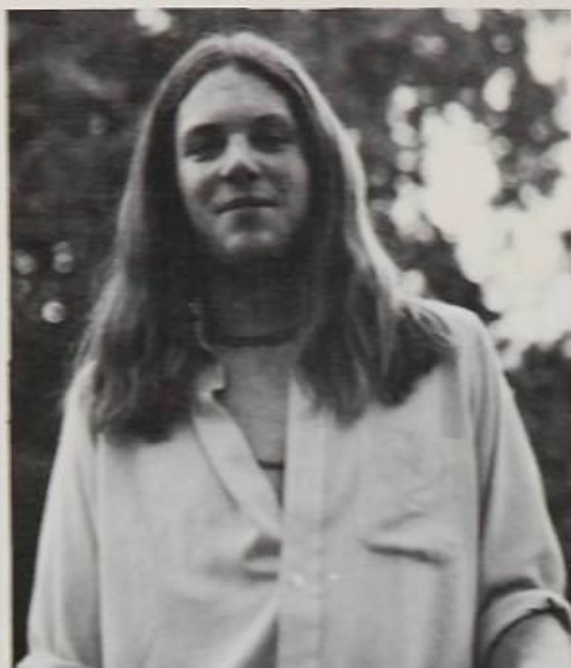
There is probably no more terrible instant of enlightenment than the one in which you discover your father is a man — with human flesh. F.H.

Control the coining and the counts, let the rabble have the rest.

Do you wrestle with dreams?
Do you contend with shadows?
Do you move in a kind of sleep?
Time has slipped away.
Your life is stolen.
You tarried with trifles,
Victim of your folly.



I have learned to walk; since then I have run. I have learned to fly . . . now I see myself under myself, now a god dances within me. — Nietzsche



I wonder now that its over: if Harvard has done for me what it is "structured" to do. I question now, that "structuring" also. Kennedy, a man my head bows to, once said, "don't ask what your country can do for you but what you can do for your country." I ask, is country and school the same. I feel not. This, is the "structuring" I question.



It is a glorious privelege to live, to know, to act, to listen, to behold, to love. To look up at the blue summer sky, to see the sun sink slowly beyond the line of the horizon; to watch the worlds come twinkling into view, first one by one, and then myriads that no man can count. The universe is white with them; and you and I are one here, friends. To my friends, my friendship always and forever.

Ty Smith

Learning is beautiful when taught well. Teachers are beautiful people; you don't see too many statues in memorium of a teacher; just war heroes, and the dead, echoing heroins. Its sad, but yet refreshing because the field of teaching has not yet been spoiled by recognition. I thank the teachers of Harvard for teaching me things I would have never known without their guidance. Thank you Miss Hoskin for, very seriously, "humanizing" Harvard for me. Thank you Mr. Hughes, for understanding so much.

To the parents of now; and later.

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of children.

And he said: Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you, and though they are one with you, yet they belong not to you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts. For they have their own thoughts. You may house their bodies but not their souls, for their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you. For life goes not backward not tarries with yesterday. You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth. The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and, He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far. Let your bending in the archers hand be for gladness; For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable.

— Kahlil Gibran



To you my love:
Tears of joy and;
Sorrow,
My open door, always,
Sweeter memories,
Love and warmth.
The trees, spoke,
For awhile.



David Storm Theis

"I have never let my schooling interfere with my education." — Mark Twain

I, David S. Theis, infrequently referred to as Muscles, Hygiene, and Cone 4, do hereby leave the designated words to the following friends:

To the Faculty: "To be good is noble, but to teach to be good is nobler — and less trouble." — Twain

To Mr. McCleery, "For the mouse(mus) prevails in Latin. For edimus, bibimus, vivimus, oremus."

To Mr. Ameer and Fr. Gill, "History is bunk" — Henry Ford

To Messrs. Humphrey, Colbert, and Miller, "True science teaches above all to doubt and be ignorant." — Unamund

To Carlson, Stewart, and McGarvey, "Thus mathematics may be defined as the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true." — Bertrand Russell

To Messrs. Archer, Rock, and Rinnander, "Speak in French when you can't think of English for a thing — turn out your toes when you walk — and remember who you are." — Lewis Carroll

To Mr. Berrisford, "Diplomacy is the art of letting someone have your own way." — Daniele Vare



To the students: "the more we study the more we discover our ignorance." — Shelley

To Juan Kanin, the comfort that everything tends toward maximum disorder. To the Burr, L.C. mystery graffiti and one Foo-turn-Rock ball career. To Boob (TER jr), a less appropriate name. To Boob (CSN), the Atlantic Monthly and see Boob (TER jr). To Chris the Lew, Wimbledon and to Russuck, thirty-two consecutive 7:30 a.m. acolyte services.

To Bumbledeberg, natch the cinema and a harassing situation. To Burton, the fox and a half's bod, The River, and my personal instruction in matters of intellectual curiosity. To both, "Some things are better than sex, some things are worse, but there's nothing exactly like it." — W. C. Fields

To P. McCabe, the noble rah-rah himself, "If A equals success, then the formula is A equals X plus Y and Z, with X being work, Y play, and Z keeping your mouth shut." — Einstein

To Rich Shields, the eternal lunchbag and also to him and Padley Stern, "Man must go back to nature for information." — Thomas Paine

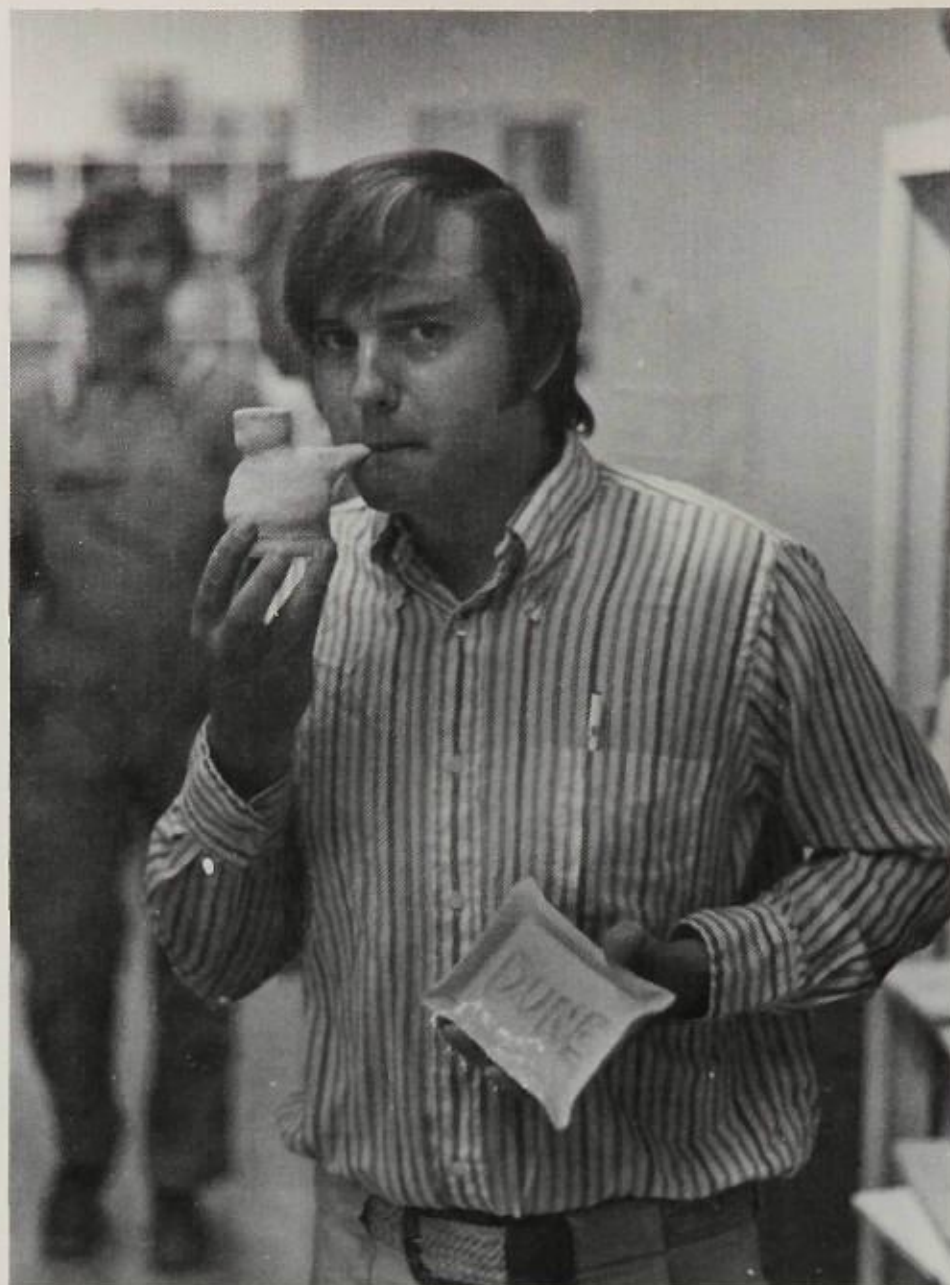
To Manolios, "Faith accepts 'in spite of'; and out of the 'in spite of' of faith the 'in spite of' of courage is born." — Tillich

To Jon G., concerts uno and dos, and periodic juvenility. To the Giraffes, Beer and Skiddles. To M & D, thanks.

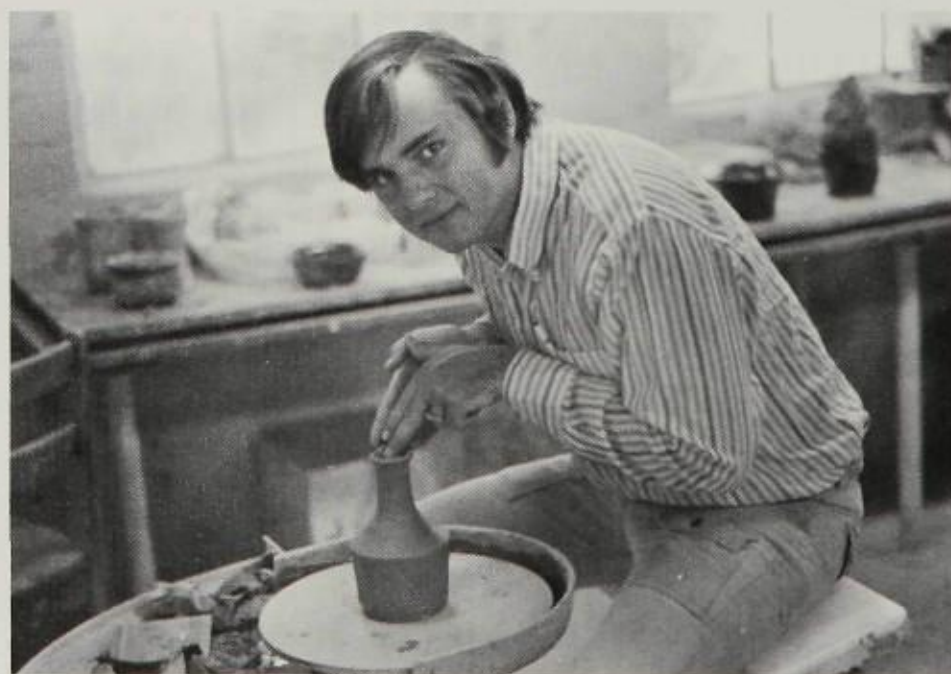
Finally to all the aforementioned, and to all whom I so ignorantly neglected to include, and especially Brad and Dennis, "If I don't have friends, then I ain't got nothin' " — Billie Holiday

"Only the educated are Free" — Epicetetus

Scot Kimball Dunbar



I, Scot Dunbar, better known as Dune, leave the following things of great importance to the following people: To Big "D" I leave D-ness and better aim when the bits fly. To the Park Bros., an annual beer bowl. To Hays, the "Feb wets" and a lucky night on Mulholland. To J. Gates a contest in "B.S." and permanent "strapage." To the Chief and Chaps, surfing a "4:00" and a sunrise in my backyard. To Mr. Science, cruising at "140 mph" and blind deal in Tucson. To Marcia, "Great Times", and a picnic with Sylvester. To Jamie a "Great weekend in P.S." To Noogie, working with Manuel. To Dick a visit from "D" and "Dune". To Margie a few more "chicks". To Martha "Flipping the penny and always winning."





JON M. SMITH

Language

B.A. Albion

M.A. Universite de Paris

2e Degree, Sorbonne, Paris

Two Years

"The ultimate trip goes from the world of the practical into the realm of dreams and then back again in a way that makes dreams possible."

— J. M. Smith



PHILIP BERK

Social Studies

B.A. Cal State L.A.

M.A. Indiana University

Four Years



WALTER STEWART

Mathematics

B.S.E. University of Michigan

M.A. University of Michigan

23 Years

$$\int \frac{1}{\text{CABIN}} = \text{Log CABIN}$$



Frisbee Day provided students with a "legal" outlet for the pressure and entropy of the early school year. Faced with a lack of activities and causes to back, Student Council decided to allot money toward the purchase of a vast number of frisbees. This organized confusion resulted in about fifty students spending eighth period launching individual attacks against anything and anyone that was within throwing range.





Seniors in the Political Philosophy class found themselves involved in heavy discussions every Monday night at Mr. Ameer's house. Irreconcilable schedules forced this unusual meeting location and time, yet the effectiveness of the informal and pleasant atmosphere, combined with huge quantities of coffee and donuts, leaves high hopes for future classes with this setup.

Psychology has now become the first co-educational class offered by Harvard. However, pictured here in its infancy, without the Westlakers, the participants will remember rap discussion sessions, which although often very interesting, were not the psychological delvings most of us had expected. The group was organized by Mr. Ozawa and Dr. Deskin, and is attended by four or five seniors from Harvard and Westlake each quarter.



Varsity Basketball

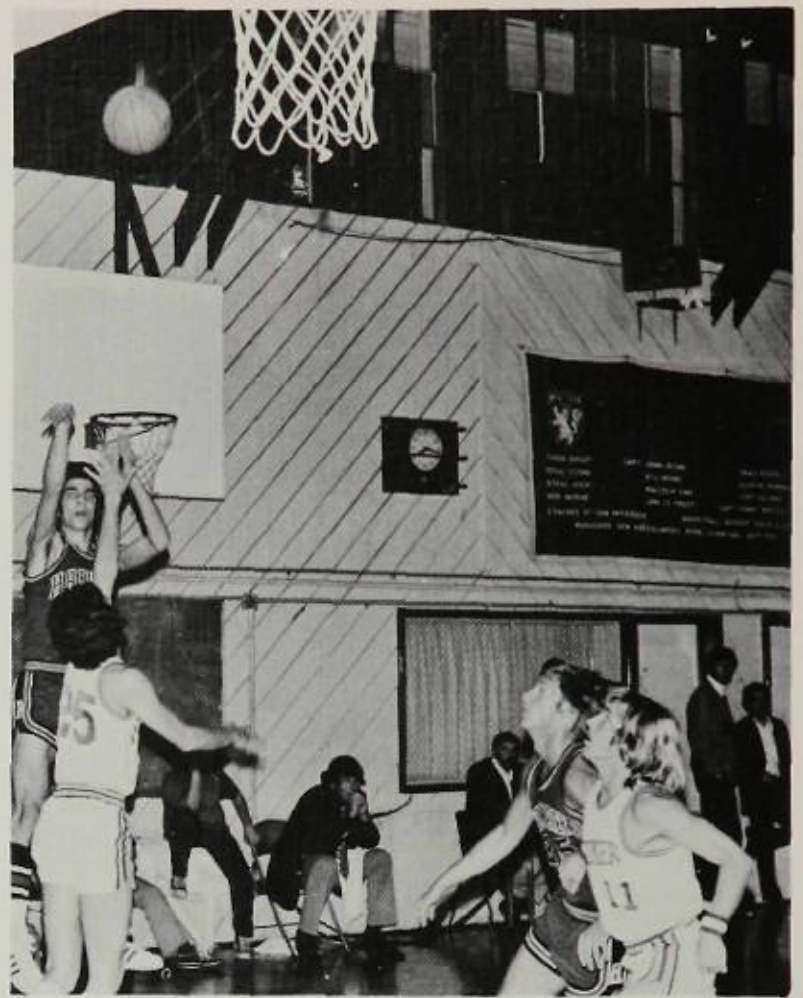


(Standing) Coach Giles, Burgess, Saliba, McCabe, LoPresti, Parker, Coach Rock. (Sitting) Thompson, Shepherd, Dickinson, Riach, Theis.

For a basketball team to be a success it does not have to win its league or have an all-league starting line-up. Of course, if a team does have a solid winning season it is naturally referred to as having a good year. But the Harvard Varsity Basketball team did not win its league or even have a winning record but most people connected with the program consider the 1973-74 season for the most part a successful year. The reason for this can be attributed to a number of things such as: the improvement of many key players, the closeness between the teammates, and winning a couple of games they were not supposed to and staying in others where they were said not to have a chance.

When a team is 5-17 as the previous Harvard Varsity was it is hard to turn abruptly around and start winning more than you are losing. The loss of four starters that year was expected to hurt this year's team because this year's starters had not had too much varsity experience. Moving into a new and tougher league did not help any where there were three teams that were far above the Saracens' athletic abilities. But the Saracens finished off with an 8-14 record so something must have gone right.

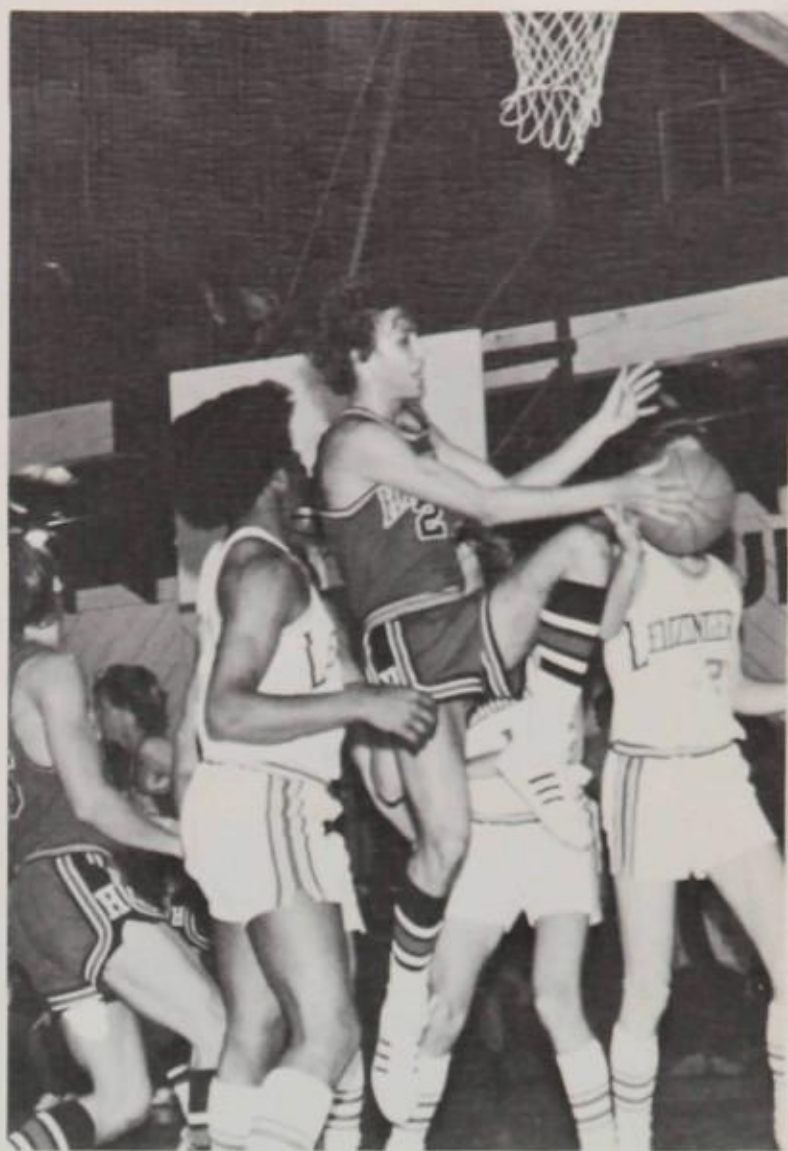
Many of the players were a great surprise to first year Varsity coach Dave Rock. Some of them improved so much one wondered why they had not played on the previous years team. One player improved so rapidly that even though he sat on the bench in his junior year, he won the most valuable player award unanimously as a senior.

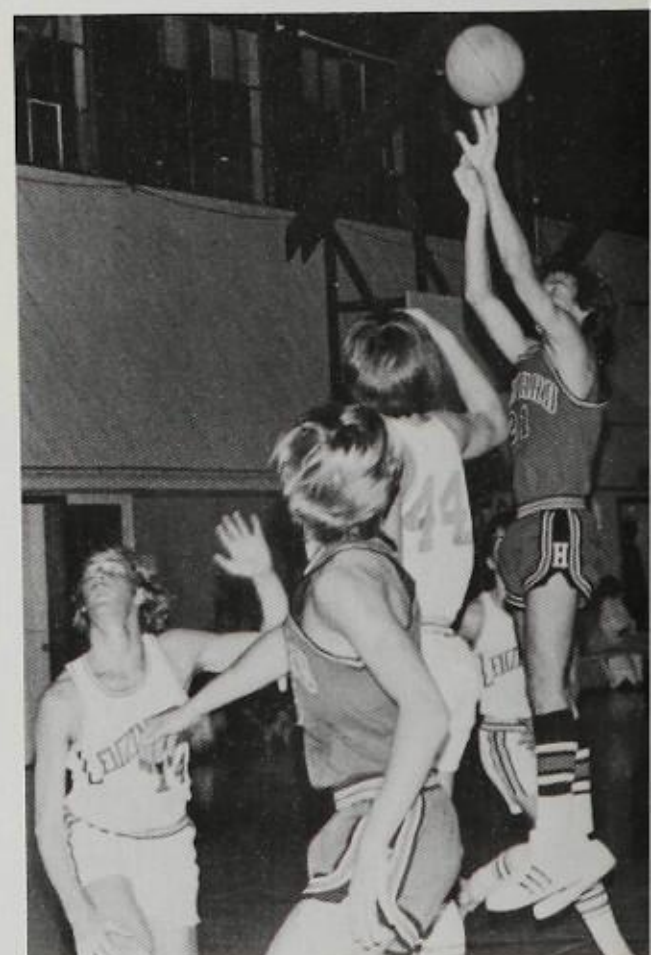


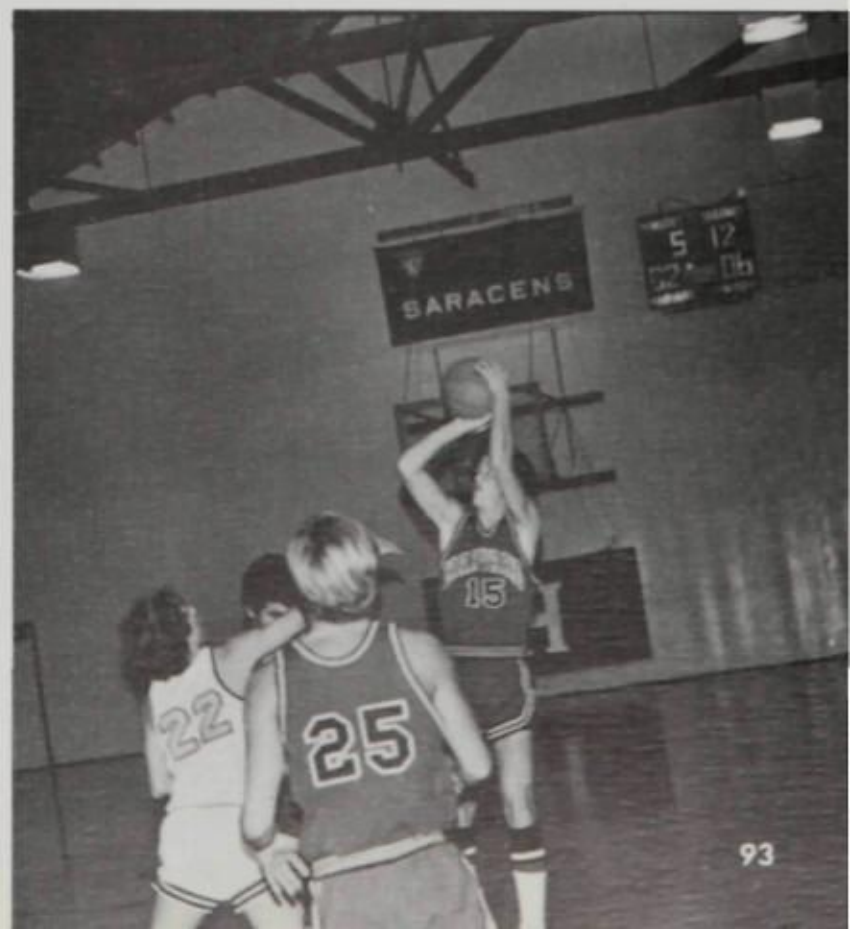
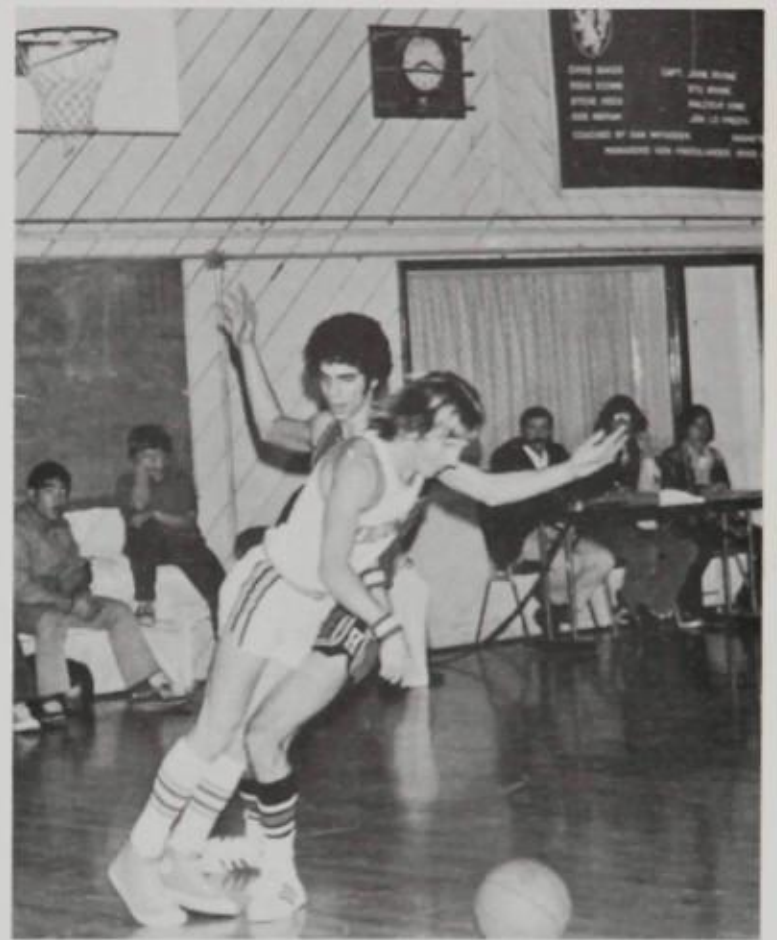
One only had to watch the team practice together to see how they felt about each other. Many people said that never had a team at Harvard been so close and liked each other as friends so much. Some might say that this does not matter much but it really helped after those drastic losses. Perhaps Coach Rock said it best at the banquet in that he could have coached a championship team somewhere downtown where everyone hated each other, but he would rather coach a bunch of guys like the 1973-74 Varsity where everybody was everybody-else's friend.

And of course, there were a few games like Lutheran, Leuzinger, and Bosco Tech where the team played up to it's capabilities. A lot of young players got experience that will help the future teams, something that was lacking in the past. Mainly, the spirit was there and if the feeling is anything next season like it was this past year then we can expect even bigger and better things in the Harvard Varsity basketball program next year.

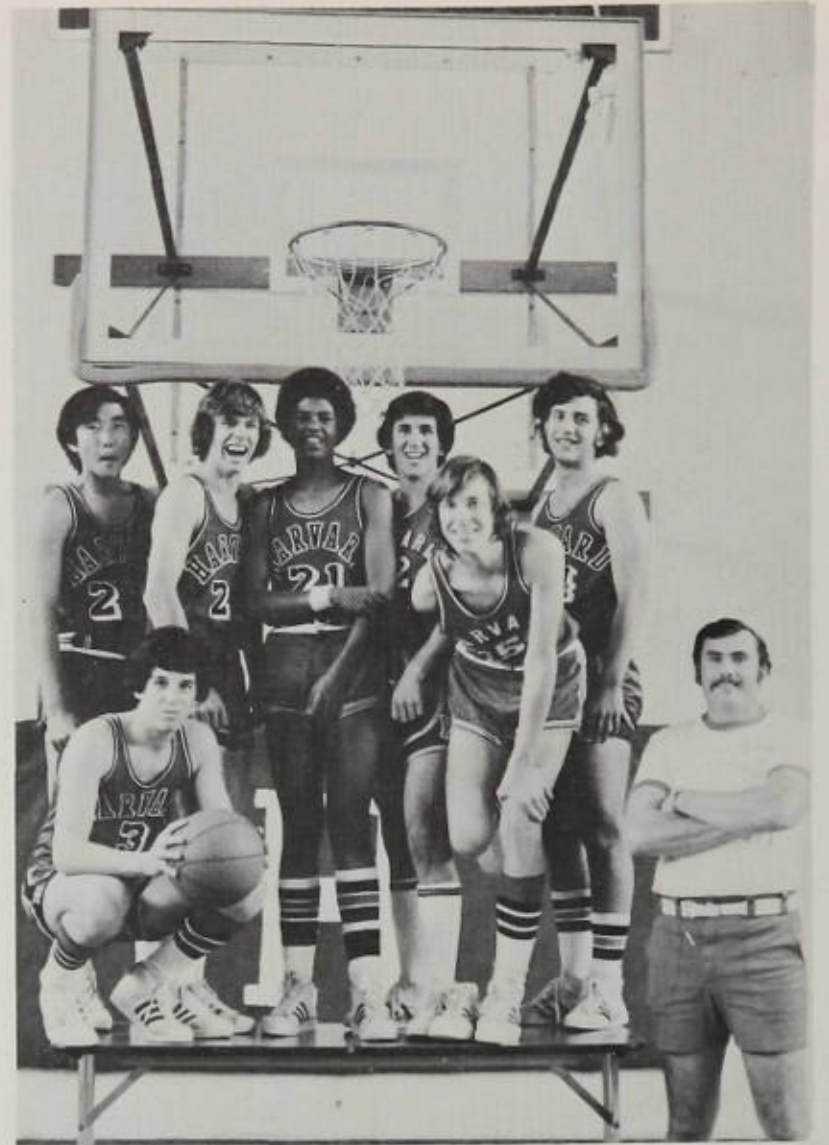
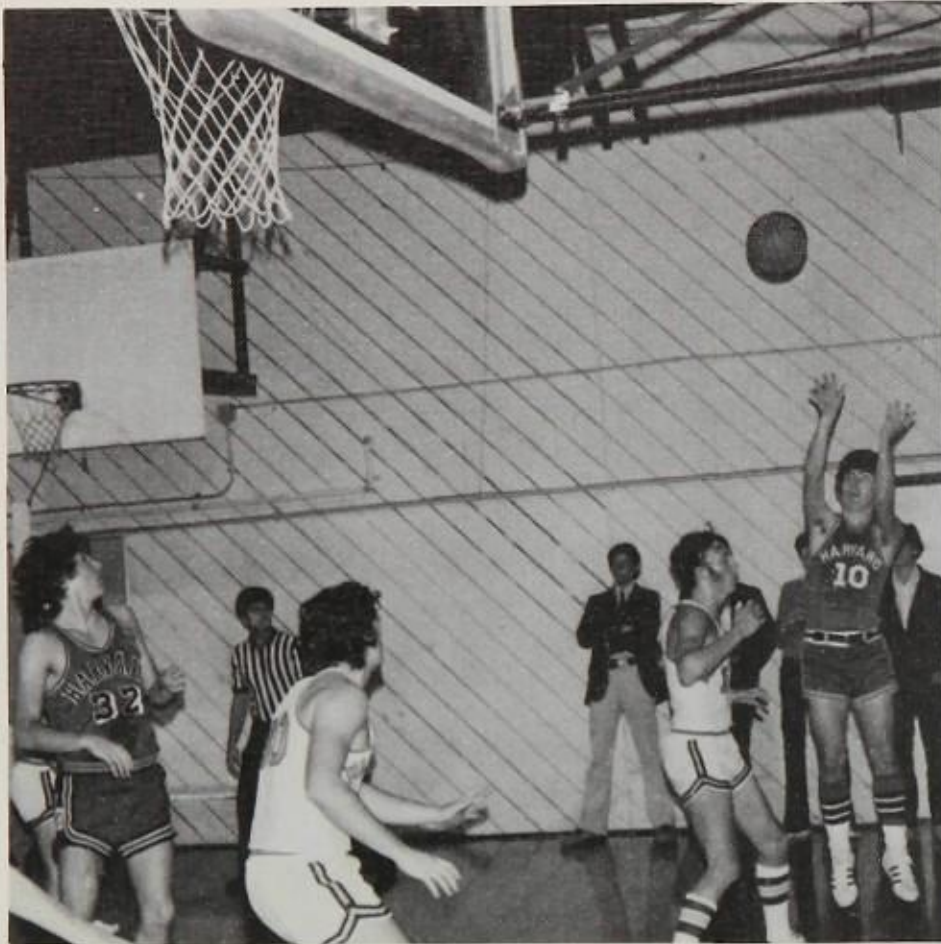




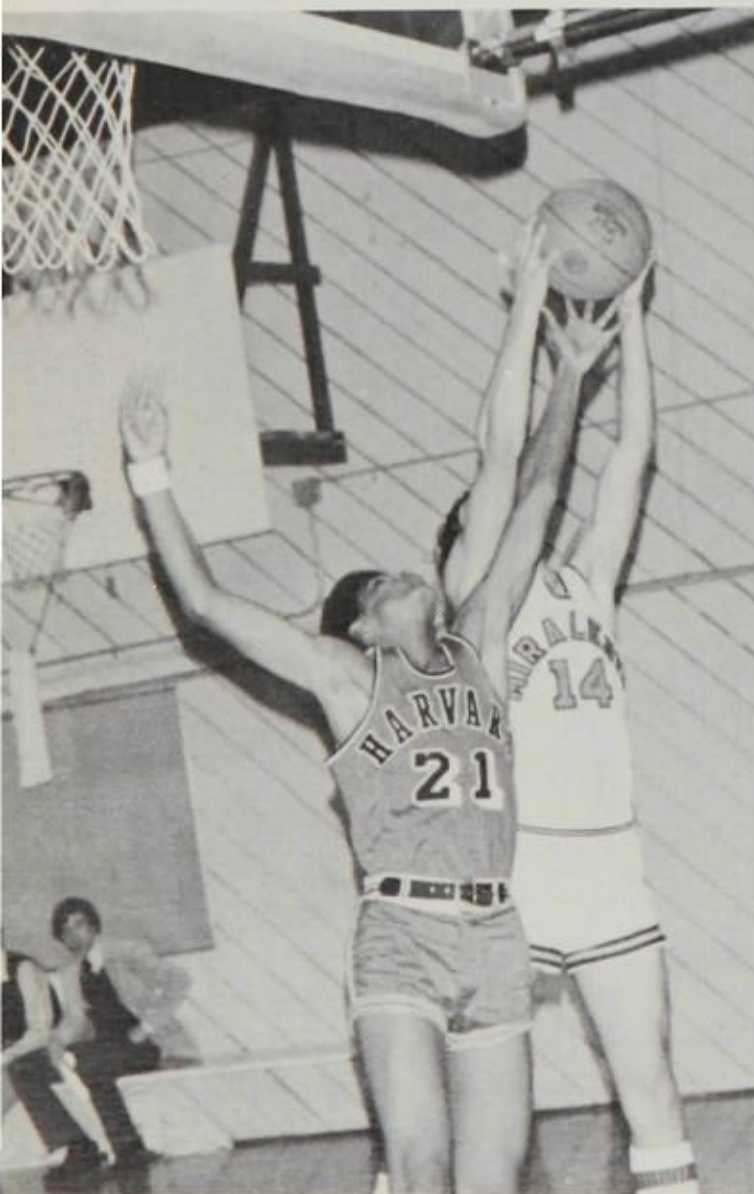




Junior Varsity



C. Lho, E. Browne, D. Nelson, R. Williams, T. Carter,
K. Loughran, M. Lipshutz, Coach Goodman.



Sophomore



(Bottom) C. Uhlmann, M. Andrews, B. Elder, P. Davies, Coach Goodman. (Top) S. Erickson, P. Richman, G. Elliot, J. Tognazzini.



Frosh



(Bottom) E. Cazier, B. Moss, E. Poplawski, G. Flintoft, G. Thabit, K. Fisher, G. Pappas, J. Bouchakian, J. Bertram, P. Williams. (Top) J. Ford, R. Chumbook, J. Josephs, B. Bag-nard, Winetrobe, J. Mottle, C. Palmer, P. Castellano, D. Zaro.



Secretaries



Mrs. Joan Ryan
Secretary to the Head of the Lower School



Miss Liz Kalwasinski
Secretary to the Dean of Students



Mrs. Lorraine Stellhorn
Secretary to the Headmaster



Mrs. Dinah Gabany
Secretary to the Head of the Upper School



Mrs. Louise Asay
Receptionist



Miss Cathy Noel
Secretary to the Director of College Placement
Secretary to the Director of Admissions



Something Unexpected . . .

The students come straggling down the long Saint Saviors Chapel aisle, two or three at a time. They walk slowly past the pews at the back of this chapel, and settle down near the front, close to where the candles glow brightly on the altar table. The organ music no longer pours itself fortissimo to cover the noise of the entering numbers shouldering themselves past one another, to gain access to the seats as close to the door as possible. Now the numbers are small — very small. We have lost the church numbers game, but we have gained a quality of worship . . . Now the hymns are sung, the unison readings responded to with full voice and the prayers are moments of prayer. The sacred places are held sacred, and that's a relief . . . From a worship perspective, required chapel is an insult to the participant and to Him whom one is to celebrate. It is the kind of praise I don't think God needs. There's an absurdity about required confession, required thanksgiving, that makes a mockery of the celebration of worship. Worship is selfgiving, an expression of freedom and participation.

So I asked this God a question and by way of firm reply, He said "I'm not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays."

— Ian Anderson



John West, Dwight Belden

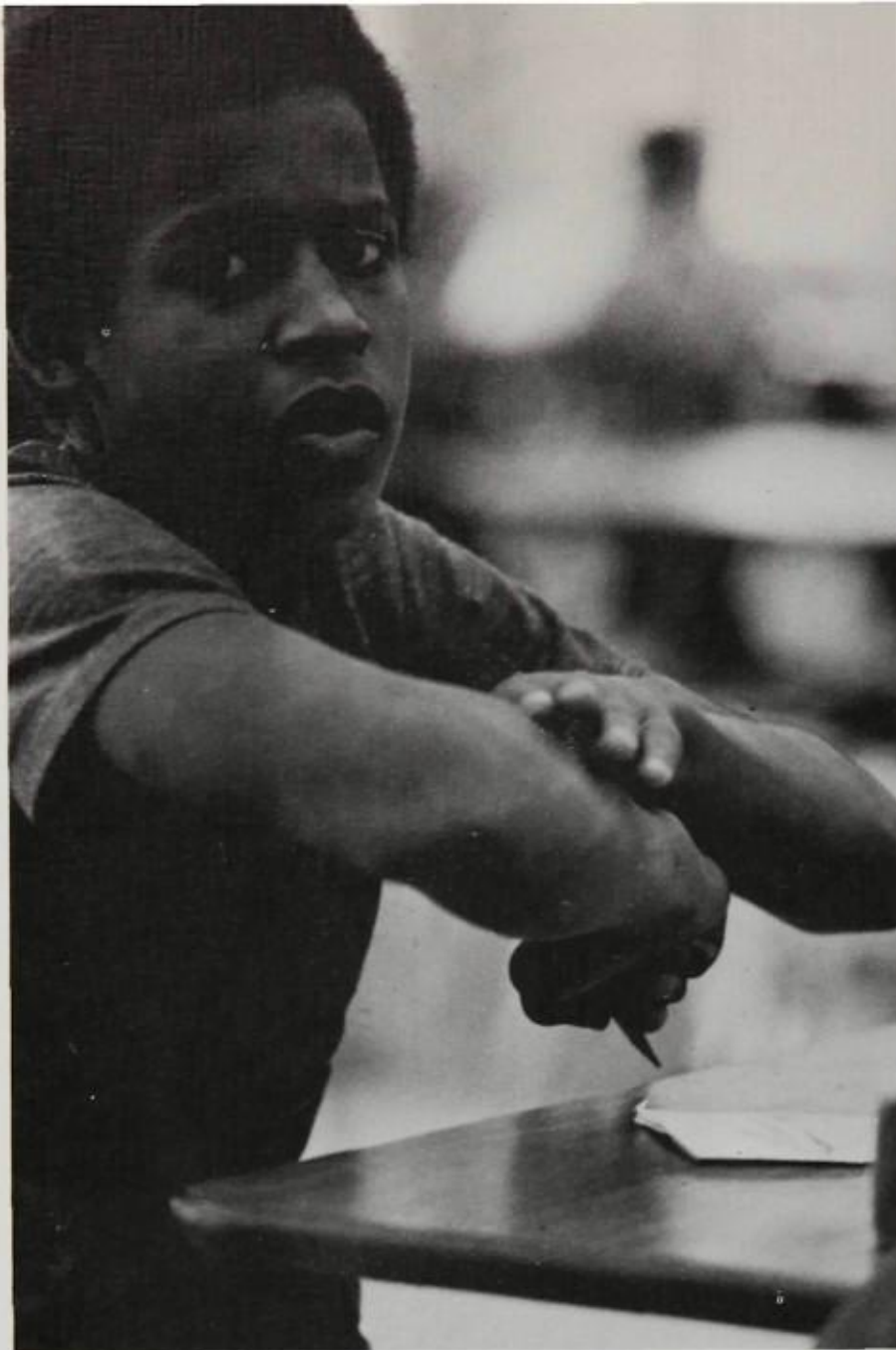
Chapel Servers Guild





Jeff Adler
Jeff Anderman
Mark Andrews
John Archer
Charles Bader
Gregory Banks

David Bennett
William Bennett
William Boyd
Aric Browne
Kevin Caffey
Andrew Caine



James Carroll
Mark Carroll

Rick Caruso
Brian Castle

Scott
Christopher
Patric Cohen





Sophomores



Jonathan
Cooksey
Bennet Davis
Douglas
Dickinson

Jeffrey Dillman
John Dunbar
William Elder

Douglas Erwin
Christopher
Escher
William
Fauntleroy

David Feldman
John Fenwick
Robert Fomon

David Frankl
Hans Fredericks
Raymond
Gillette

Edward Glantz
Wesley Groves
David Haddad

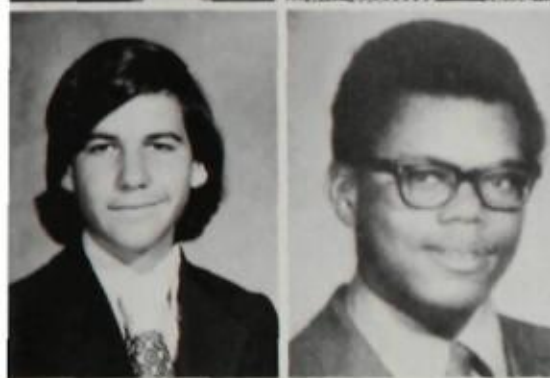




Michael Healy
Michael Herbert
James Hicks
Steven Hinds

Joshua Holland
Jon
Hookstratten
Gregory
Horwitz
John Howard





James Isaacs
Vincent
Jefferds
Kenneth Kaiser
Matthew
Kayden

Adam Kessler
Wesley King
Glenn Kirkeby
Michael
Kirkwood



Daniel Kopman
Neal Leonard
Douglas
Levinson



Anthony Lomax
Kenneth
Loughran
Eric Lund



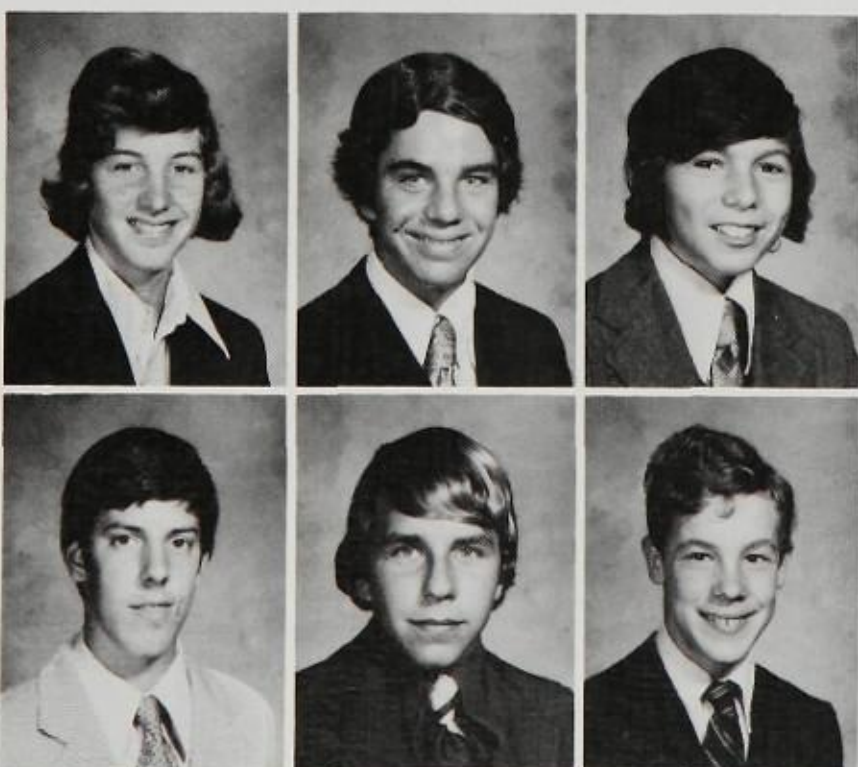
Jamie
MacDougall
Brian Maddox
David Mael



Robert Maloney
Thomas
Mampalam

Robert Marshall
Eric Marx

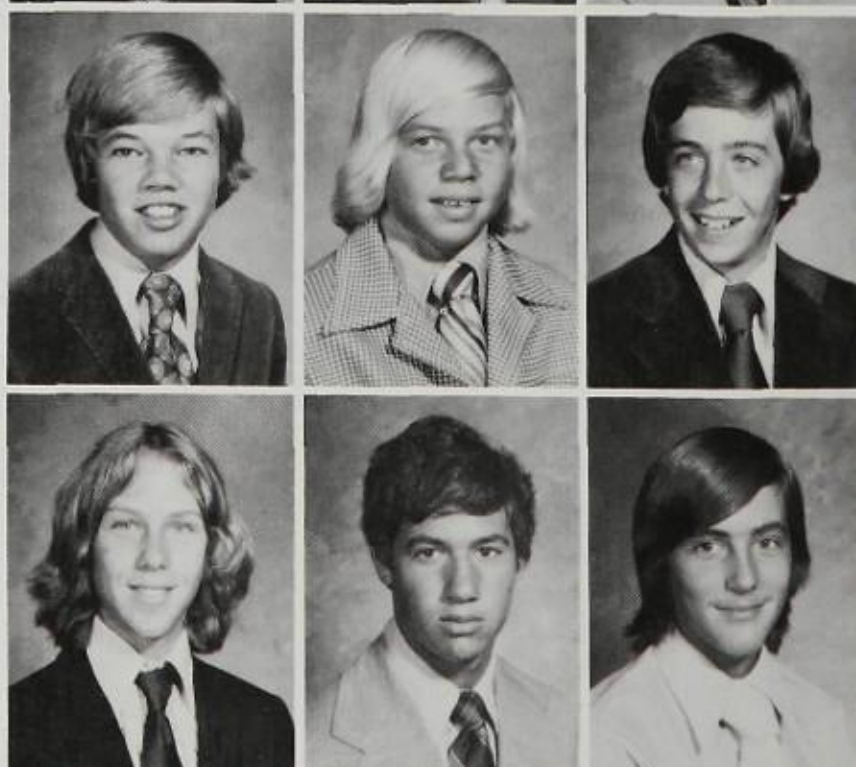
Charles
Maytum
Daniel McCabe



Michael
Meryash
Matthew
Mettler

John Meyer
Randolph Miller

Mark Millman
George Mitchel



John Morland
David Nelson
Stephen Paul
Terrence Payne

William Plants
Gregory Porter
Ron Radstrom
Steven Rayman

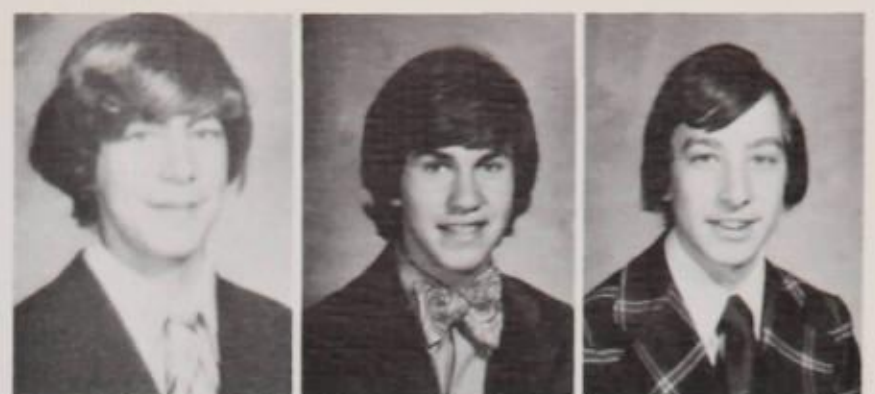
William Reich
James Rene
David
Rheinstein
Theodore Rutter



Joachim
Scharfe
Eric Schuur
Zachary Sharp
William Sims

Charles Stack
John Steiny
Jeffrey Stern
Robert Swick

Jeffrey
Symonds
Richard Tashma
Theodore
Thompson
Bradley
Thorson



Jerrold
Tognazzini
Thomas Trainer

John
Ungerleider
Willis Urick

Ian Wayne
Steven Wharton



Lionel Whitman
Randolph
Williams

Daniel Wolpert
Christopher
Wood

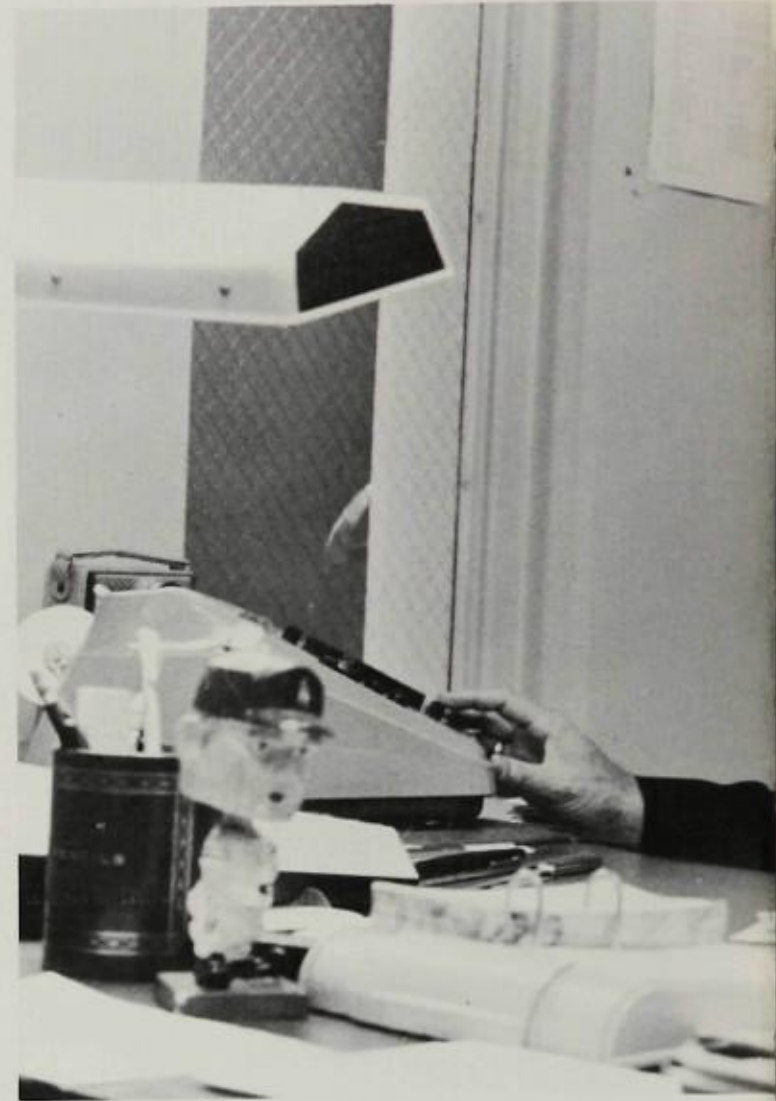
William
Zimmerman
Darryl
Zimmerman



Staff and



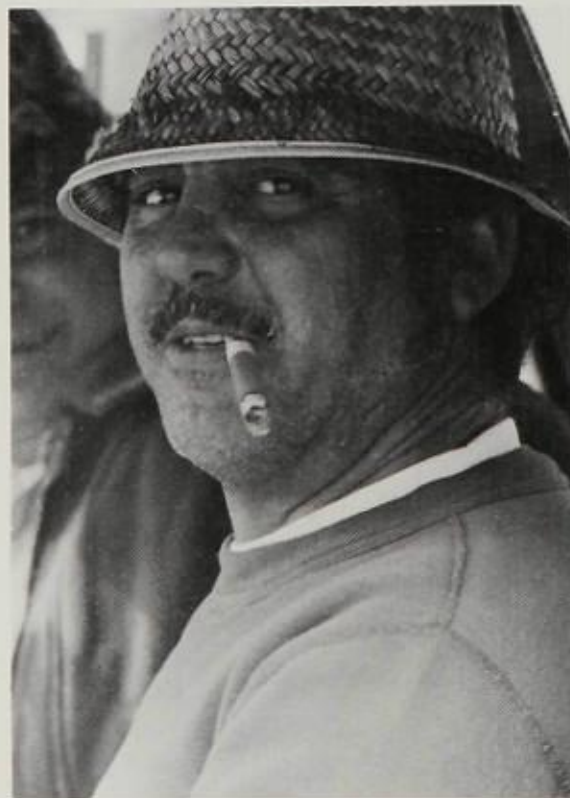
Mrs. Faye Sitch
Student Store



Mr. Frank Alvarez
Accountant



John Kanaar



Mario Diaz

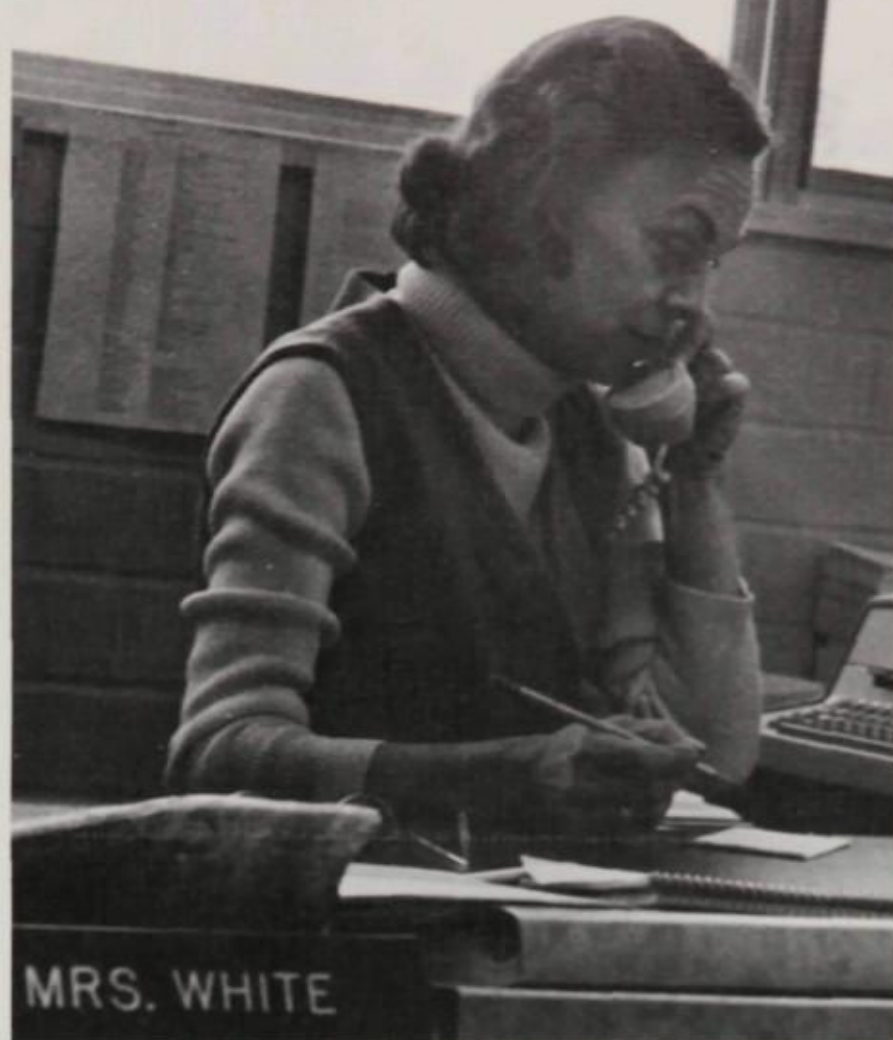
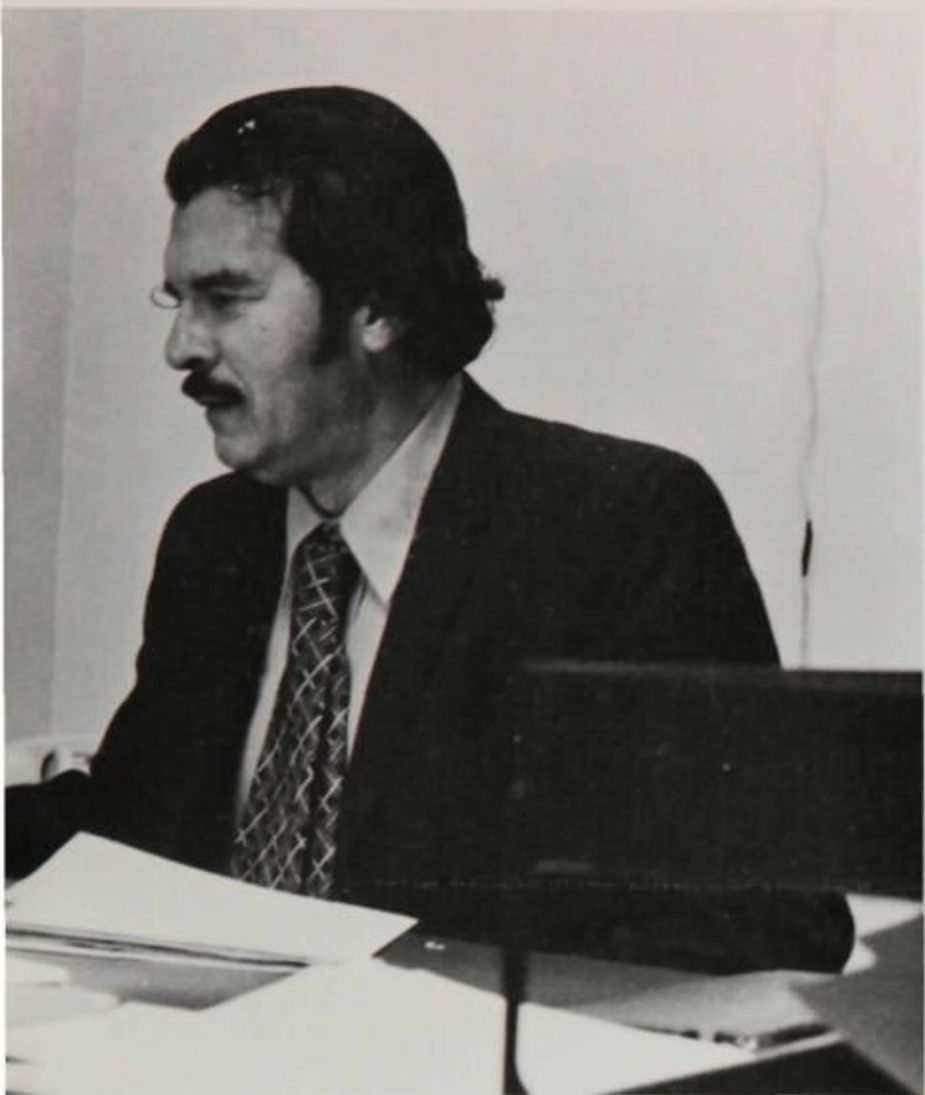


Ricardo Valdez



Ed Antak

Maintenance



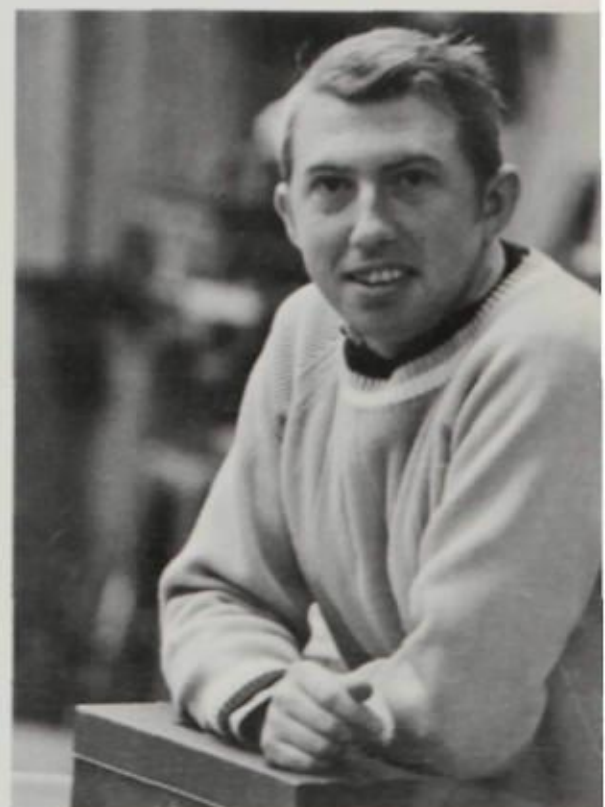
Mrs. Verna White
Secretary to the Business Office



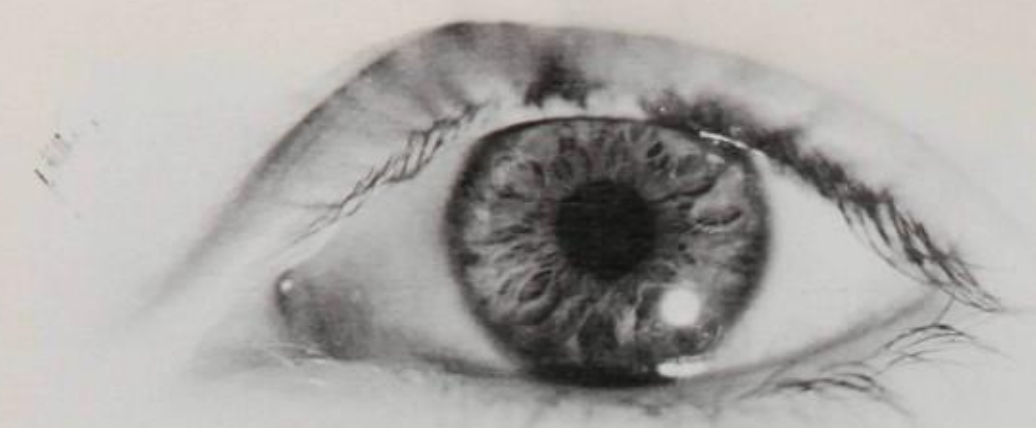
John Bokowski



Raul Perez



Joe Matrovoleyli



LEO

Flattery will subdue our fiery emotional and intuitive magnetism, and expose our exceptional generosity. Faced with a foe we can destroy with prejudice, cunning and passion. So we must live in coolness and calm so that our higher nature of devoted love conquers a potentially dangerous depression.

Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is as perennial as the grass.



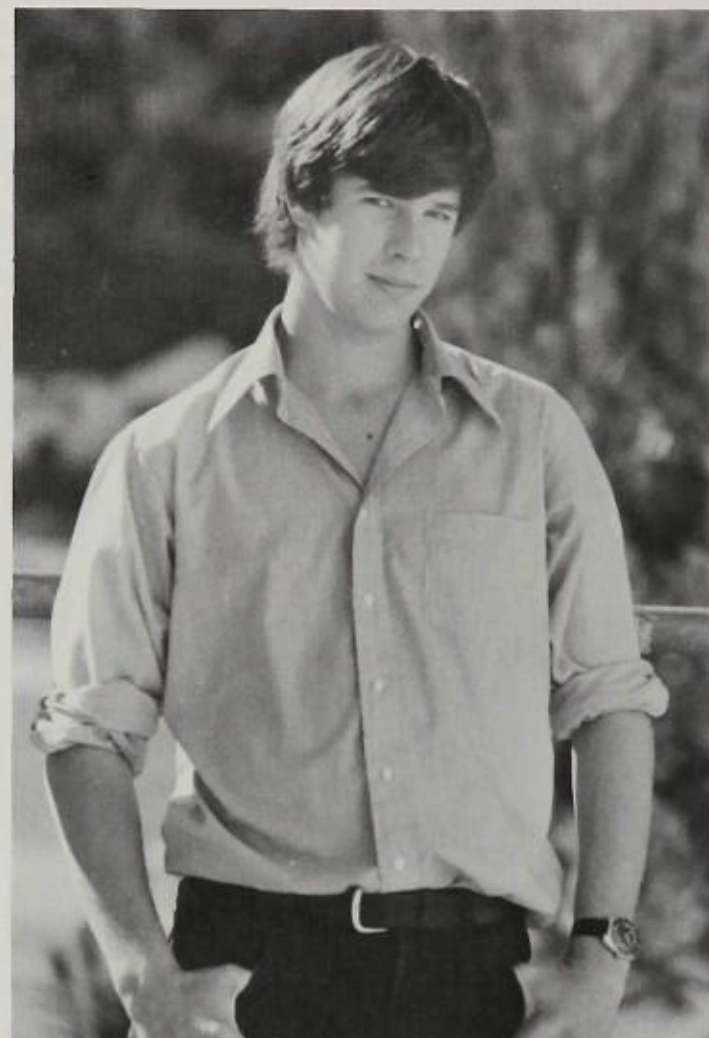
Eric M. Thorson, Esq.

I am, that explains me, excuses me,
and leaves me as muddled as before.

J.D.A.

I, Eric M. Thorson, esq. (but I never get no respect),
bequeath to the following only what they deserve!!
Wayne, a studded craps table and the oval office in '96;
to Carter, a foot for his mouth; to Ty, a sympathetic
wall that will listen; to B.M.O.C., Zen, Mrs. Green and a
"Cravette 24;" to Pat, "Bon Voyage," the shirt with the
yellow spot, and that's all, 'cause if I give ya an inch,
you'll take a mile; to Harvard, its obsession with team
sports and all its bigotry. And to Sid and George, all my
love and thanks.

e.t.



Special thanks to: Mr. Ameer, Dr. Mobley,
Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Aylward, Mr. Miller,
Mr. Rock, and Coach Billingsley. You have
made my time here almost bearable.

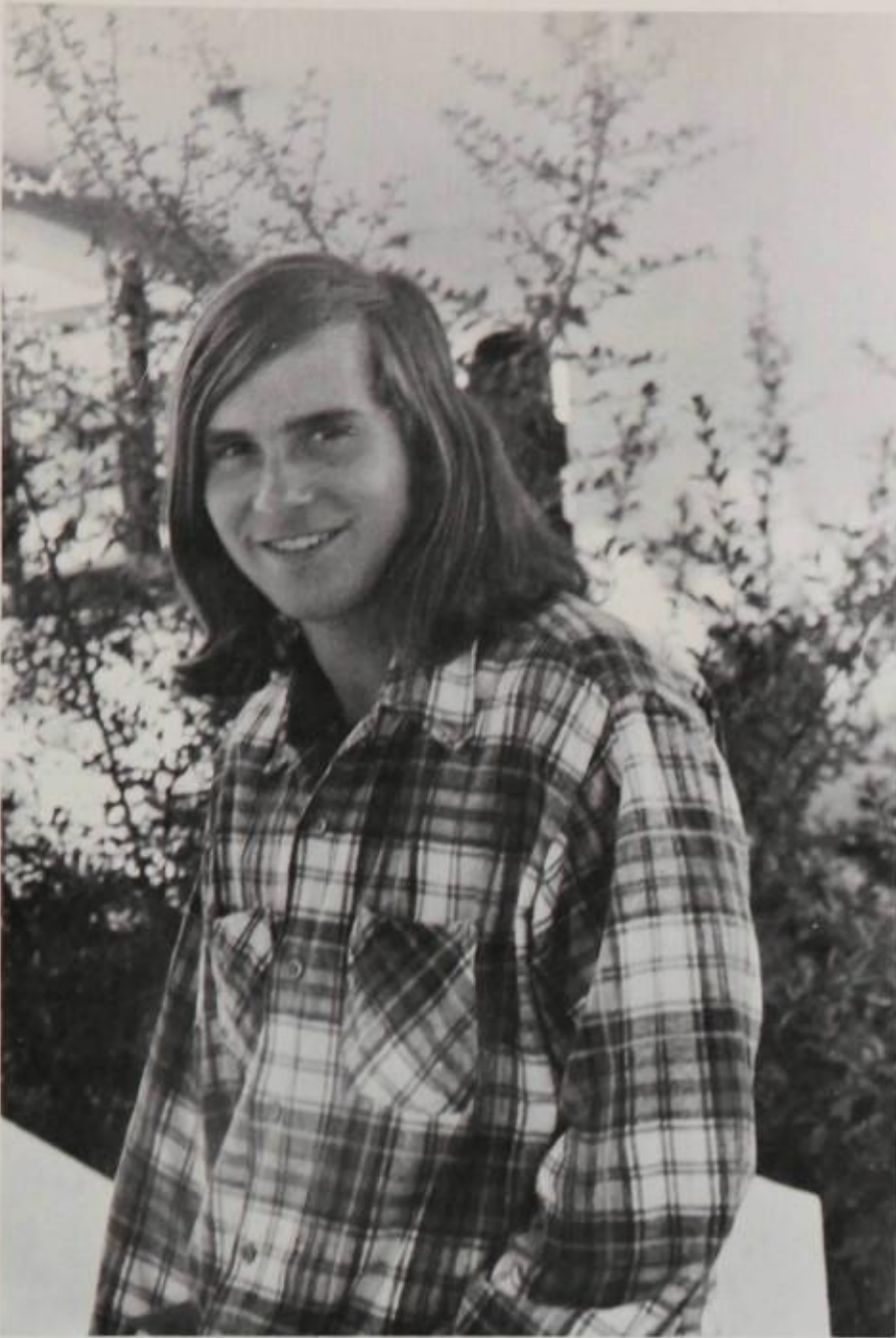
I came to Harvard in search of knowl-
edge, and this is what they CRAMMED
DOWN MY THROAT!



Handwritten notes:
Main
Mrs. Thorson
Auto - Grazer
Sales
years

Richard Stinehart

Varsity Tennis — 10, 11
Varsity Volleyball — 12



I, Rick Stinehart, alias Baumer and Gorilla Man, do hereby leave the following useless items to the following people:

NEMP: An illusion of a 60 ft. beer.

RICHIE: Arrowhead, Newport, the Amazon Queen, and his picture on the varsity tennis team.

EL CAYTORE: P&B's, B.C., V.B., P.T., O.D., the volleyball scoreboard, and 100 English pounds.

OLMSTEAD: B's and our Halloween production.

CAMERON: Hancock Park, parties, and the golf course.

CLIFFORD: M.A.L. and the carton he owes me.

LEWIS: KUALA Bears, and "It takes two hands to handle a whopper."

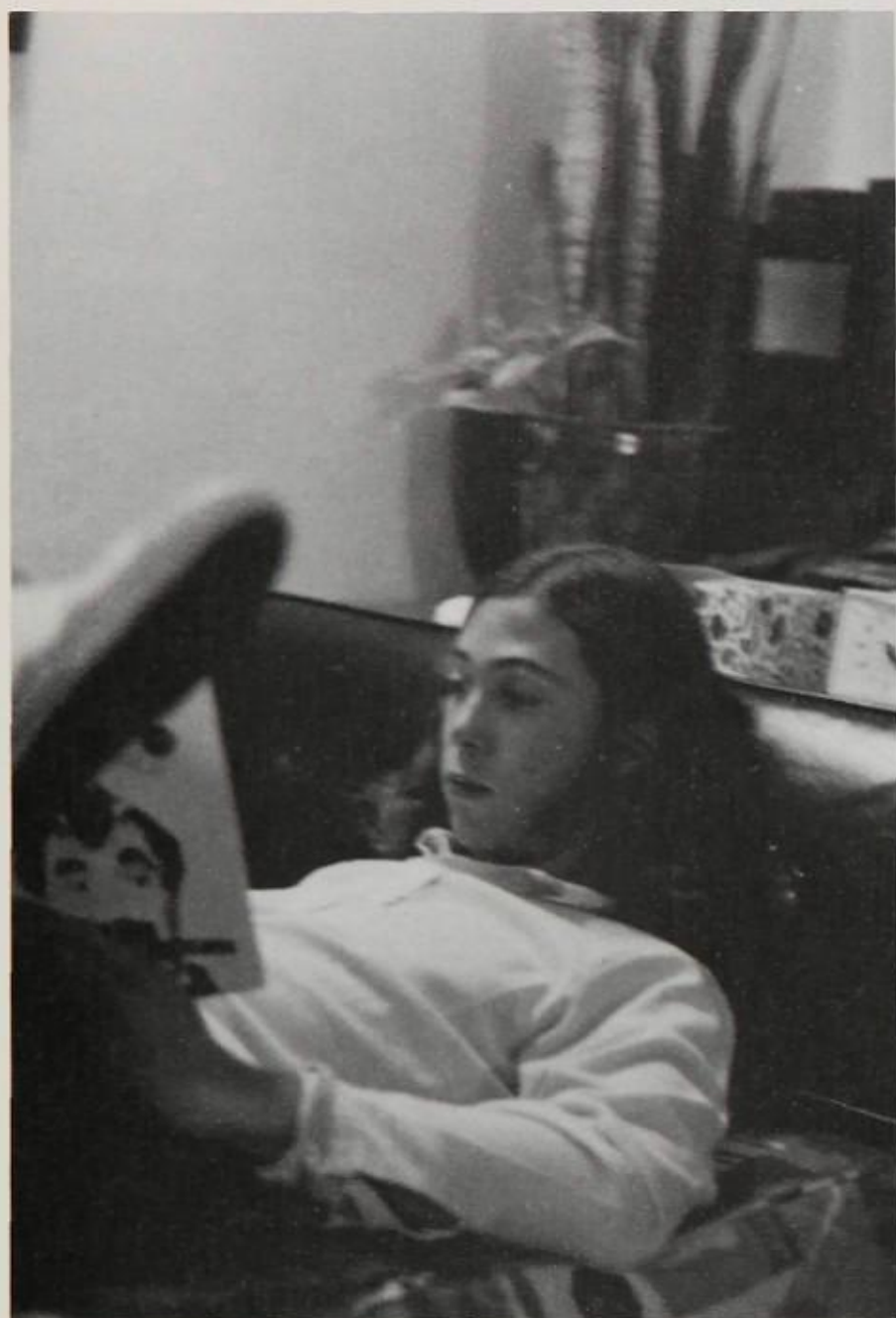
SHELTON: Half a ping pong table, and a half-breed date, Florida women.

ULICH: Tennis and B-ball games at Dixie.

BELDEN: Fingers and "Whats with these B.C. chicks?"

Finally, I would like to thank my friends, teachers, and parents for making my six years at Harvard worthwhile. I would especially like to thank Mr. Archer, Mr. Colbert, Dr. Mobley, Mr. Clark, and Father Gill for being teachers who understood and cared.

Howard M. Moss



It behooves me on this solemn occasion to say
THANK YOU.

"JUST TRUCKED ON THROUGH . . ."



to Mr. Ameer for his patience and understanding over three very long years. I also want to thank Mr. Rock for some of the greatest quarters of Social Science Fiction. I wish to leave him with my collection of muddled thoughts, B minuses and all my Conan and/or John Carter of Mars books. It was fun while it lasted. I, of course, wish to thank my mother and father for without their support (financial and otherwise) this all would not have been possible.

. . . AND to Prudence Goodbody I leave their own . . .



John Clayton Crouch



Instruction ends in the schoolroom, but education ends only with life. A child is given to the unwise to be educated.

F. W. Robertson

To Peter I leave "It," "What's her face" and two yellow Capris. To Dennis I leave a Saturday night, a full tank of gas, a full green party box and the latest. To Randolph I leave a cave man movie and a solution to the swing problem. To Chuck, more trees at my parties and a duplicate key to the jeep. To Peter M. I leave many "holas" and to Halcy I leave another chance at driving the jeep.

Thanks to all who have been part of my Harvard experience.



Shawn Curtis



Chris Smith

I, Chris Smith, being of outstanding mind & irresistible body, inflict the following useless items on the following people: to Peter: I leave Chuck Pratt, front lawn sessions, kout, horses, & "Juice!"; to Chip: a wig, U.S.A., Nora, RRROCK!, a pile of f _____, and an unforgettable (unbelievable) night at his beach house; to Carl: 1,000 exposed, undeveloped rolls of 36 exposure Plus-x, to be developed by Xmas of 1973; to Kevin: a VW with four new tires, "sometimes this is an unpleasant job!", Nick Danger, & three years of friendship; to Olivia: frustration, David Keith, Scott Bokowski, & Henry David Thoreau; to John Kirkwood: a chain link fence, Fairfax, "We Beseech Thee", & 11 color slides of a weird play; to Jay: Sharon, Ivan, Indio, a five dollar bill, & a bottle of vodka; to P.T.: "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope!", and the knowledge that she'll never know what it really means; to Dennis: thanks; to Nancy: well, she knows; to Kost: Janus, Kentucky Fried Theatre, & the five phases to jumping; & finally to all who have tried to help and assist me in six years at Harvard, in the hopes that it would benefit my future, NICE TRY!



— A LEADER IN EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY —



"Viva the Revolution! The Proletariat is Free!"

History Will

Enlisted	'68
Put on permanent "P.L.O. duty	'68
Everything changed	'69
(Semi-honorable discharge)	
Sentinel Review work	'69-'73
TV (FBN Productions)	'70-'73
Cartoonists Guild	'72
JPC Memorial Gallery Chief Curator	'73
Cum Laude (there goes the club, eh Chris?)	'73
ESU Exchange student (hands across the water-you know)	'73
Excommunicated by the entire British race	'74
Formally Paroled	'74

I, John Reynolds, the one man side show and part time verbal extremist, probably owe something to everyone connected with dear Harvard School. My memory is mercifully weak. Few friends mean few connections, and something tells me that the only people who probably missed me were Raul, Mario, and Zeus; but only because it was my turn to buy the beer.

Anyway

TO ROB . . . I leave Disney Studios, that rip to New Orleans, and Christianity (for what its worth).

TO STEPHANY... I leave me (for what I'm worth).



TO GENE MURROW . . . I leave one thousand "Naaaah"s, "Uh-oh"s, and leaky waterbeds.

TO OLIVIA . . . I leave a foot-long "schmuck on rye" sandwich, solid gold (so she can dig it).

TO JOHN CLARK . . . I leave, and that should be good enough.

TO KEVIN . . . I leave the job of Director of Programming at Theta Cable, and an old red VW with a special passenger.

TO TOM LINTON... I leave a fifty foot board and a tidal wave to try it out.

TO JON . . . I leave a mellower Annie, and my sincere admiration and respect, which I guess is the most I could leave anyone.

TO the faculty, esp. mssrs. Archer, Clark, Berrisford, and Ameer, I leave thanks for Herculean patience and a lotta laffs.

Special mention to Cindy L. and the Mark's (H & H) for making living a bit easier to swallow.

To my parents, "a-year-in-an-English-boarding-school", and thanks.

And to the student body... all the rabbit fur gloves they can eat.



"It happened that a fire broke out backstage in a theater. The clown came out to inform the public. They thought it was a jest and applauded. He repeated his warning, they shouted even louder. So I think the world will come to an end amid general applause from all the wits, who believe it is a joke."

Soren Kierkegaard

Bradley Michael Leonard

"I might say, in short, but emphatically not in self-excuse, of which I wish entirely to disarm and disencumber myself, but for the sake of clear definition, and indication of limits, that I am only human. If I could do it, I'd do no writing at all here. It would be photographs; the rest would be fragments of cloth, bits of cotton, lumps of earth, records of speech, pieces of wood and iron, plates of food and of excrement. Booksellers would consider it quite a novelty; critics would murmur, yes, but it is art; and I trust a majority of you to use it as you would a parlor game.

A piece of the body torn out by the roots might be more to the point. As it is though, I'll do what little I can in writing. Only it will be very little. I'm not capable of it, and if I were, you would not go near it at all. For if you did, you would hardly go near it at all."

James Agee



I, Brad Leonard, being of thoroughly degenerate mind and pthisic body, do will the following outrageous things to the following flipped-out people;

To McCabe, Hami and the Jets, Katy and Corrie, B.J.M., and adoption by the McFaddens; To Joel "Captain Waste" Davison, Jerry Garcia, a harem of Westlake lovelies, "the blues will never die while I'm around", Fred McDowell and Muddy Waters, T.M. (which is a farce), and thanks for giving me some soul; To Shields, my knowledge of nature and hiking, McDonalds and the Valley Three, and Kanin; To Stern, his parents and a sense of humor; To Dr. Theis, BRI-SBL, videotaping at St. Monicas, T.G., K.F., R.C., S.I., and S.K., and my sympathy for having to put up with me; To Saliba, a Marlborough dance and his van, and Dan; To Bruce Ray, "another day of practice", adoption by the Goodmans, A.G., and a thousand proms with Corrie; To Manulis, 10 years of endless mockery, Star Trek, and the knowledge that maybe you're not such a bad guy after all; To Israelson, fifth grade Batman and a night over at the Homeier's; To Blumberg, a new body; To Chip Burgess, thanks for making me the basketball player I am today; To Greenberg, some hormone shots, a world void of ethics, and sixth prefect; To Jones, the Lakers and Wilt's jock; To Dennis, 11 years, a treehouse, J.T.D., and Manulis forever; To Kanin, sympathy, my musical knowledge, and an evening with Greg Pearlman; To Rob Miller, "10 easy steps to playing the piano" and Bokowski for a stage manager; To Moses, good luck and I'll see you in six years; To McCook, his looks and his women; To Chris "Captain Groad" Olmstead, a recording of Captain Nuclear Fission and his Electrons singing "I want to split your nucleus, baby" and "Lemme charge your ions" and Captain Mint vs. Captain Strawberry; To Shep, Rex Stout; To Swanson, Katy and a prom with the most outrageous tuxedo I've ever seen; To Thorpe, 1000 college rejections; To Halliburton, "Ten Thousand ways to be gross" by Brad Leonard; To my brother, my car and my reputation; Thanks to Professors Humphrey, Miller, and Colbert from the Science Department, Professors Rinnander, Archer, and Rock from the English Department, Professors Berk and Mobley from the History Department; Special thanks to Professor Ameer, Mr. Berrisford, and Father Gill; Extra special thanks to my parents, grandparents, and Dave Theis; And my most sincere gratitude to Coach McFadden, who made the whole damn thing a little easier to live with. And to Laura, my love.



PHILIP J. DiFRANCO
B.A., M.A. New York University
Two Years

**"You are one with the cosmos —
enjoy your life."**

— Philip DiFranco





Lower School Tennis



(Back row) Moses, Coach Strossner, Davis, Maass, Coach Radstrom (Front row) Eyraud, Adams, Kovatz, Sargeant Missing: Turner, Kahn, Daniels



(Kneeling) Kjellin, Eichler, Neville, Front, Rinehardt, Kauffman, Mr. Archer (2nd row) Mr. Michaud, Moreland, Moses, Kelly, Brunson, Andrews, Zimmerman, Dow, Wander (3rd row) Corley, Hoffenberg, Lho, Maass



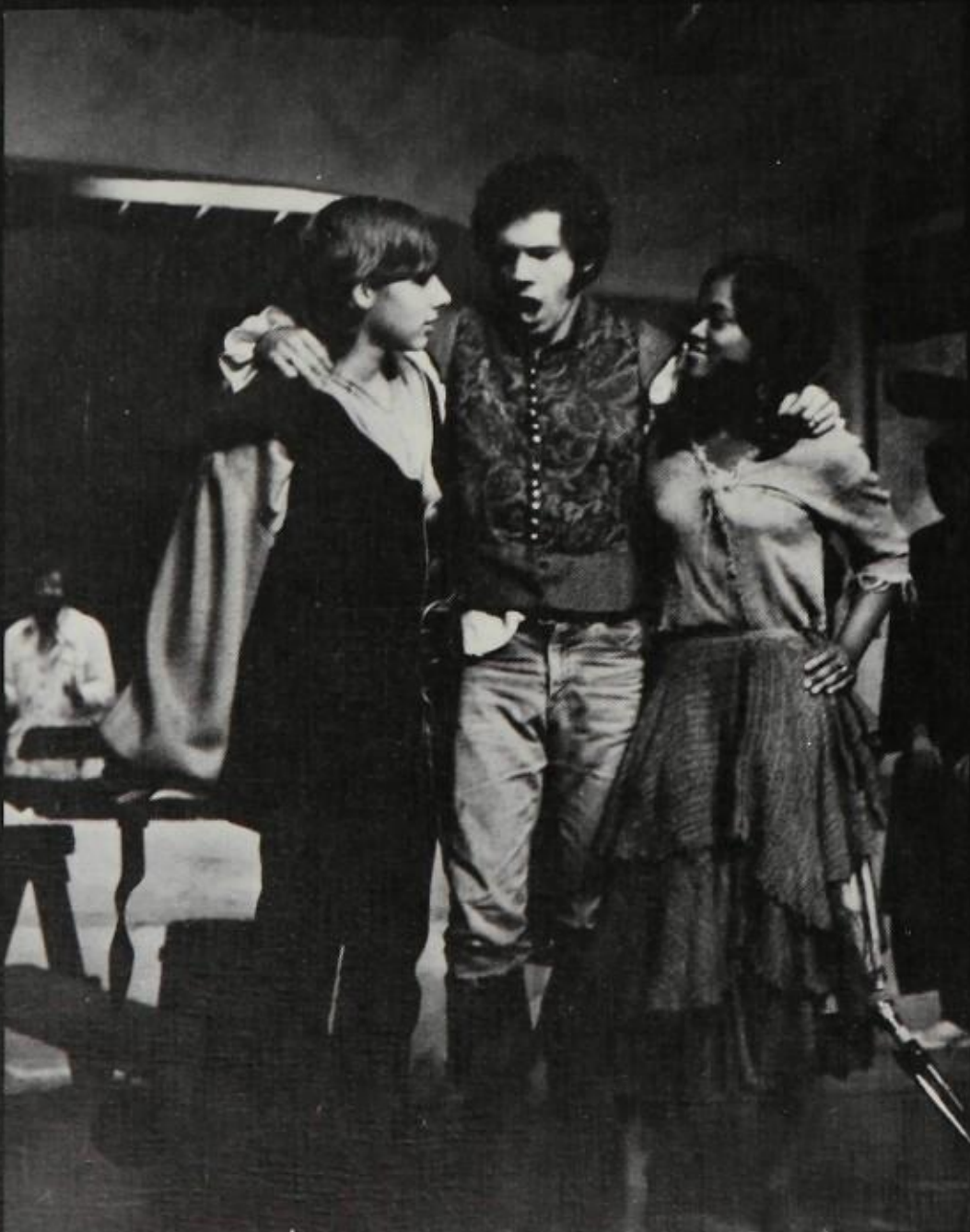
Eighth Grade Basketball



Skiing







Man of La Mancha



SPECIAL DISTINCTION

Bert Bernheim
John Greenberg

DISTINCTION

Tom Brown
Mark Carroll
Chris Escher
Greg Gamsky
James Hicks
Jim Isaacs
John Kanin
Adam Kessler
Bob Maloney
Thomas Mampalam
Greg Meyers
Chris Nevil
Mike Segal
Richard Shields
Paul Stupin
Jeff Stern

EXCELLENCE

Dale Brent
Andy Caine
Brian Castle
Justin Dituri
David Griffiths
Peter Fredericks
Jeff Heyman
Bill Hohl
Bob Swick
John Hogen
Ray Karno
John Meyer
Peter Meyer
Chris Olch
Bill Plants
Bill Reich
David Rheinstein
Bob Swick
Bill Urick
John West
Lionel Whitman
Chris Wright
Todd Zerlin



This years officers, President Peter Meyer, Vice President Tom Brown, Secretary Chris Nevil, and Treasurer Greg Meyers, leave Mr. Woods a very talented and experienced group of speakers and debaters, and the hope that since we lose only eight seniors of a squad of over a hundred, Harvard again will be a powerhouse and perhaps the number one forensic team in the U.S.

HONOR

David Bennett
Mark Benstock
Rick Caruso
Robbie Dick
Joe Gamsky
David Haddad
Chip Hayes
Jim Hicken

John Hagen
Ray Karno
Matt Kayden
David Mael
Eric Marx
Chris Thompson
Brad Thorpe
Chuck Uhlmann

MEMBER

Scott Adams
Chad Bader
Jim Beadles
Jeff Bell
Robert Beyer
Bruce Blakely
Tom Christopher
Chuck Crane
Clay Crouch
Randy Davis
Jeff Deutschman
Jeff Dillman
Doug Erwin
Dave Feldman
George Fenimore
John Fischer
Hans Fredericks
Ed Glantz
Dan Greenberg
Steve Hamile
Joe Healy
Mike Healy
Desmond Hinds
Tom Hoffman
Jamie Hogan
Josh Holland
Jon Hookstratten
Bill Janes
Tom Linton
Dennis Lynn
Jamie MacDougall
Mike Margolis
Robert Marsalli
Guy McCarter
Mike Mellenthin
Matt Mettler
Rob Miller
Chris Olmstead
Ron Radstrom
George Pappas
Scott Rand
Jim René
Tom Riccard
Geoff Rusack
Bill Sims
Charles Stack
Steve Taglianetti
Herb Wiggins
Nat Williams
Paul Williams
Daniel Wolpert
Dennis Yokoyama
David Zaro

National Forensic League

This years collection of debaters and speakers have again overwhelmed their opponents, not only in the Los Angeles tournaments, but throughout the entire state of California.

This year has been another successful year for Harvard in forensics even though it was to be a growth year rather than a winning year. If we tried to figure out our strength it would be hard to put our finger on it. Perhaps the numerous freshmen and sophomores who went to tournament after tournament. Perhaps the leadership and guidance of the four NFL officers? But the forgotten member of the NFL is our undefeatable and persevering backbone, Mr. Tedd Woods. Up till two o'clock Friday nights returning debaters home and up the next morning at six-thirty picking up individual speakers with the same drive, tenacity and enthusiasm as the day before. Without this man, no matter how well we knew the subject, we would not be able to cope without his faith in our doing well.



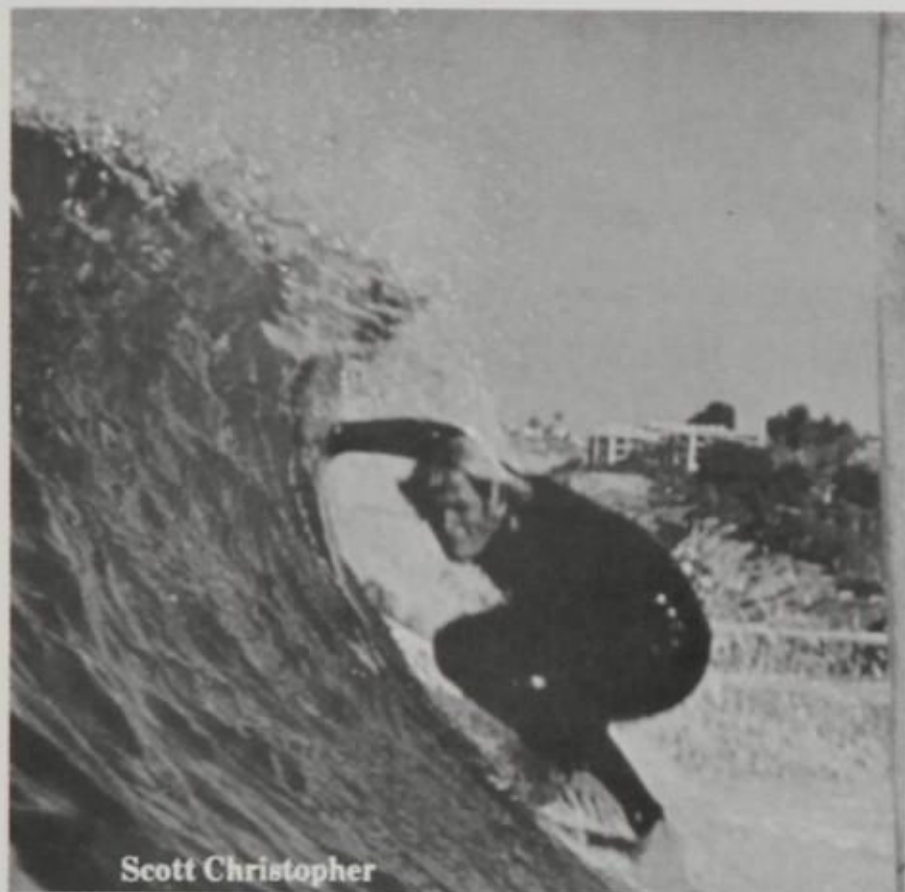
Surfing Club



The Intrepid Andrews



Tubular Trainer



Scott Christopher



The Leigh



Pipeline Porker



Chuck Calley



Rick Fern



J. T. Steiny



Winter quarter gave us our first taste of what we had always hoped to achieve at Harvard: the freedom to ignore academic pressure and competition. Our applications and grades were in, and we could laugh the spectre of college in the face. For a long time we had been held beneath the spotlight. Now all we had to do was step aside.

Many of us took the step. Forgetting about schoolwork, we decided to pursue other interests. If we lost the last of our enthusiasm for the school it was because we now had our minds on girls, on our stomachs, or during those higher moments, on nothing at all in particular.

Still, with the decrease in pressure, nothing much seemed to matter any more. In many cases, our main concern was no longer to escape the pressure, but ironically, to escape boredom.

"Senioritis has set in; boredom prevails"

— a senior

As a class, we took each day as it came, neither harping on the past nor expecting too much from the future. If things could go wrong for a time, they could just as easily take a turn for the better. During the winter quarter the pressure was on, and we all had visions of ultimate tragedy. Yet the coming of spring and the arrival of college letter saved us from further troubles. Those who received letters of acceptance — well, you could tell who they were. As for the others, it wasn't that easy to point them out. Many of us had been rejected, and yet you couldn't detect that many disappointed faces at all.



In 500 sincere words or less, tell us why you would like to attend Manford University and what you think you, as a student, could do for this institution.

Once, when I was a very little boy, my father took time out from his busy day at the stock exchange, to have a talk with me. We sat down in his study, a dark room heavy with the accumulated wisdom of Plato, Aristotle and Charles Reich. Before he spoke, Dad seemed to be sizing me up with his understanding grey eyes, all the while fingering, as was his wont, the habitual blue tie with the white shield and the lettered ribbon beneath it. (That is how I'll always remember him. He passed on last year, of a self-inflicted gunshot wound, leaving me his entire estate, estimated at \$17.5 Million)

"Winston" he said at last, "there have always been Cowguts at Manford: your great-great- great great grandfather, Sir Ezra Cowgut graduated with the very first class under the venerable Eli Manford; his son attended after him; his grandson too." (Dad always spoke with semi-colons).

"In fact," he continued, "since the very inception of the university, in every generation since that which fought to found this great country, based on the free enterprise system, there has been at least one Cowgut lolling on the grass of the Old Campus."

Now his warm eyes filled with tears, his rich head sank to his chest in chagrin.

"But since your brother," he sobbed, "has run off to marry a Negro, you, my boy, are the sole hope of the Cowguts." Father closed his hands about my childlike self, which were trembling with emotion. "You'll do this for old Dad, won't you?" he pleaded. "Yes, Daddy," I replied with all the vigor I could muster, nodding my tousled head in affirmation. "You'll go to Manford for me, won't you, sonny?" "Yes, Dad, yes!" I cried, no longer a little boy. "And, you won't marry anyone not in the Social Register?" "Oh, no, Pop!" "That's good," the old man said, regaining his composure, "cause if you ever screw up on me like your brother did, I'll disinherit your butt and kick you out into the street!"

That last sentence is incorporated into his will. The old man's entire fortune is in trust to come into my possession on the day I graduate from Manford University.

So, what can I, as a student, do for this institution? Nothing, probably not even pass. But if you play your cards right, I will be one rich alumnus and doesn't a new library sound just peachy?

Yours "in trust,"

Winston Andy Cowgut Jr.

VIRGO

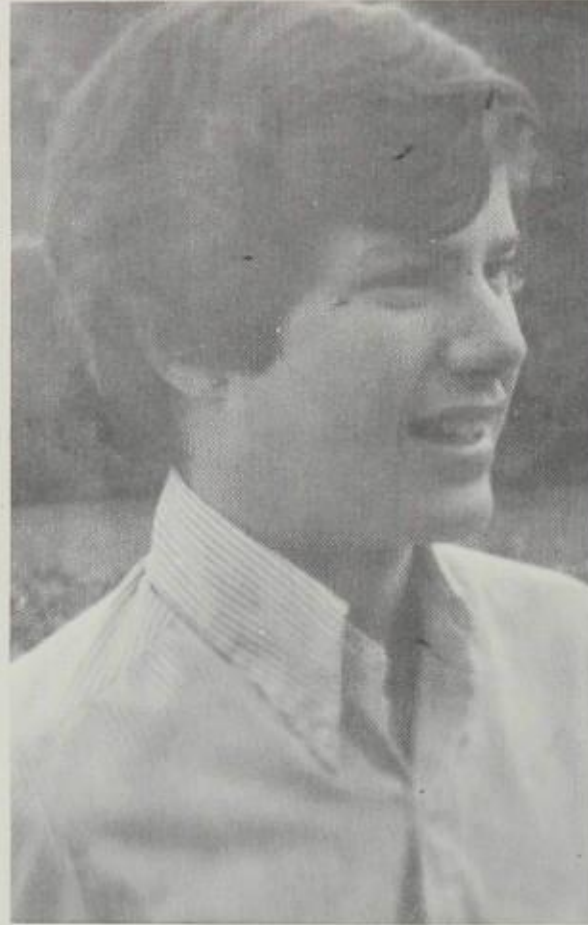
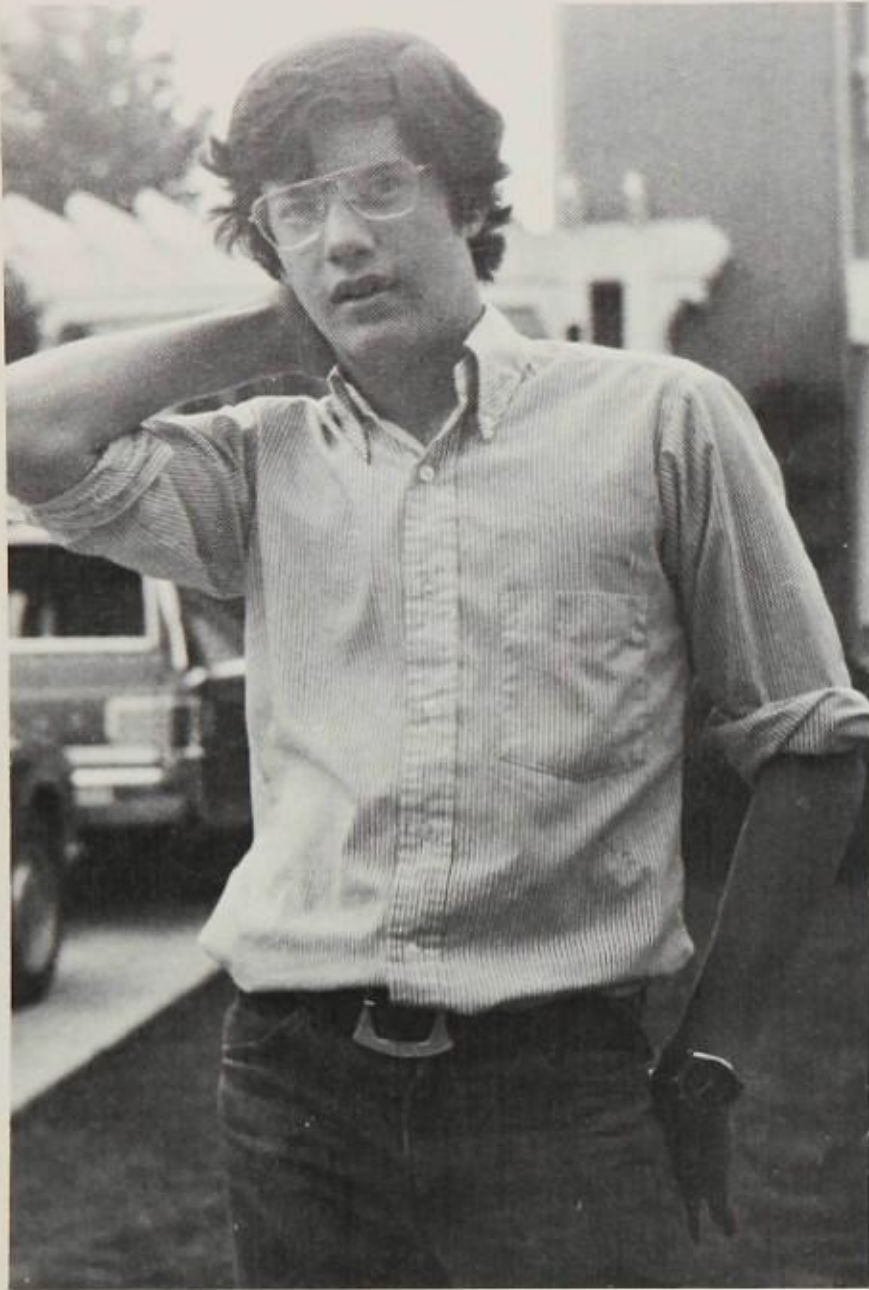
With exceptional order and discipline we desire to lead and rule all situations. We are tuned into occult psychic powers and through them choose our friends exclusively, who must seek truth and harmony, our two most important life goals.





Be yourself.

Roger Levine



Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing worth knowing can be taught.

— Oscar Wilde



Will

I leave nothing to Harvard School except thanks for a good education and my brother Larry — Good Luck.



Achilles
Mouse
JRLS
JSMW

Soccer
Cyclones
Ferd
OK
Summer
Winter
Spring
Fall
Cave
a lot

John Stuart West

"All people are ignorant, only on different subjects."

"Don't take yourself too seriously."
— Will Rogers



For my friend

"If not for you my sky would fall
Rain would gather too.
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all
I'd be lost if not for you."

Bob Dylan

For Rick — I leave you all we talked about, big sticks, movies, magazines, Bayless, etc. Maybe one day . . . Bacon, HoDum! Remember The Russians! (Black), "X" Hondo Hernandez, The Slender Twins, Coach Gross.

Amos Moses was a Cajun. He lived by hisself in de swamp. He hunted alligators for a livin'. He jes' Knock 'em in de haid with a stump. The Louisiana laws gonna getcha, Amos! It ain't legal huntin' alligators down in de swamp, boy!



52°

John Bard Hanuliz



"Finding your own definition of success takes quite a while... but it is a more enduring motivation than simply letting other people define success for you."
- Kingman Brewster

To Terry: parties, "the guest list", one entire joint, "huba hames...", flipping out, the staircase, blue feet in Bel Air, drumsticks, Richie's glass eye, milk bubbling with potato bugs.

To Joe: the strength of your convictions, a scream in the darkroom, trips to Mammoth, Mickey's, and a 1/2 glass of tequila.

To Brad: Star Trek, Bogart, and the influence that you had on me.

To Rob: Lerner and Loew, a fan letter from Ian Anderson.

To Dave: "You're kidding! Did we really have a Chemistry assignment for today?"

To Carl: thousands of eyes, an average of eight cups of coffee, and "you never cease to amaze me!"

To Pete M. "have fun, McCook!"

To Geoff: the terror of the wheel, and only one beer.

To Rick: an amazing day at Mammoth, and the art of skiing moguls.

To Katie: my love

To Chris, Chip, Olivia, and Nora: the night of "you big, fat, dumb and ugly!"

To Max: "the face", intellectualizing from the cloudy, shadowed recesses of my room, rooftop gardens.

To Corrie: a swimming pool full of rum and a bottle of coke to mix it with.

To Terry, Jimmy and Claus: various experiences on the Bel-Air golf course, jumped by the dude and taking off. Claus: running, more running and "Hell, man, don't they ever give up?"

To Dennis: exploding Tonka trucks, treehouses, the middle four years of my life and what you did to them. To Peter: "dirty shoes". To John A: Mammaerts carpool, the mural, and someone to speak Elvish with. To Charlie: a rowdy first year. To Kenny, Skip & David: better arms for throwing water balloons. To ALL: the experience of spinning. MOM & DAD: thanks for the freedom and the advice.

Mr. Ameer: my early fear, my respect and many thanks for more than facts. Mr. Ozawa: the Junior class, and keep laughing with the students. Mr. Rinnander: I still can't get no culture, but I'm trying. Mr. Wilson: an editor who will do a spiralbound book, and many thanks. Finally, I thank Harvard School for the opportunities and the support.

"There was a rush along the Fullham road,
There was a hush in the Dice on Play..."

Mario Alvarez





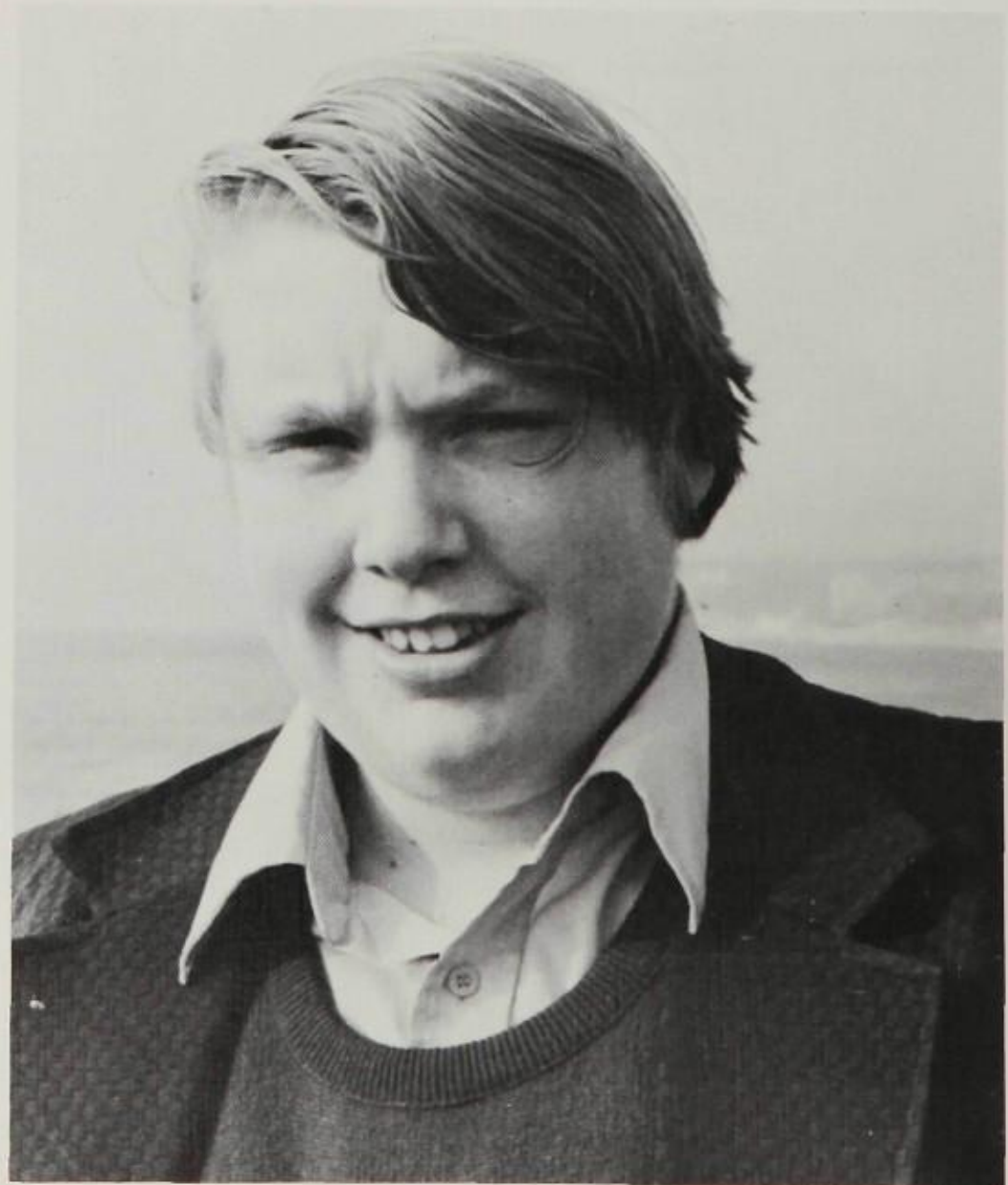
Michael George Wilber

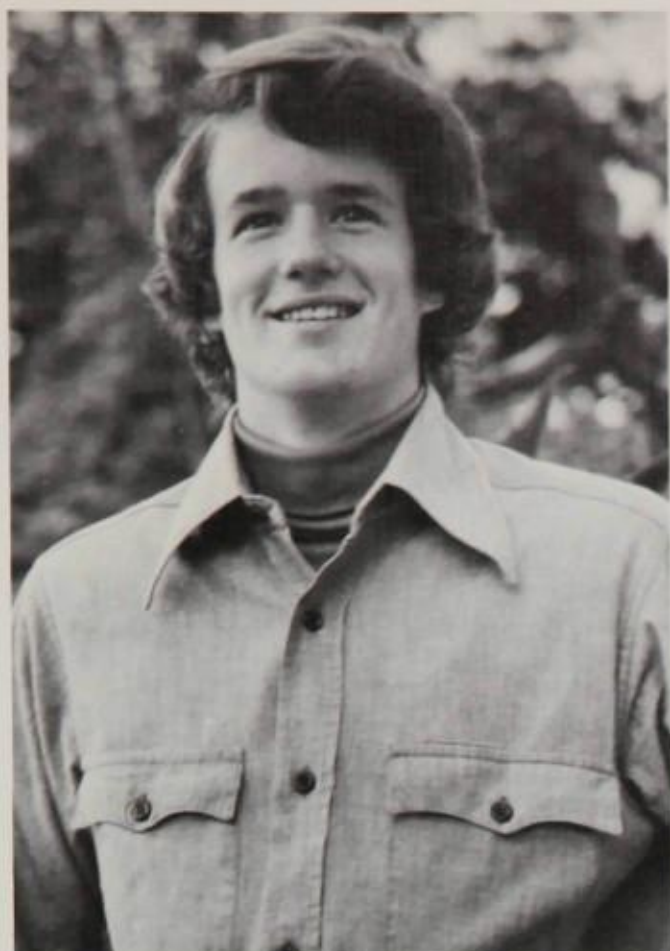
I, Michael Wilber, do hereby bequeath the following to the following: To Charles and Eric, already departed, I leave many happy mornings filled with punishment, trips to Hughes, and my friendship. To Bruce, what else but a 1964 Lincoln Continental? To Dennis, twenty tuna fish sandwiches. To Clayton, an authentic Union flag and some smoke in his eyes. And to Randolph, the mystery which he always solves.

I leave my deep thanks and gratitude to Mr. Roberts, Father Chalmers, Mr. Hughes, and Fathers Gill and Grant, who have done so much for me during my years at Harvard School.

Finally, I thank my mother, whose love, kindness, and understanding enabled me to have this very rewarding experience these past six years.

GOODBYE AND THANKS





Christopher Robert Burgess

9th: Freshman Football
Freshman Basketball
10th Junior Varsity Football
Junior Varsity Basketball
Varsity Basketball — Playoffs
11th: Varsity Basketball
2nd Place Bridge Building Contest
12th Varsity Basketball
Graduation Committee
Sentinel Annual Sports Editor

After six long years at Harvard, I think I can leave something to someone, or someone to something. To Blum, the ski trips and a pair of Nordica bananas; to Dose, an alarm clock to keep you from dosin'; to Joe, 13 years in the same schools, IBM at 600, cold wine, and All-League First Team; to Izzy, Mt. Baldy, a ski lesson and a poster of Bruce Lee; to Leonard, all cheerleaders, getting D before basketball games; to Craig, B.B., your attention, 19 receptions, flashing red lights in your rear view mirror going up to Mammoth and its result; to Pat, Wesleyan, your "real" dad, and 20 points a night; to Parker, one slam dunk, a reminder of years of braces, and all those people we missed because of them; to Saliba, the flame, a soft touch, USC as your first choice, and All-Prep standing; to Shelton, a "boss machine" and a stroking technique practice; to Shep, a shelf of mystery books, a refrigerator of food, a T.V., a movie, all at the Miramar Hotel; to Theis, Freedlander is still watching



you; to Welsh, one good punt, a basketball schedule, and a party after finals without an appointment.

To Messrs. Miller, Clark, Wine-trobe, and Murrow — years of thanks.

To Coaches Rock and McFadden, a lot of appreciation and admiration.

To Harvard and its administration, I will . . . my release, but also my thanks.

To my parents, my humblest thanks for their understanding, encouragement, and love.

David Rosemont



IN A BOOK ONE MUST PAGE
THE THEME,
A PART MAY BE REMOVED
TO LEARN ABOUT TOMORROW,
BUT THE SEEKER MUST KNOW —
MUST KNOW WHAT CAN EXIST,
AND MEDDLE,
THE SAD ONES WILL WEEP
TO SWALLOW A DESTINY,
AND THE PERSON WHO LAUGHS
CHALLENGES THE END,
PERMIT DESIRE TO PERISH,
FOCUS THE IMAGE,
LOVE AND CHERISH THE CHILD.



Joel Chitiea

Best Squad '68
Best Platoon '68
Best Company '68
Military Honor Society '68
Frosh Football '70
J.V. Football '71
Founder-President
Motorcycle Club '71
Varsity Rugby '71
J.V. Soccer '72
Captain Varsity Soccer '73
Second Team All — League
and a lot of things
that I forgot!

I, Joel Chitiea, being of weak mind and tough body, and otherwise known as "Chi-Chi" or "The Amoeba Man," will to certain persons and the world these few thoughts and possessions: To P. Dippell, a beer garden on the thirteenth floor in Tokyo; To D. Dees, the same; To C. Hormel, unpainted houses, pounds, and the best summer of my life; To Uncle Donald Z, a 360° cross-up, Tom, parties in a covered truck, and the fact that I'm faster; To the entire language department appreciation for the friendship and help which was given to me. *To Señor D., a bunch of dumb classes and more of a chicken*

I do not feel that I can leave with my observations on the school unknown. I think Harvard School has a good purpose in educating boys to their capacity, but a school should educate in more ways than five subjects and gym class. The people of Harvard have an unrealistic attitude about life because they are totally sheltered. It appears to me that this type of training is more of a detriment than an aid to an individuals development as a man. However, I received a good education and I am very thankful to the people who made it possible. To Mr. Florian, Mr. Corcoran, Mr. Dees, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Hughes: thanks, and my deepest appreciation to my parents who, when it was most needed and least wanted, gave love and advice that kept my head straight.



NICHOLAS
G.
PALEVSKY

Gary W. Swanson



Entered '68, dazed
C Water Polo 9, 10
C Swimming 9, 10
Var. Soccer 10, 11
B Water Polo 11
Var. Water Polo 12
Departed '74, a little more together

My six years here at Harvard have offered me some experiences and good times I'm sure I'll always remember. To the many unforgettable people I've met here, and the ones I knew before, I leave my respect, appreciation, and a lot of fine memories. I'd also like to thank the members of the faculty who knew me, for their help along the way, but especially to Mr. Stewart, Mr. Corcoran, and my parents for the special attention and concern they've given me during my stay at Harvard. Thanks again.



"Ta-Ta"

It pays to know who
your friends are, and it
also pays to know you ain't
got any friends; Like it pays
to know what your friend ain't got,
It's friendlier to got what you pay for.

Bob Dylan



Raymond Parker Jones



To Al, fershimelled; Olm, Grungus; Clifford, the Shack; Julie, my mother's liquor cabinet; to Christopher, Zed, bhang power; Harvard School, my active participation, and a new location.



Dan Sarnoff

A black and white photograph of two men shaking hands. The man on the left is wearing a hard hat and a dark jacket, while the man on the right is wearing a light-colored jacket. In the background, there is a fence and some equipment.

I leave the following to the following: _____

1. **Craig Cohee** — A night at your house, pessimism, and an island
 2. **John Cooper** — \$1,000,000 for your script
 3. **Pete Cooper** — A chest hairpiece and paranoia at the lake!
 4. **Chipper Hayes** — GODspell, Uh! Are you serious, Halloween, incredible laughing spells, and anything else you may ever want
 5. **Otis Healy** — Waterballoons off Mulholland and the cliffs, and the Pacific Coast Stock Exchange — you can have it! Exchange — you can have it!
 6. **Terry Israelson** — Good shot! Terry, Marine Man
 7. **Carvel Moore** — A mirror! A big one!
 8. **Tony Peck** — Mammoth, The Austrian Chalet, Westwood and my cast, Busted almost! That's it tu!
 9. **Trey Scott** — Niruana, and with all this energy I leave you Marcy, and with that bundle of energy I leave you period!
 10. **Juse Woythaler** — Thanks for my picture Jus, for that you are forever honored in my will!
 11. **The administration** — I leave you — forever!
-
-

Judy — to you I leave everything of real value, because that's exactly what you've given me. Also, I leave you the knowledge that you are the only chick on my page.

Also I leave — Joel Colbert and Phil DiFranco and Dave Rock the
 ...arn me!



I, Owen Williams, do hereby wish to remember such events which, when I look back from sometime in the future I will be able to say how bad or good it was.

Skiing
Mountains
Hiking
The Duke of M.
Bottle discussions
Muir
Mammoth
'Frisco runs
Boats
Indian Wrestling
The Bear & Cider
Piro
Diving
Mom & Dads:
Philips,
England,
Meehan,
Williams.

Owen Williams



Desmond Hinds

Entered
Existed
Exited

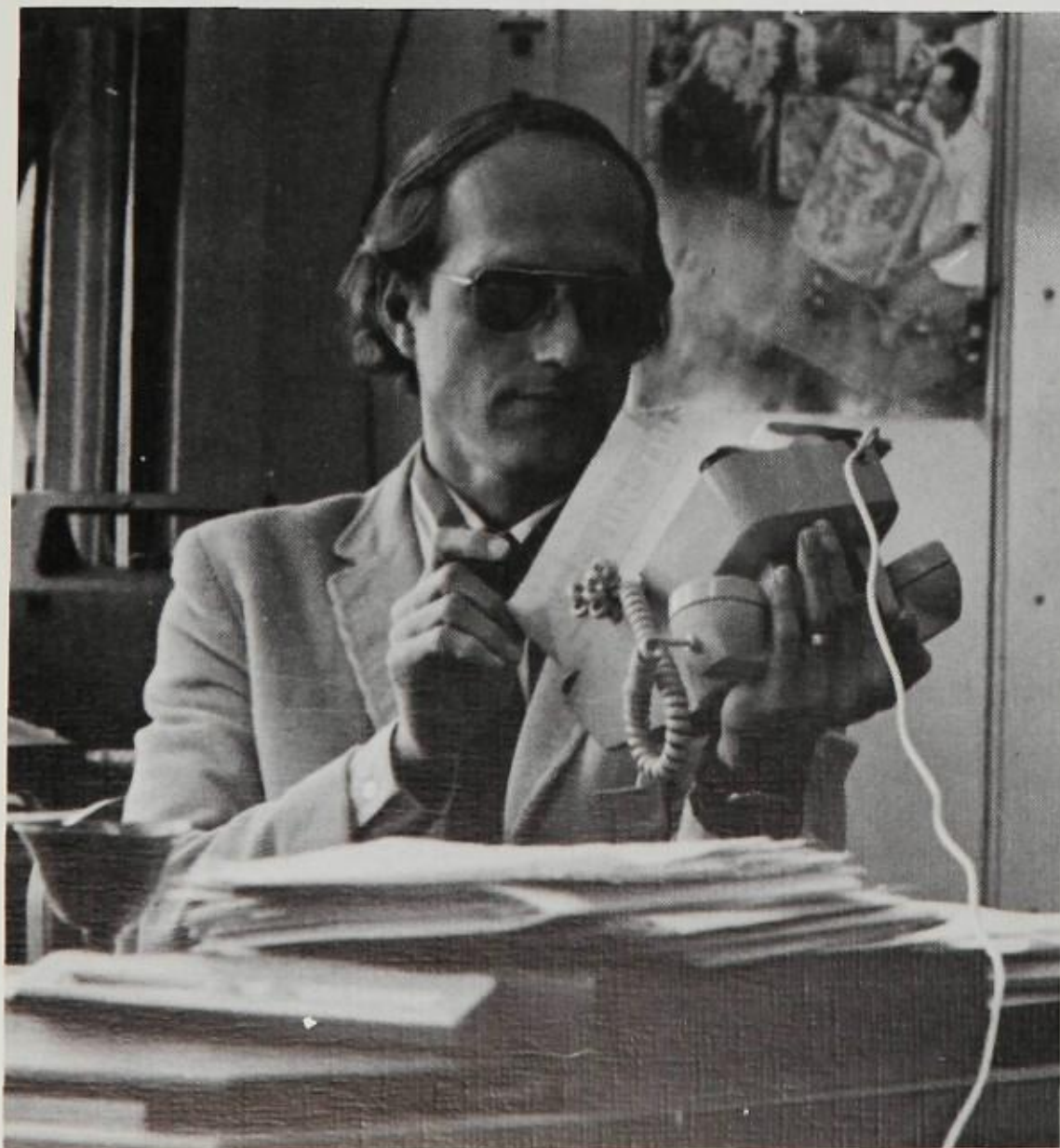
And now I shall pass, incredible as it seems, into other lives; this is only an escapade perhaps, a prelude only. Those who have despised me shall acknowledge my sovereignty. But by some inscrutable law of my being, sovereignty and the possession of power will not be enough; I shall always push thru curtains to privacy and want some whispered words alone. Therefore I go, dubious, but elate; apprehensive of intolerable pain; yet I think bound in my adventuring to conquer after huge sufferings bound, surely to discover my desire in the end.

V.W.

GEORGE B. ROBERTS
 Director of Admissions
 Mathematics
 B.S.C. Leeds
 Nine Years

"We have to be suspicious of those many people, including ourselves, who on paper and in conversation have high ideals and spend a lot of time talking about world problems and politics, but who are unable to relate properly to those closest to them — their wives, their parents, their friends, their brothers and sisters. If a person cannot love those close to him, it is unlikely that he can feel much real or deep affection for humanity in general — the movements he joins, the political ideals he has, the protest marches he goes on — will be of much value. For it is not motivated by love: it is, at least partly, motivated by an unconscious attempt to solve his own problems by using other people."

— John Wilson



DAVID B. DEES
 Chairman of Foreign Languages
 Department
 B.S. Kansas State
 M.A. University of Wisconsin
 Four Years

Dosvidaniya i vsego xoroshego!

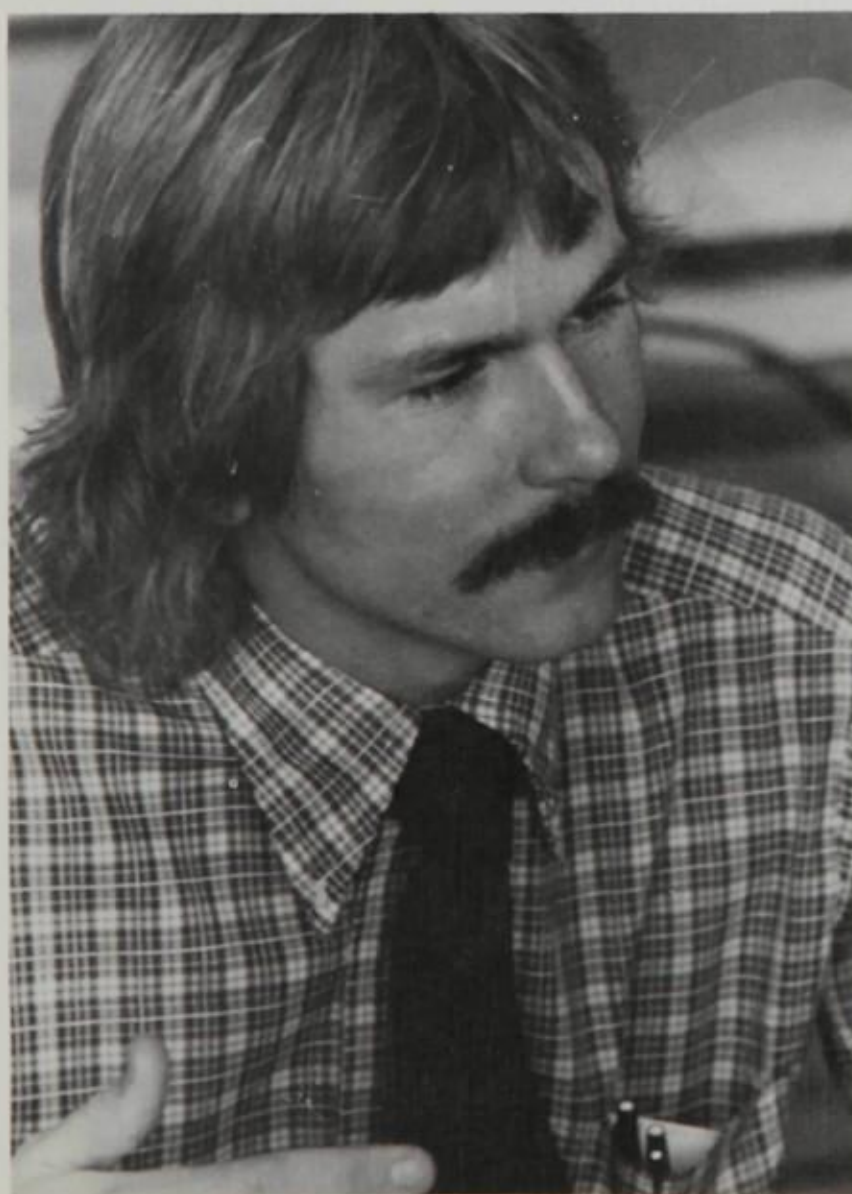


PHILIP HOLMES
English
B.A. U.S.C.
M.A. Duke University
Seven Years

"There are things which are within our power, and there are things which are beyond our power."

WILLIAM M. DICKEY
Social Studies
B.A. Princeton
M.A. U.C.L.A.
One Year

"It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."



MICHAEL LEIGH
Science
B.A. U.C.L.A.
One Year

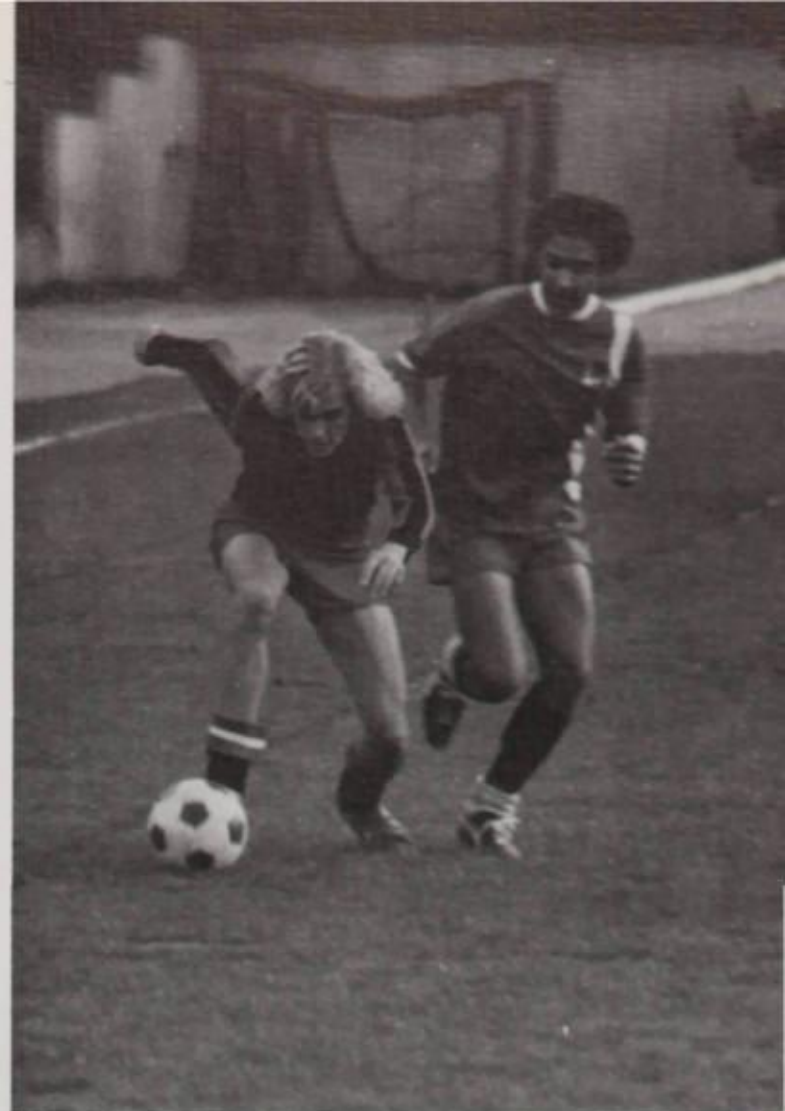
"The only real learning flows from within. It is the teacher's privilege to take part in the awakening of this flow."

Varsity Soccer



(Bottom) G. Marx, M. Burnap, P. Dippell, J. West, D. Sones, B. McCosker.
(Middle) D. Lynn, J. Chithea, G. Rusack, J. Dillman, R. Davis. (Top) B. Hohl, M. Meryash, C. Marx, M. Segal. (Missing) T. Schwarzman





The 1974 Varsity Soccer team was supposed to have gone undefeated, win league, and go to the play-offs. Unfortunately, we didn't live up to all of these expectations. However, we did have the finest year Harvard Varsity Soccer has ever had.

The youngest members of Harvards first soccer team in 1971 — '72, were senior players on this years team. Thus, in a sense, an era has ended. But good soccer at Harvard has just begun. On this year's Varsity team were several juniors and sophomores who will lead the team in the coming years. The addition of three new soccer coaches has given Coach McGarvey the freedom to spend all his time with the Varsity and has proven to be a valuable change.

The important thing about this season is that it has been fun. Of course the lost games weren't as enjoyable as the others, but, on the whole, Cap'n Chi, Gentle Giant, Seeg, Soammes, Coach Gross, Tdhang, Nig, Oscar, Marsh, Dilly, Tim, Willy, Ru, Dip, Randolph, Dennis, and injured star Pedro, had a great season.



Junior Varsity



(Bottom) J. Parks, A. Caine, J. Scharfe, T. Rutter, R. Heyler, C. Marine, P. Haldeman, R. Kaplan. (Top) E. Glantz, D. Bennett, T. Payne, J. Hogan, T. Singleton, M. Scott, B. Urick, E. Marx, G. Steinmetz, J. Zaro, J. Symonds. (Missing) J. Pawlak, J. Cruikshank, M. Kirkwood.

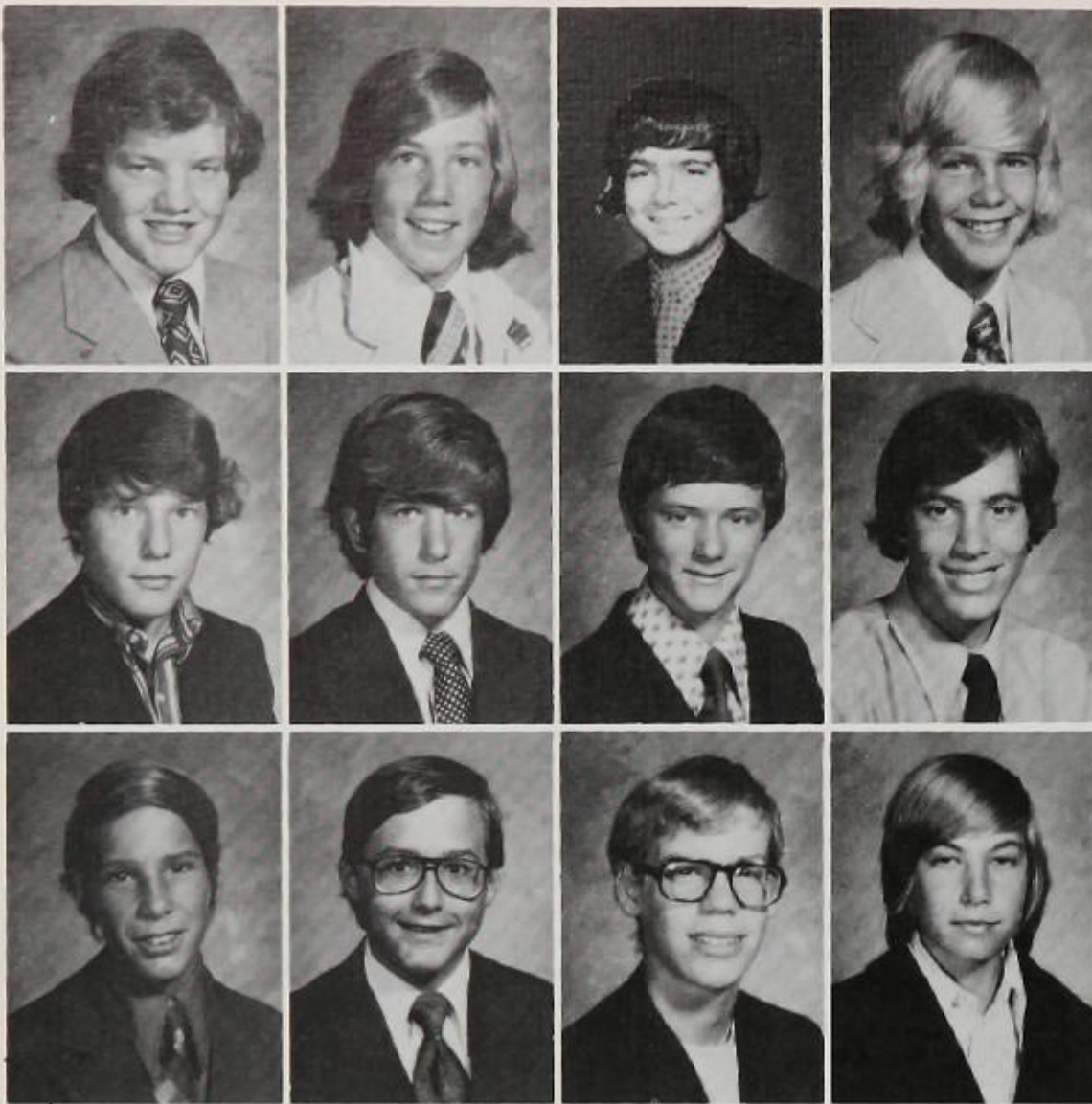


Frosh



J. DeMarco, C. Swanson, G. Fenimore, S. Sanders, D. Miller, F. Zerlin, P. Aberg,
J. Farrer, J. Dorgan, B. Bennett, S. Hines, J. Burnap, M. Kayden, G. Hormel,
Coach Ackerman



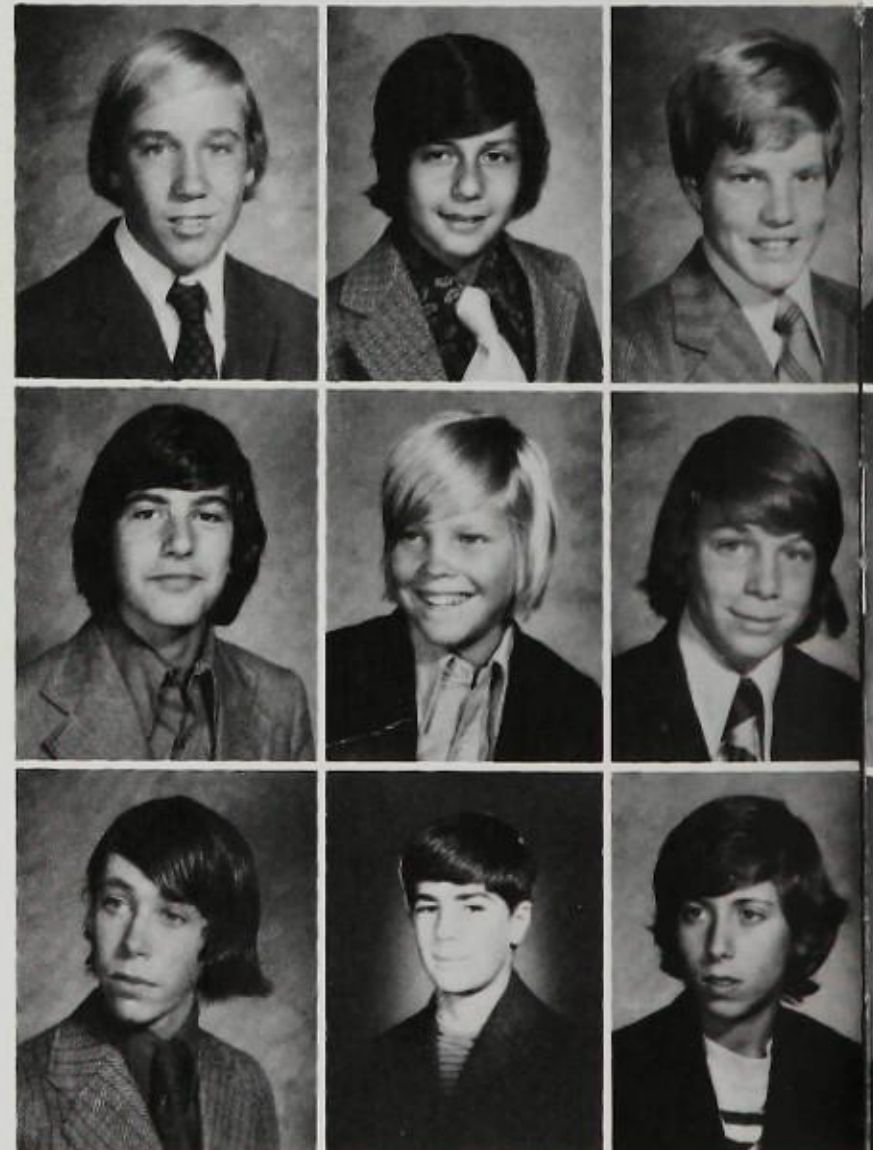
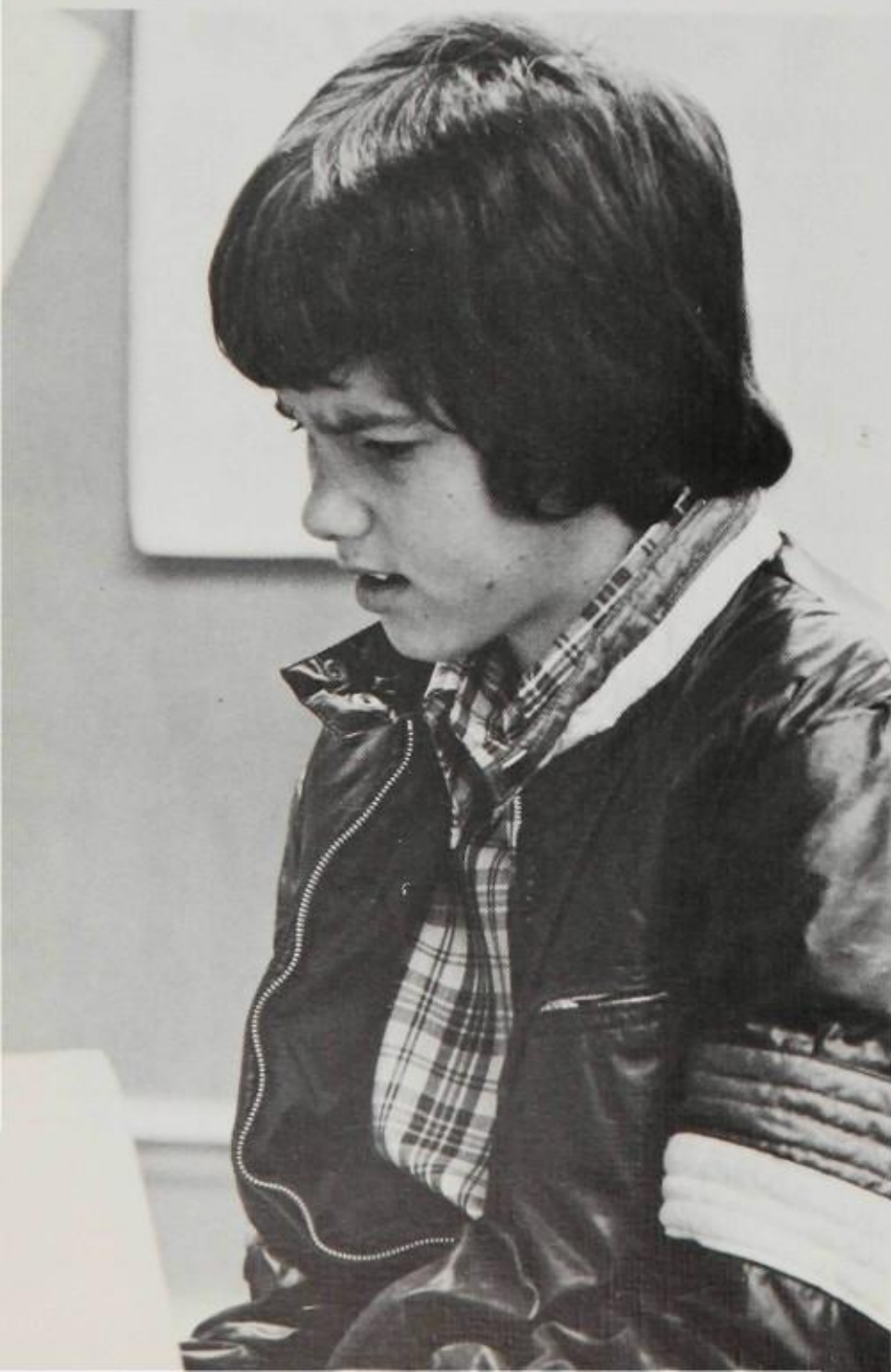
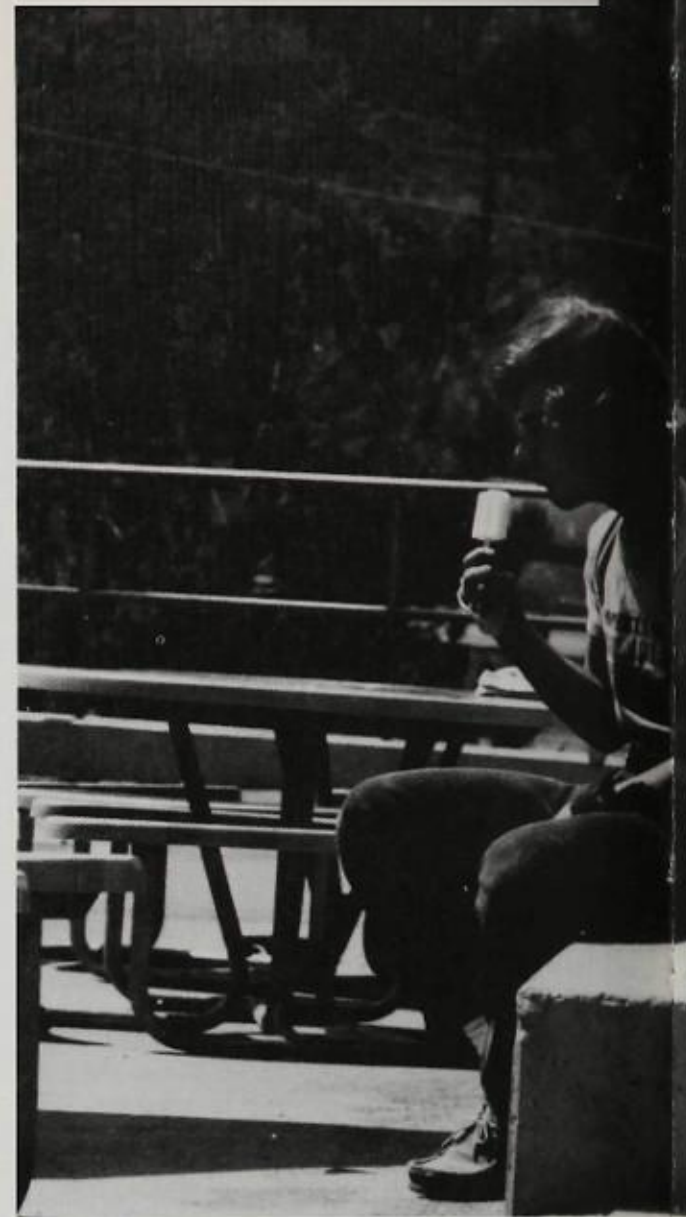


Peter Aberg
Scott R. Adams
John Ames

Karl Anderson
William Bagnard
Thomas Barrett

Hugh Bateman
James Beadles
David Becket

Jeffrey Bell
Adam Bercovici
Richard Berg



John Bertram
Robert Beyer
Mark Binstock

Miran Bouchakian
Cary Bren
Douglas Brown

James Burnap
Christopher Byk
Frank Capra

Freshmen



Robert
Chumbook
John Dahlberg
John De Marco

Bryan Ditman
John Dorgan
Michael
Druckman

Pedro Elizondo
Jonathan
Farrer
Thomas
Feingold

George
Fenimore
Peter Fisher
Gerald Flintoft



Perry
Castellano
Edward Cazier
Thomas
Christopher





John Ford
Robert
Fredricks
Christopher
Friel

Joseph Gamsky
Daniel Gibson
Jonathan
Girard



Frederick
Glasser
Harry Goodan
Gregory
Goodman
Daniel
Greenberg
David Griffiths

James Grover
Stephen Hamile
Kenneth Harker
Jeffrey Harris
Christopher
Harvie



Jeffrey Heyman
Thomas
Hoffman
James Hogan

Matthew
Holland
Gregory Hormel
Marc Horwitz



William Janes
Christopher
Jones

Burt Jorgensen
Jay Josephs





David May
Tom May



Chauncey
Medberry
Lester Medvene



Michael
Mellenthin
Douglas Miller



Kenneth
Morgan
Robert Moriarty

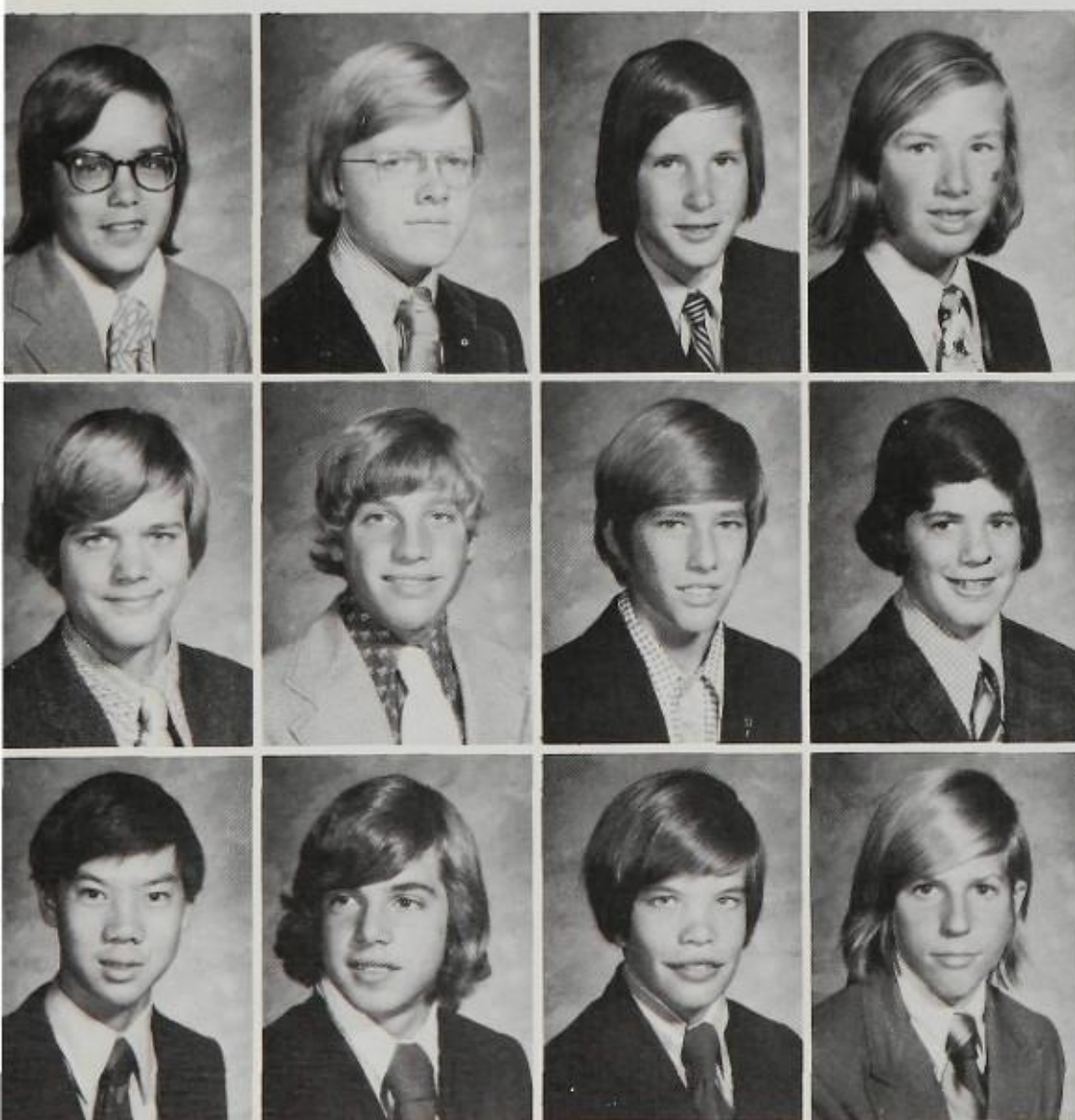


Michael Kaplan
Dean Karny

Peter Kleiner
Richard Lee

Stuart Lucas
Thomas Lyon





**Brian Moss
John Mottl
Jeffrey Mow**

**Andrew Ogilvie
Samuel Palmer
George Pappas**

**William Pasnau
Grant Phillips
Robert Platt**

**Steven Pomeroy
Edward
Poplawski
Kevin Read**



**Bradley Reifler
Thomas Riccard
Jon Riccitelli**

**William Roden
Michael Rubly
Steven Sanders**

**John Sigoloff
Plato Skouras
Kevin Small**

Chip Swanson



**William
Stephens
Hugh
Sutherland**

**Christopher
Swanson
Stephen Tag**

**George Thabit
Lee Tobias**



Nathaniel
Williams
Paul Williams



Christopher
Wright
Peter Wright



Robert Wyman
Dennis
Yokoyama



David Zaro
Todd Zerin



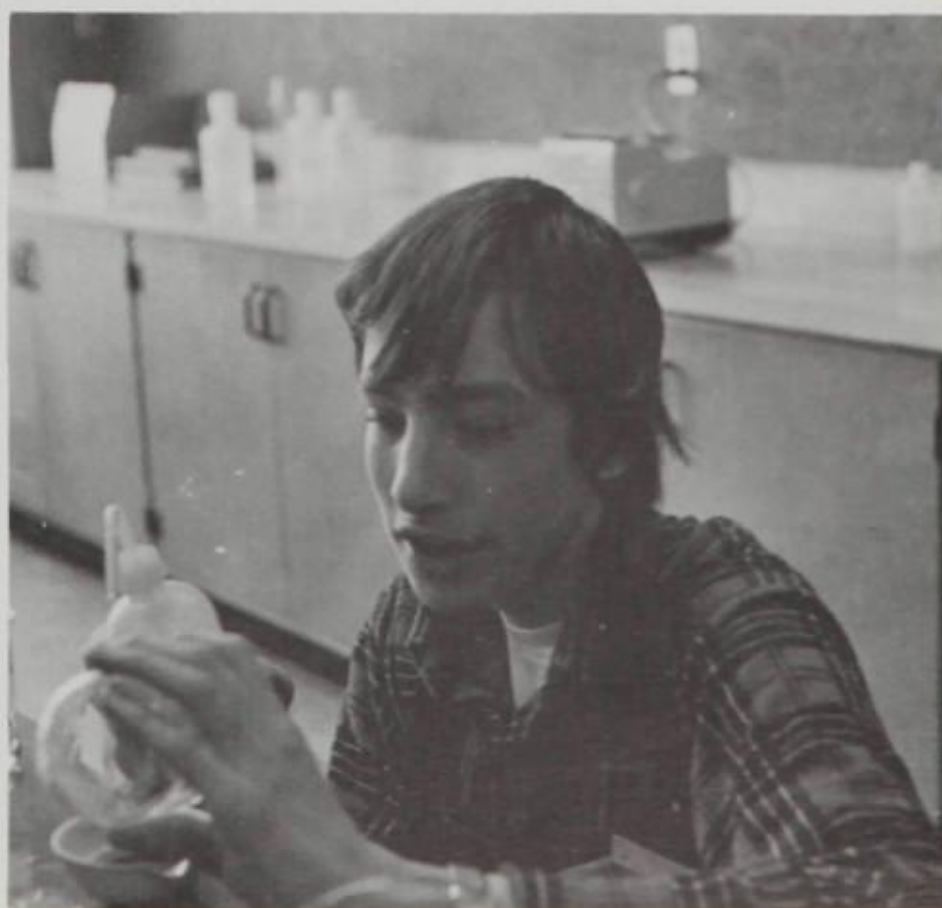
Small



Jerell
Tognazzini
Jonathan Toor

David Ulich
Tegan West

Herbert
Wiggins
James Williams



Chess Club

Charlie Munger, Bill Plants, John Strassner, Steve Mair, Mike Monroe, Shawn Samuels, Cliff Baker, David Plants, David Britain



Social Studies Resource Center Staff

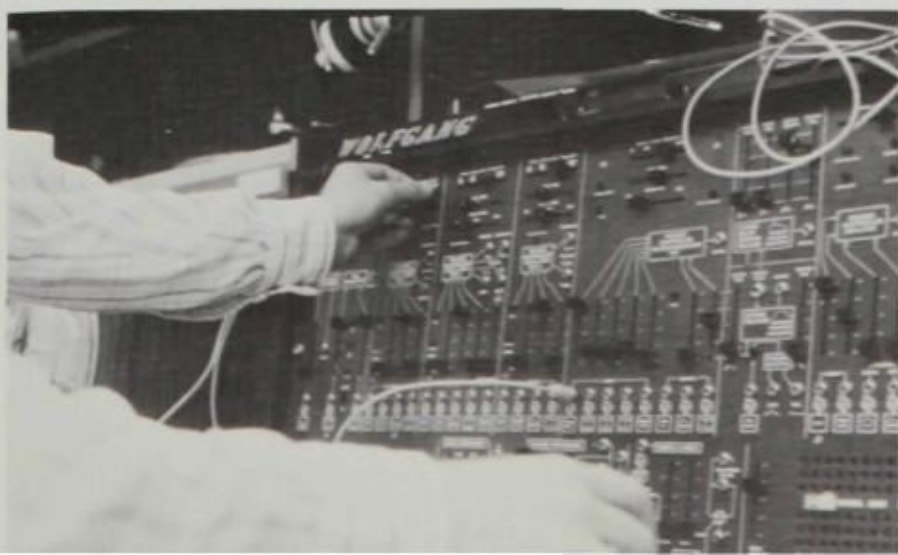
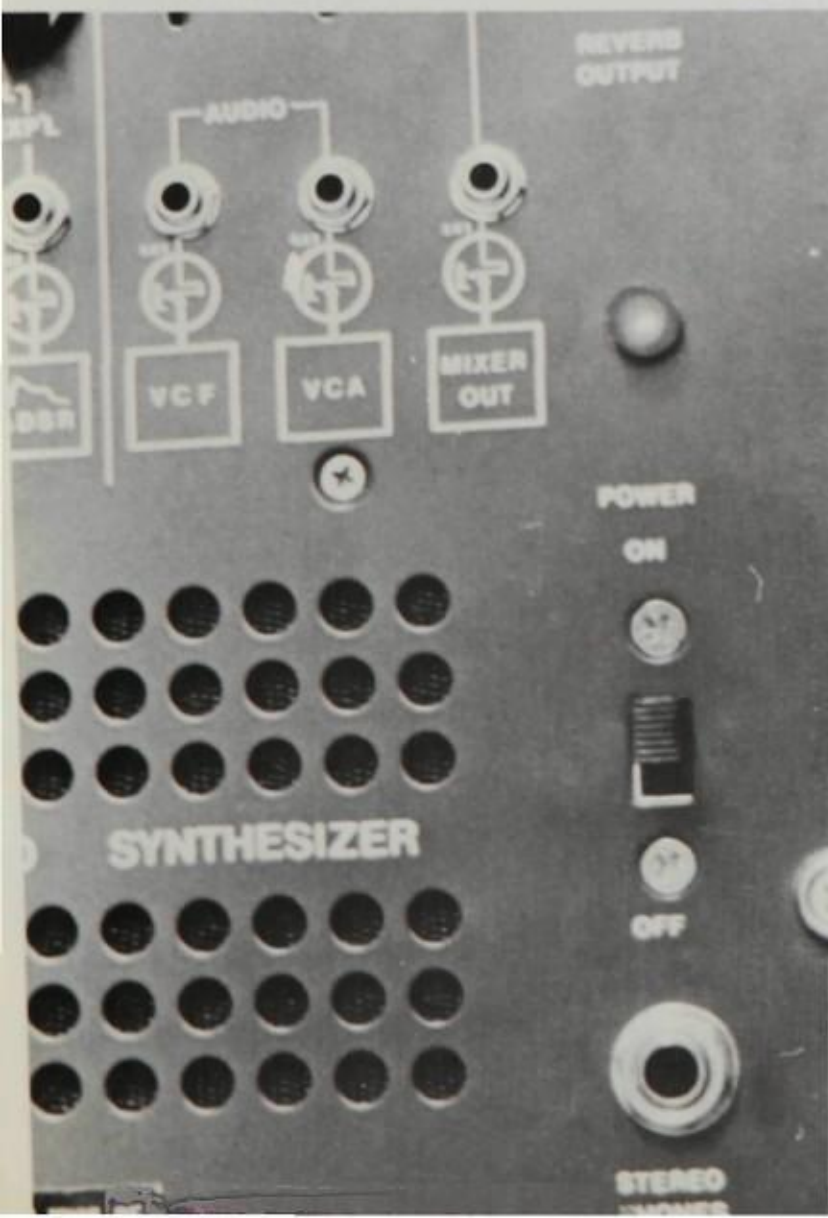


Russian Club

Rally Committee



Tape Workshop



LIBRA

With daring energy our self reliance continually seeks new pleasure sensations. We must be careful to control our materialism and anger and if we do then we can focus our strong psychic powers into singular action upon our generosity.

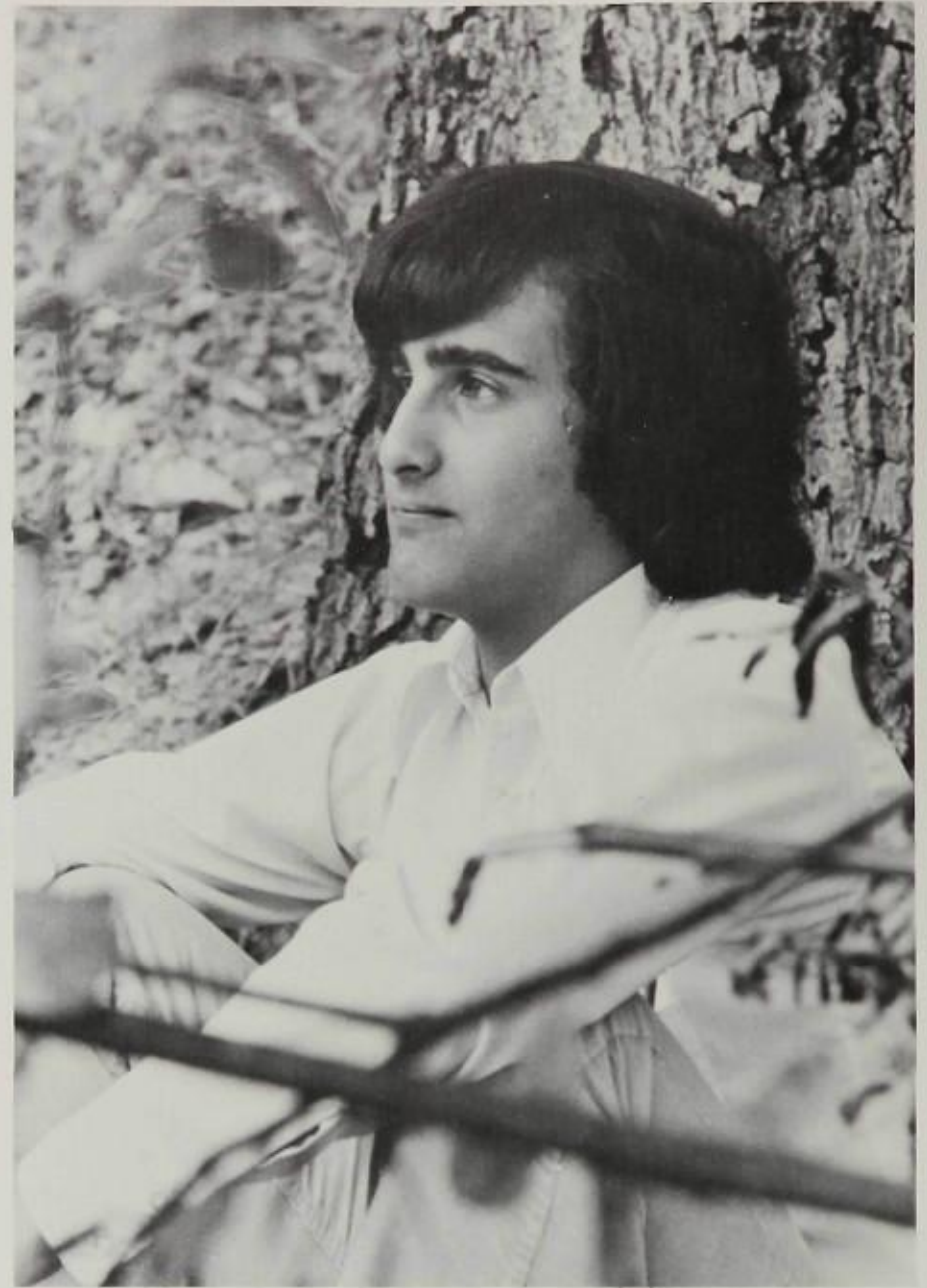
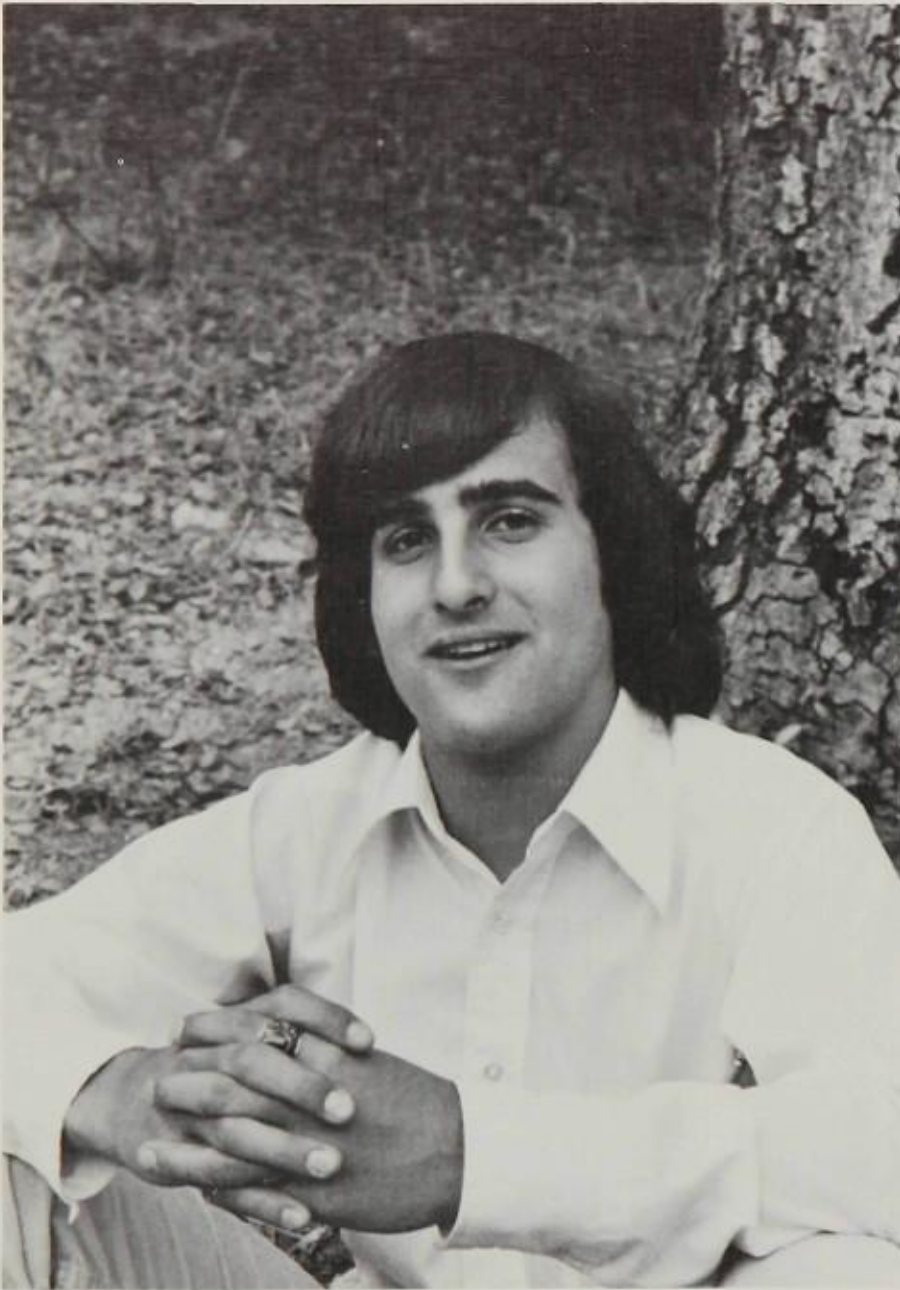




Take kindly the counsel of years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Wayne Scott Woodman

"If we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future." — Winston S. Churchill



"The purification of politics is an iridescent dream."

John Ingalls

"Politics is the science of how who gets what, when and why."

Sidney Hillman

"I, Wayne Woodman, alias Zach, leave the following things to the following people: To Daniel, a bottle of Bourbon and the next day, all the daring pick-up stunts we said we would always try, and friendship. To Jeff, one million dollars so you won't have to worry about making it, a cure for sore left testicles and good times. To Ray, the knowledge that I was better than he was even if it didn't show. To John, the fact that we were the only one stupid enough to get to school as early as we did. To Bruce, I leave poker and my brother and to Bruce D. I leave nickel "Guts". To McCleery I leave my thanks for the best three years of teaching I've had. Finally to the faculty, especially Messrs. Berk, Ameer, Rock, and Fr. Gill, my thanks for a great experience. To end I thank my parents without whom . . .

"Knowledge of human nature is the beginning and end of political education."

Henry Adams



Tim

Winsted

Schwarzmann
HERE
Comes
THE
SUN



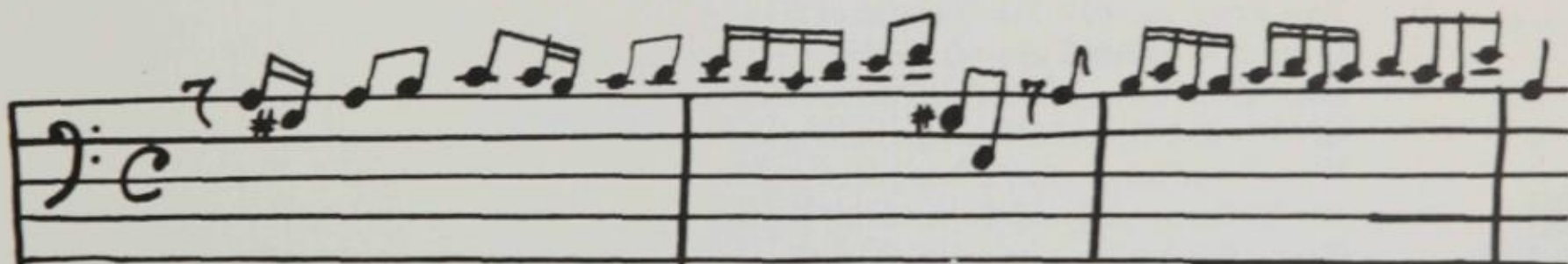
"There's nothing you can
 Make that can't be made;
 No'one you can save
 That can't be saved;
 Nothing you can do, but
 You can learn how to play
 The game — It's Easy."

J. Lennon



"We were talking — about
 the
 Love that's gone so cold —
 And the people who gain
 The world and lose
 Their soul — They
 Don't know — They
 Can't see — Are
 You one of Them?"

G. Harrison



FUGA - G mtl. J.S. Bach



In this most unfitting manner, I wish to express
 my deepest gratitude to Mr. Archer, Mr. Rinnander,
 Mr. Ameer, Mr. Miller, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Carlson,
 Dr. Mobley and Mr. Margolis; all of whom stimulated
 my stay here and made my education as complete as
 could be hoped for.

To Mom and Dad, who sacrificed much time and
 effort in sending me here, I owe my growing up.

"There are places I remember,
 All my life, though some have changed . . .
 All these places have their moments,
 With lovers and friends I still can recall;
 In my life, I love them all."

J.L. — P. McCartney



David Saul Blumberg

Best friend you could have had,
Unfortunately, never did have.
Making things fit together;
Benevolent, open, tough as leather.
Lending time, care, love, and support,
Energetic, feeling, yelling on the court.
Downtrodden, exuberant, mixed emotions,
Ever-seeking a stamina potion.

— Gene Lowell



Pete and Dave go to the Roxy for cheap thrills.
Would you look at the Rutters take some spills!
What do you think of Doctor Mon?
Hey Gordo, Meyer has got the camera on!
Lynn, what yell are we going to do?
Listen Coopseter, you're goofed too!
Now Peter Meyer is the emperor of B.S.
Does eighth period geometry remember the sunflower mess?
Dave Theis loves to have his hands on embarrass.
Brad Leonard, one of these days I'll get you embarrassed.
Wow Greenberg, wasn't that great fondue?!
For McCook, tardy advice on what not to do.
Harvard School . . . good bye to you!



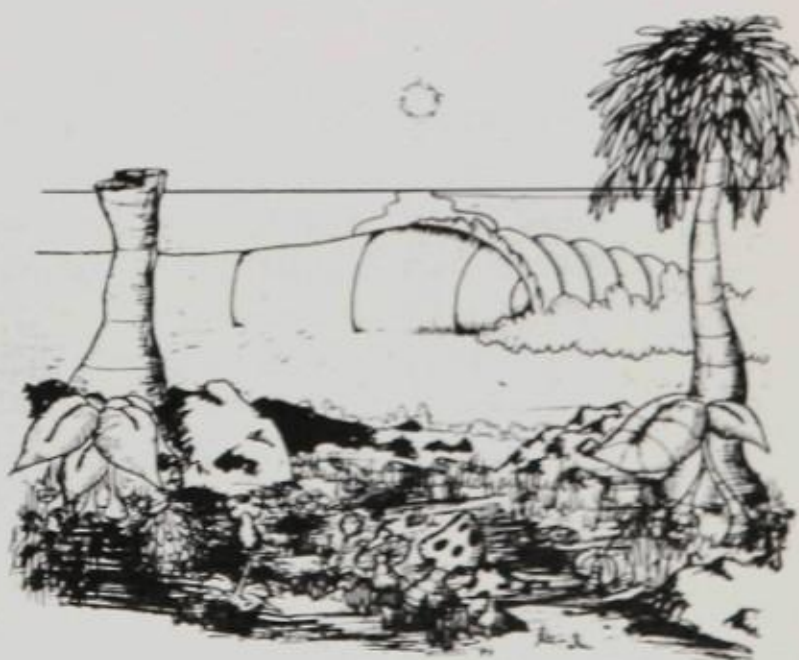


Terry Israelson

I, Terry Israelson, known to many people for many years as "Izzy," leave these to them: To John, late night attacks, darkroom madness, Boombah-ing, the fact that my way of skiing is more fun than yours, and Stump Alley in 4 turns chasing tail; to Joe, the fact that YOU were standing in the wrong place, thus throwing MY aim off, "boy those beers go through me fast, psssh," and the night of the chain around your rear view mirror; to Dan, the bottomless pipe, Deep Throat, and (see "to Joe" #1); to Burg, the answer is always 7!; to Max, membership into the Bel-Air Clan, cow-chasing at Gorman, and my old neighborhood; to Tom, the perfectly placed moonshine B.A. on that cops nose!; to Chip,

10th graders and Deep Throat; to Brad, Batman in the 5th grade and a 44 Magnum; to Lew, my hiding place in the top of the tree in your front yard (thanks for quitting without telling ME!); to Montague; to Dennis, a job as a professional getaway driver, Boonesfarm weekends and two Halloweens; to Carvel, a book entitled "101 Ways to Impress People,"; to Mike H., the extreme privilege of your name in my will; to Jane, last summer and CANADA!; Hi Nan!; to Keri, Alison and Cecilia, hiding in the bunk in the Chamonix; to Carl, 100 points for every knocked down skier; to Craig M., the scar on my forehead from soccer; to Dwight, an Emmy and "gobble gobble;" to Owen, Hare Jump in your backyard to practice on; to Everyone, my power of flipping people out (believe it or not it comes in handy!); to the kid behind the window — sorry; to the Administration, the fact that we really did aim for the window; to Messrs. Stewart, Colbert, DiFranco and Florian, thanks for making something to look forward to in the mornings; and to Mom and Dad, thanks for so many years of education, patience and understanding.

Note: I don't plan on dying, so don't try to collect on this will!

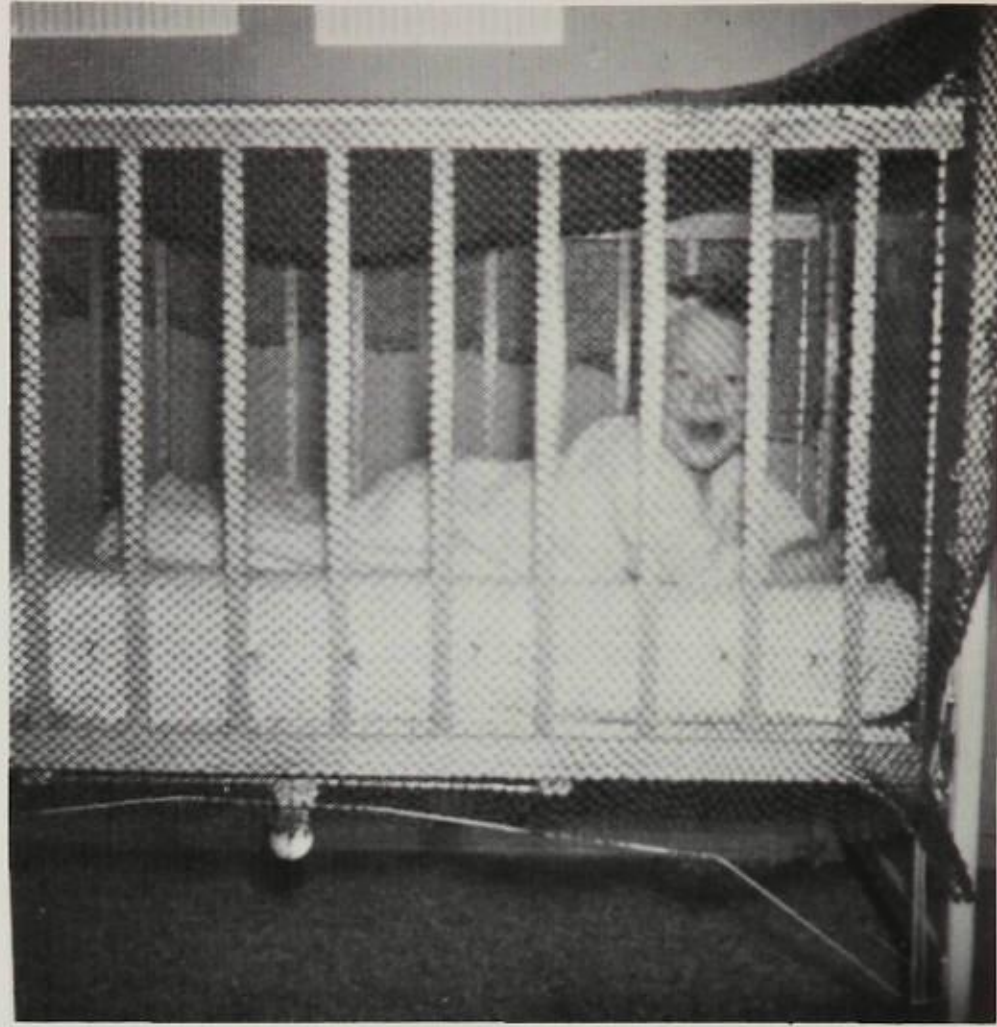


NEVER AGAIN! NEVER AGAIN! I JUST CAN'T TAKE THE BEER LIKE I USED TO! OH, DEAR, IF ONLY I COULD GET OFF T' SLEEP!



Chris Olmstead

Olm . . .
sometimes known as "hot" Olm



As I explore the depths of my past experience at Harvard School, I find a bewildered young man caught in a somewhat-confused state of being. In the midst of this confusion, I have managed to discern some both spiritual and enlightening rewards bestowed to me by a few understanding individuals. And for each of these souls exists a token of my gratitude, for what it's worth.

Cam: the revelations of Dylan, Tony Renduzzo, ELP, the "V", and those facial expressions which seem to disenchant those in a somewhat detached state.

D.J.: Bel-Air, a beautiful woman, and Rincon (toy with it?)

Bruce: waves, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY; Capistrano, Hawaii (Diamond Head and Kaiser's)

P.J.: grungas, sleep, and a new bike.

Robby: likewise "grungas", an orgy mudball, and a general "go for naked-non . . ." attitude in life.

Rich: Dead, Beach Boys, guitar lessons, a new car, and "perfection."

Rusack: Mary (Bruso), Helen, and finally a girl who he can relate to (or vice versa).

Swanson: Mammoth (the Primo!) and Raul's.

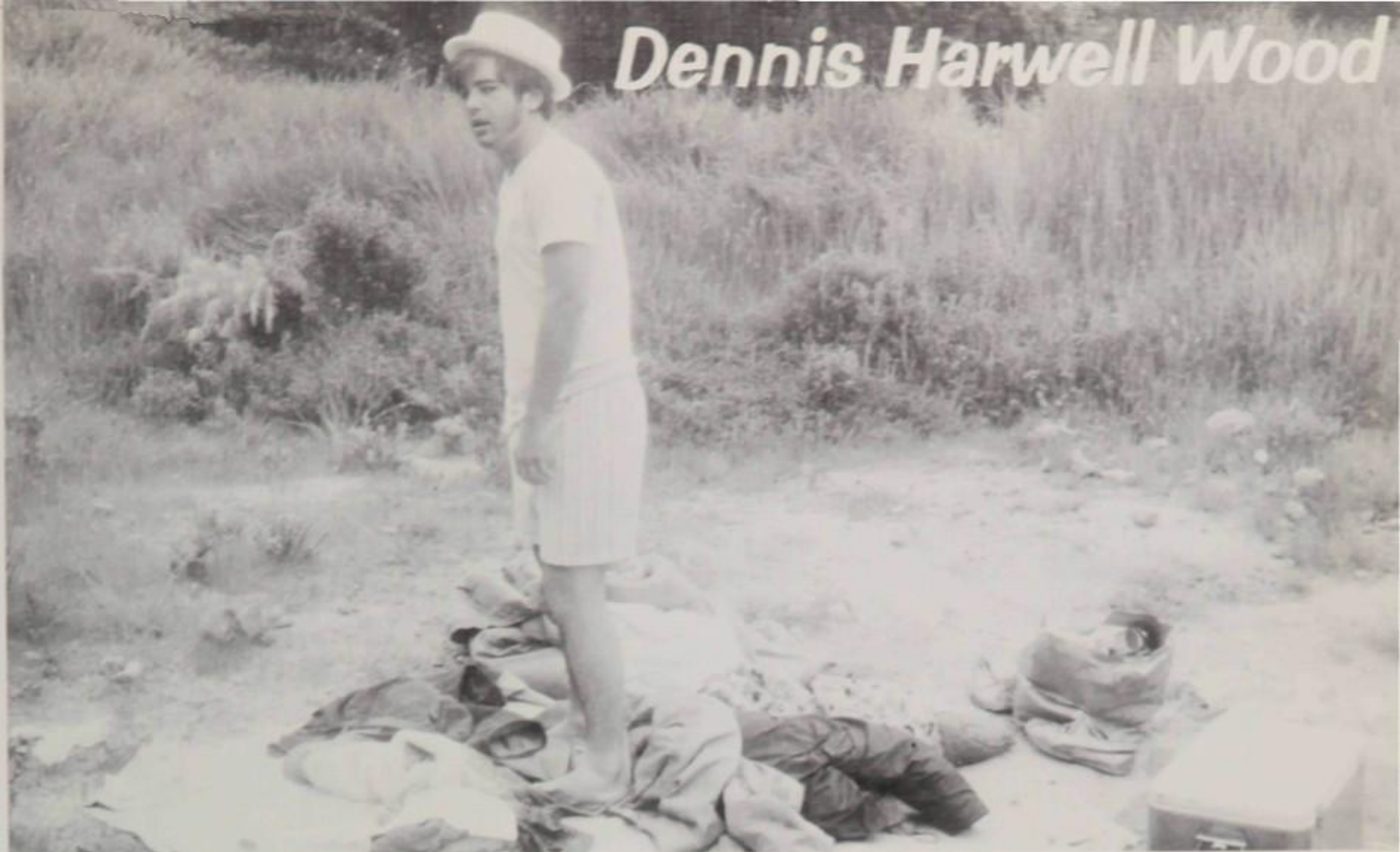
Mark Scott: "Sugee" Otis, the Dead, and Ringo Starr.

Linton: long boards at B.C., Jalama, and an elongated vernacular.

"Pug": a "double whammy."

Brad: Grod, Rory, Jerry, and a T-shirt containing an appropriate "Sit _____."

And finally I leave to DiFranco: Fellini; Archer: the cosmos; and Schmidt: T.M. But most of all to my parents, who provided me with an opportunity that I didn't take advantage of.



Dennis Harwell Wood

I, Dennis Wood, mostly known as "D" or "Big D" and with less frequency "Hobart" do hereby leave the following useless thoughts to some not so useless people.

To Willie; I leave the DeBreres lawn, to start. The Carlsbad mosob, and a urinal for your kitchen and the back seat of Dees car.

To J. Gates; I leave Highway One with no brakes, a book I wrote entitled, "How to get yourself out of trouble as fast as you get into it," and an inflatable life-size replica of Xaviera Hollander.

To Kev; Cut the friendship crap, Kev!; a large debt, and good times at Mt. Baldy.

To Chaps; I leave a lifetime supply of the barch, The Murphy, and a state of euphoria for my mom.

To J. Hays; I leave Marilyn Chambers, a high-school diploma, Bronson Caves, a clean record, and Paris at Lloyds.

To Scot; I leave the bottom of your pool, \$20 for a safe trip home, first place in the 6 mule run, and the fact that that you'll be just like your dad.

To Brutus; I leave another wisdom tooth pulled so we can pick up some more sayings, A lifetime membership to AA.

To the Fat X; I leave a Marriage License.

To Stevenson; a life preserver for the showers.

To Lucky; I leave a new name and a sun lamp.

To Clint; In the vice —

To Dick; a paint job for your car, an endless supply of Compoz, and pre-practise warm ups in the hills.

To Pat; I leave you a smile and a bottle of shampoo.

To Shields; I leave Pat McCabe.

To the Fat Meyer; the ability to load a camera and a piece of cement.

To Ernie; "Got any speed?"

To Martha Taylor; Good memories and bad memories, and a date with Chappy.

To Margie; I leave Sydney, a new bathrobe, and a great friendship with a very unique person.

To Tom Trainer; I leave a 69 block and a day when he's sane.

To Ginny Lu; the fact that I wish I knew you better, and the ability to look as old as you are.

To the Big Bald Bob; Get out of New York, for you are a prisoner of your own success.

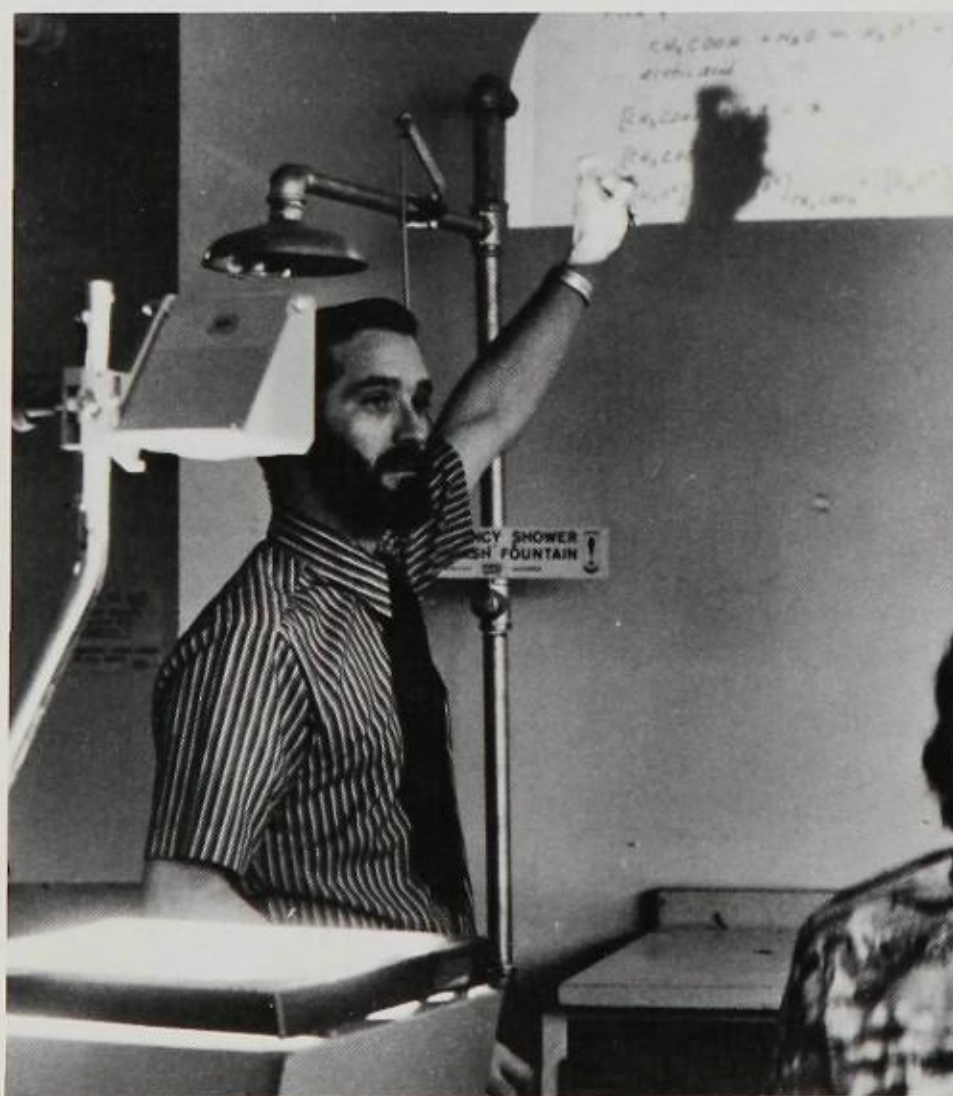
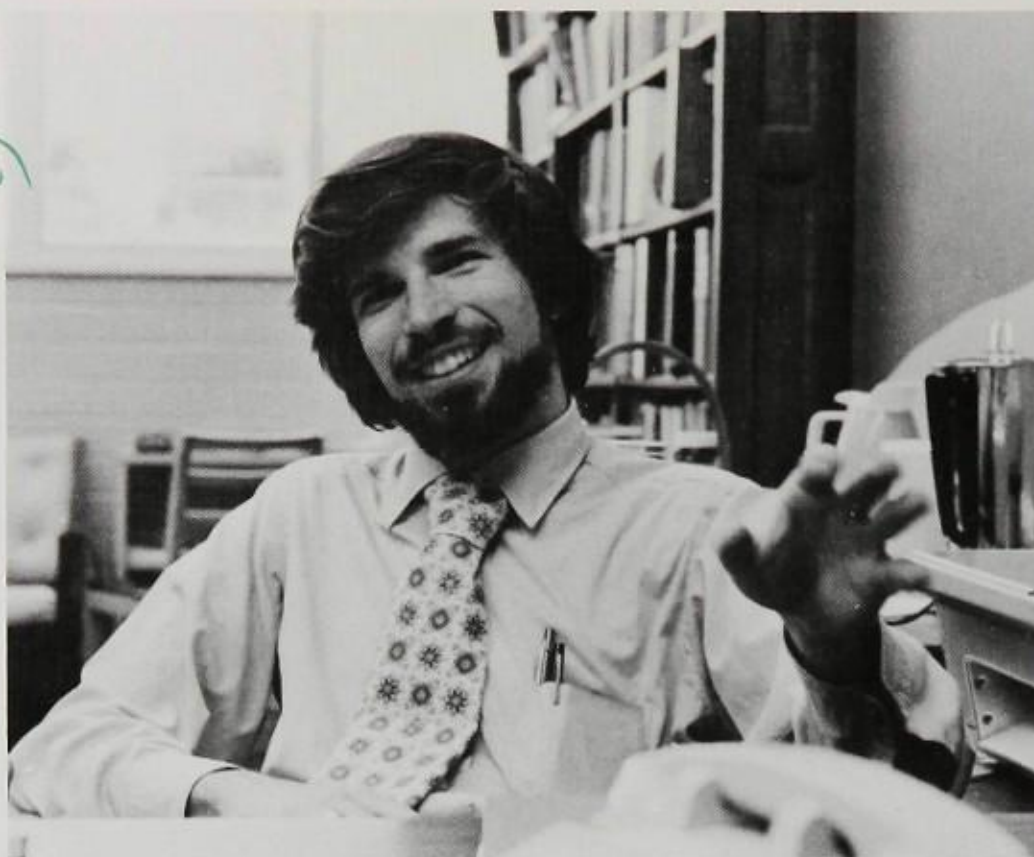
To Mom; all the happiness in the world.

To the New Administration; I leave a New Administration.

My thanks to everyone that made Harvard worthwhile when I was there. Finally I would like to thank the Laus for always having enough room for me.

*g m. e. =
best luck
g m. (MARK OF EXCELLENCE)*

GENE MURROW
Chairman of Math Department
B.A. Columbia
M.A. Harvard
Four Years



RICHARD L. HUMPHREY
Science
B.S. U.C.L.A.
M. DIV. Fuller Seminary
Six Years

"Reverence and fear of God are basic to all wisdom."



Aquarium Club



Ecology Club

S. Christopher, C. Medberry, C. Mitchel; Missing: Mr. Koslow

Library Club

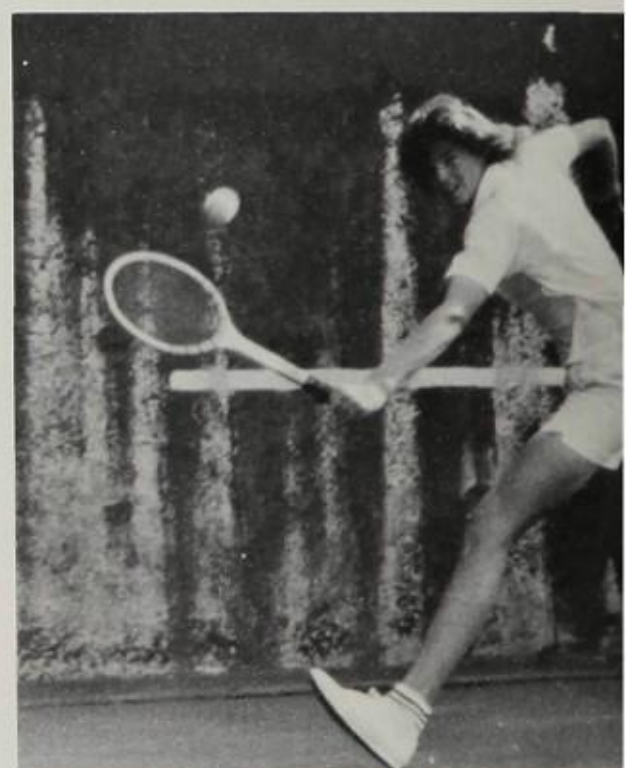
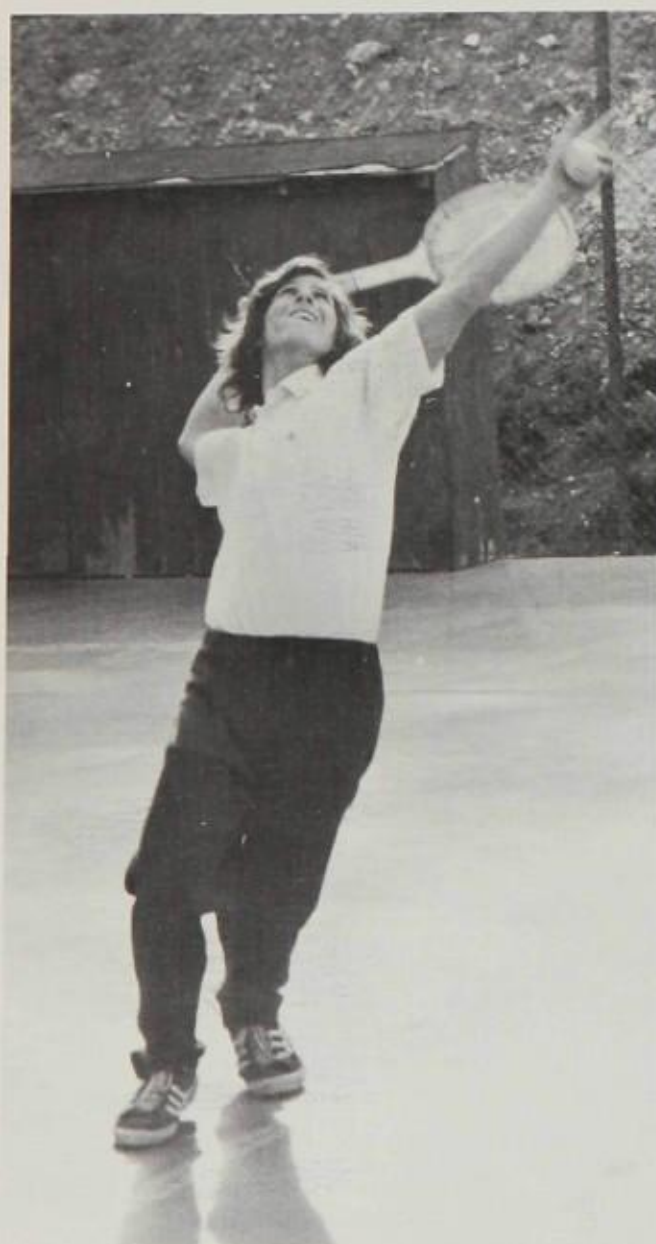
E. Marx, F. Ruetz, R. Tashma, J. Dean, T. Schepodd, P. McRae, A. Goodman, J. Foreman, L. Medvene

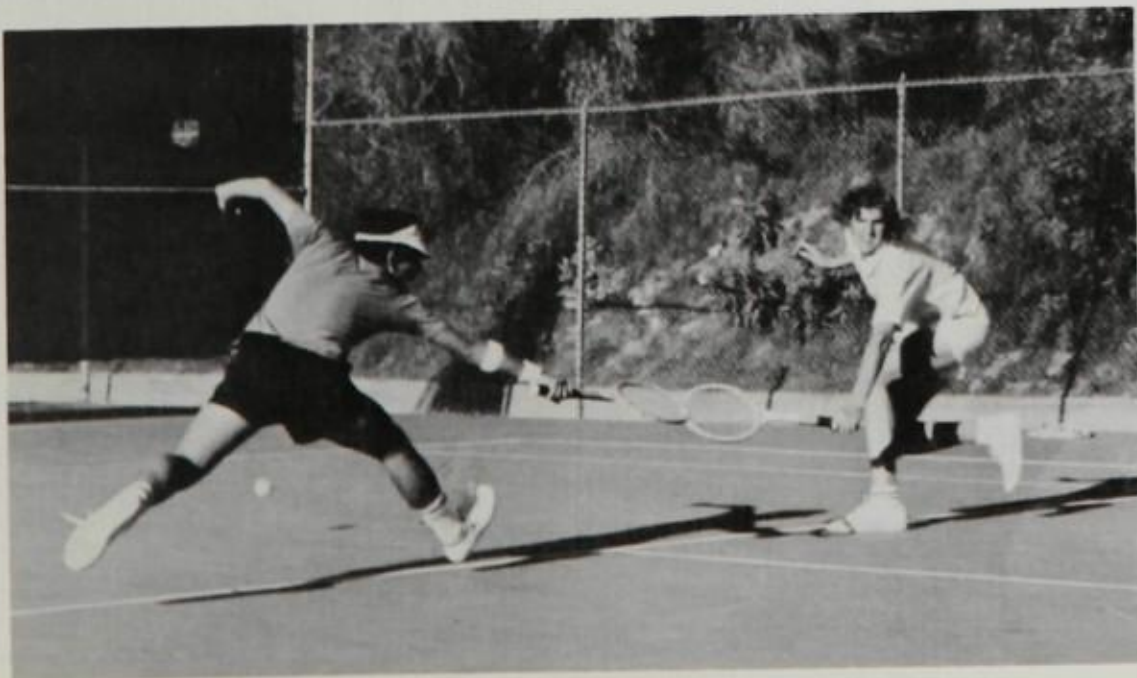




(Bottom Row) D. Nelson, T. Howard, A. Ulich, B. Davis. (Top Row) Coach Radstrom, C. Lewis, J. Rene, J. Meyer, R. Miller, N. Leonard, J. Strassner, Coach Petrovic.

Varsity Tennis



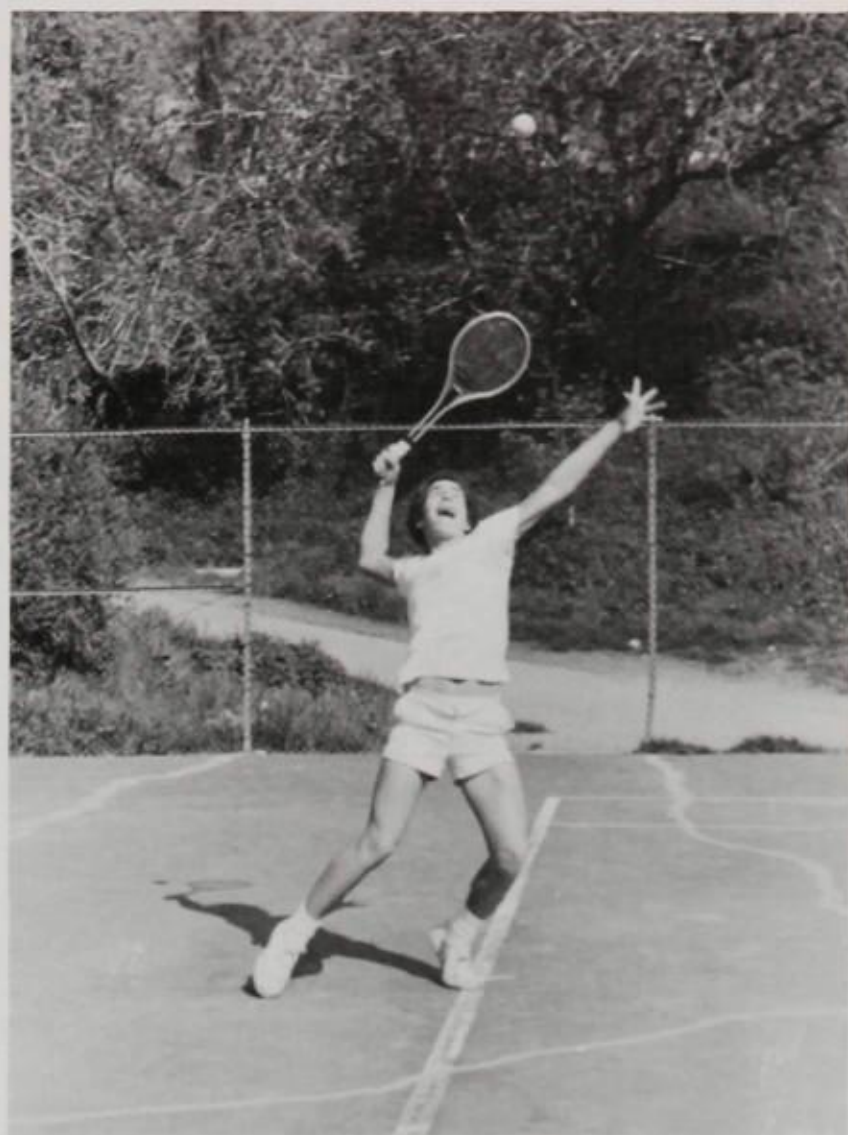
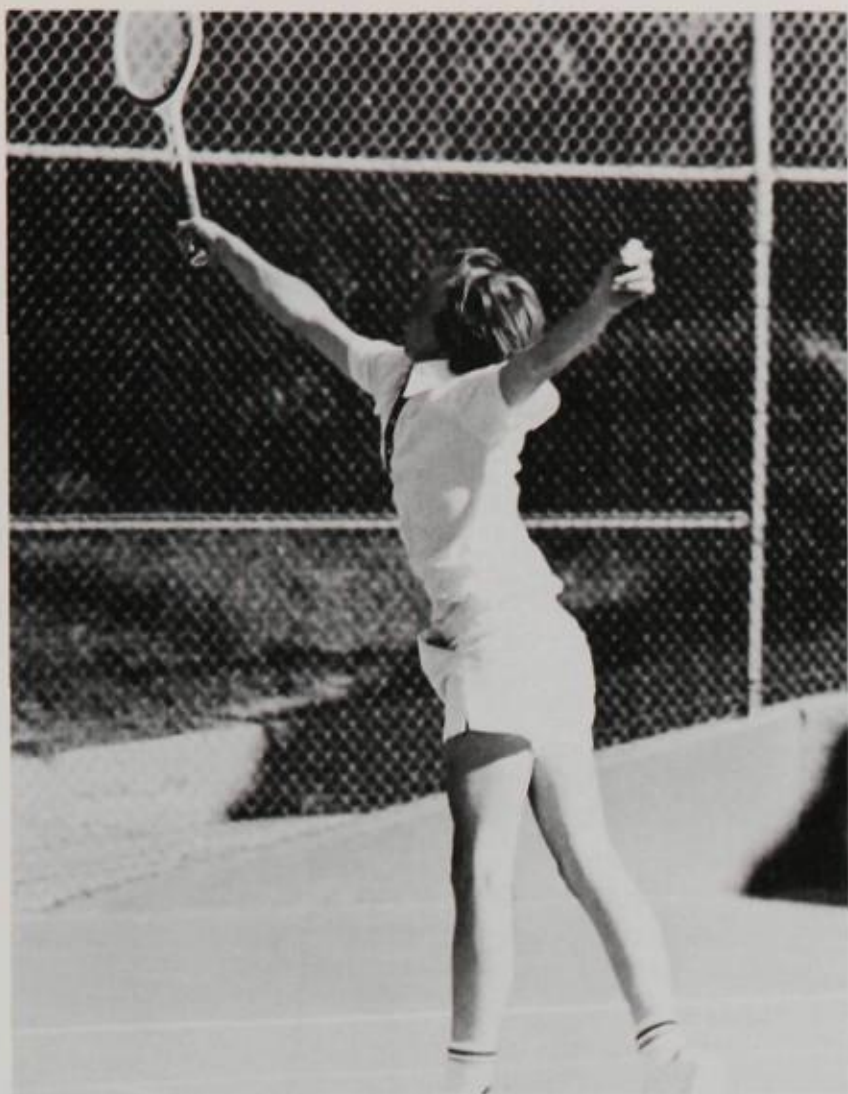


Junior Varsity



Ulich, T. May, Reifler, Glasser, Binstock, Greenberg, Anderson, Heyman. (Missing) Rayman, Rheinstein, D. May, Christopher.





Television Workshop

Telecommunication

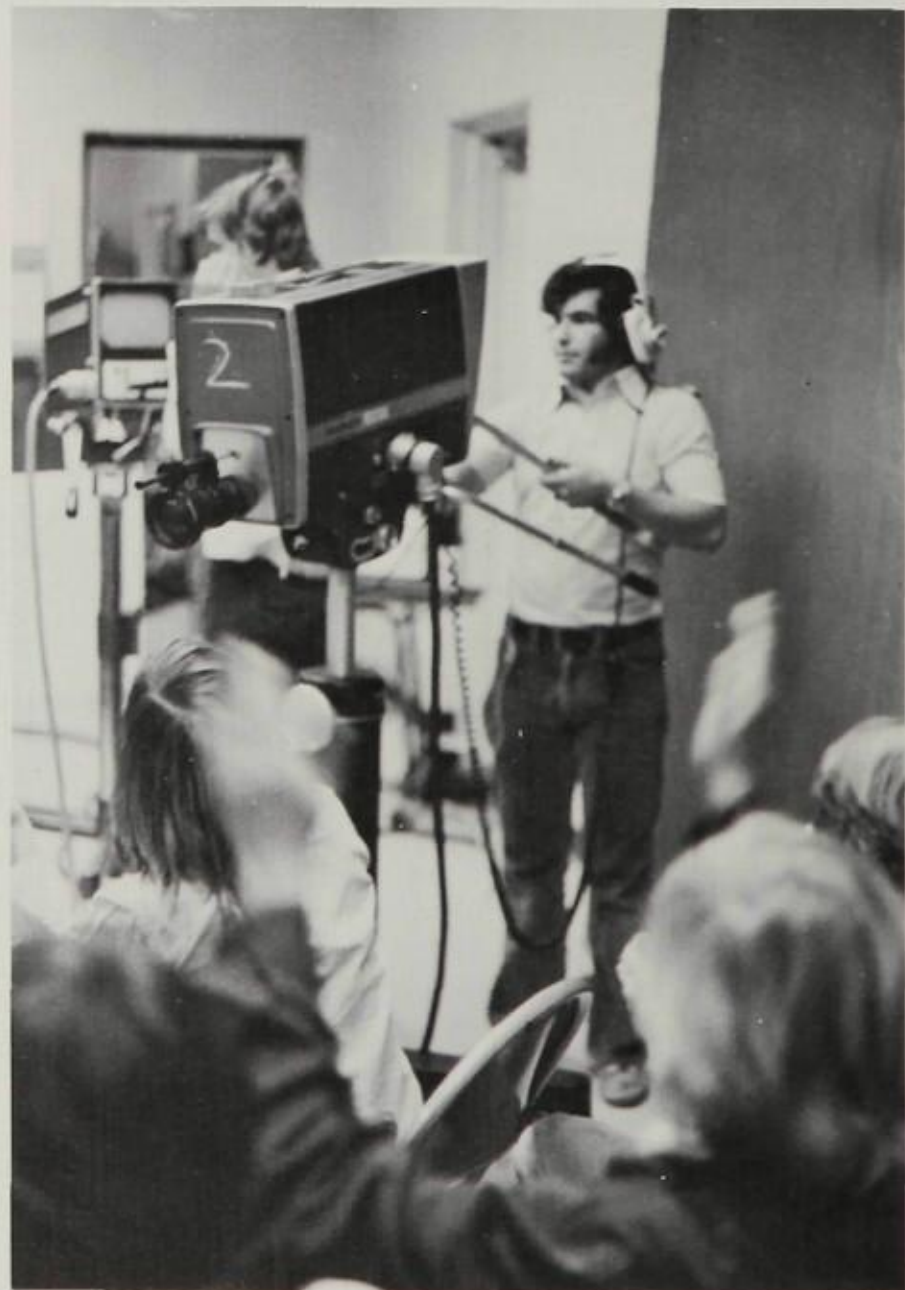
R. Berg, R. Carter, J. Dorgan, D. Levinson, J. Magee, D. Magee, D. Rosemont, S. Tag, J. Mottl, C. Beck, T. Alden, B. Beyer, M. Druckman, S. Hamile, K. Loughran, B. Moss, J. Torr, K. Small, H. Sutherland, C. Smith.

This year the Harvard Television Workshop was modernized by the addition of two new cameras and a special effects board, which at this writing still works! To expand their coverage, one of the schools two large red vans was converted to a mobil two camera studio, and was used to videotape football games, which were avidly viewed by players and coaches alike. The seventh grade T.V. class videotaped soccer games and the tapes were used extensively to help in training.

A senior, Franklin Ruetz made a thirty minute tape on Laser Holography which was shown on Theta Cable. Other students, in Telecom 1, produced a weekly news show. A quiz show was made, in which, three faculty members faced three students. The students lost by five points, but Mr. Murrow, one of the faculty contestants was in the studio just prior to the taping, and for all I know, well, forget it! — Franklin Ruetz III



4th and 5th Period Ruetz Crew: J. DeMarco, C. Friel, D. Kopman, K. Nelson, F. Ruetz III.





In what has been a gradual elimination of senior privileges, the traditional senior parking lot will disappear next year as non-discriminatory parking takes over. We had a lot of good times down there, mainly because it's a great place to go when you're bored, and as many seniors are bored there is usually something happening in the parking lot.

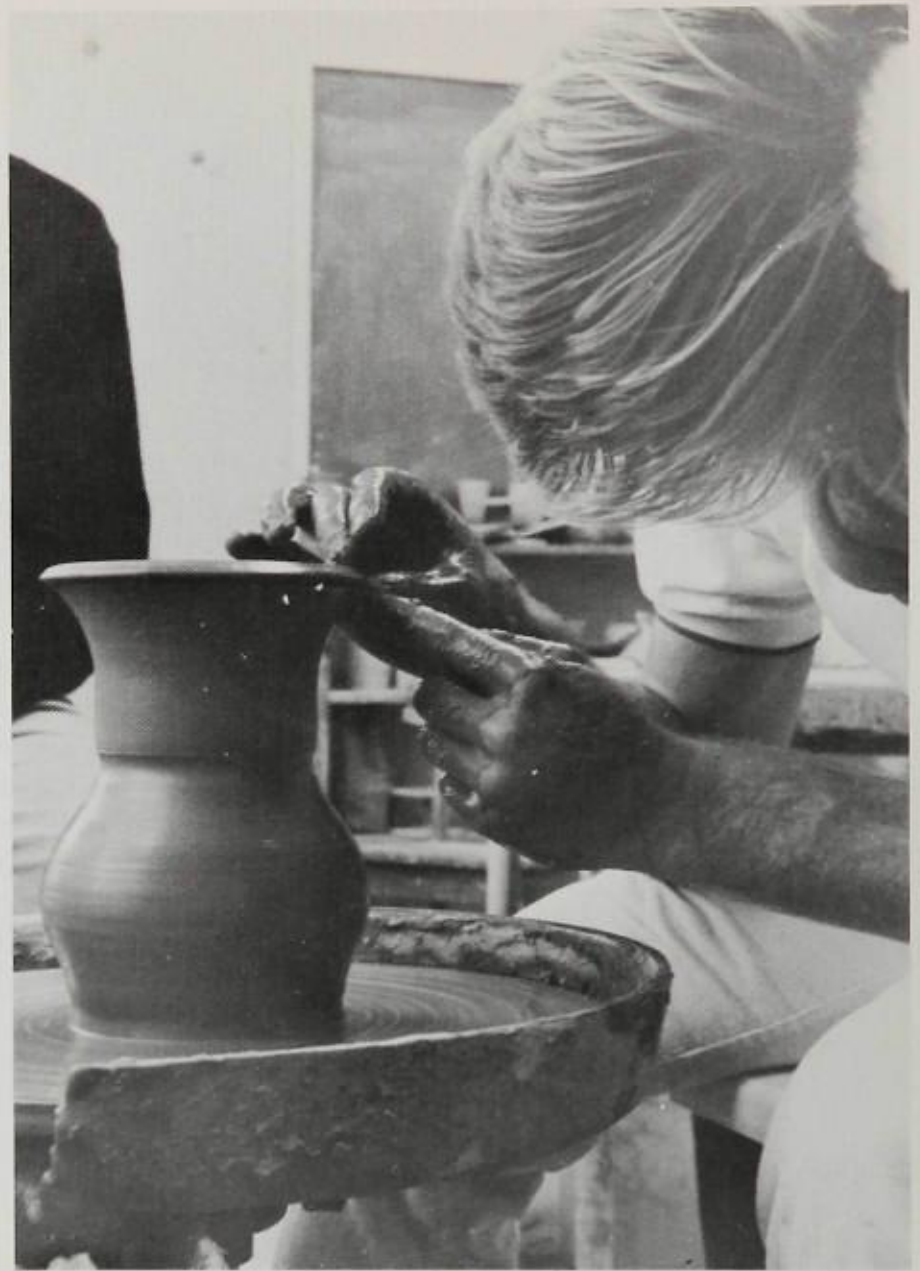
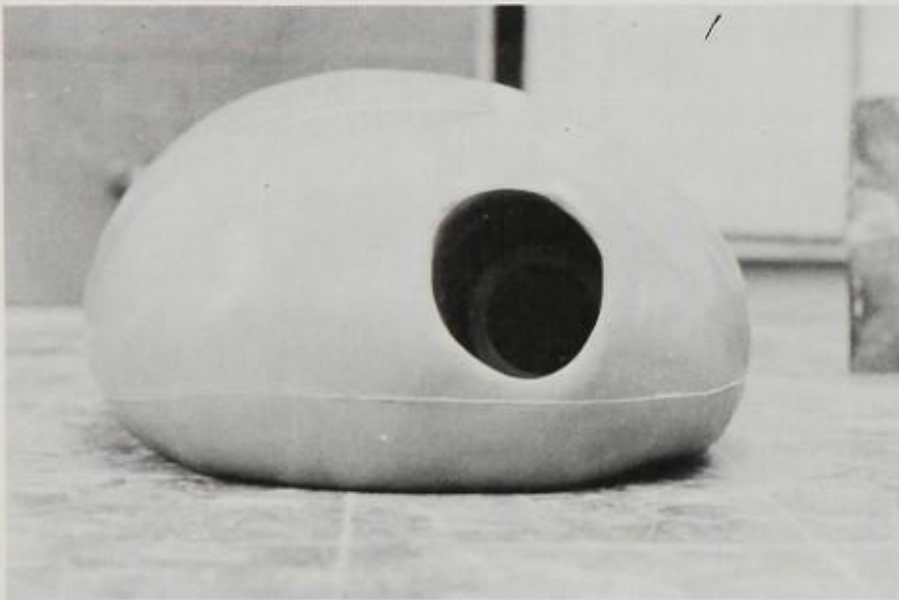
As seniors this year we found the administration continually frustrating our attempts to maintain class superiority. When the "Senior Stairs" were completed, we immediately took control of them and allowed no underclassmen to trespass on our property. This was our last resource, our means of symbolically restoring the condemned Senior Tower. Many of us engraved our names and sayings in the wet cement as a means of insuring our collective ownership, and threats and punishments were meted out to troublesome underclassmen. There was a sense of power involved, an exhilaration in treading on ground that the administration did not want to get involved in — senior privileges.

Little did we expect the actions the administration took quickly to insure the safe passage of all students on the stairs.

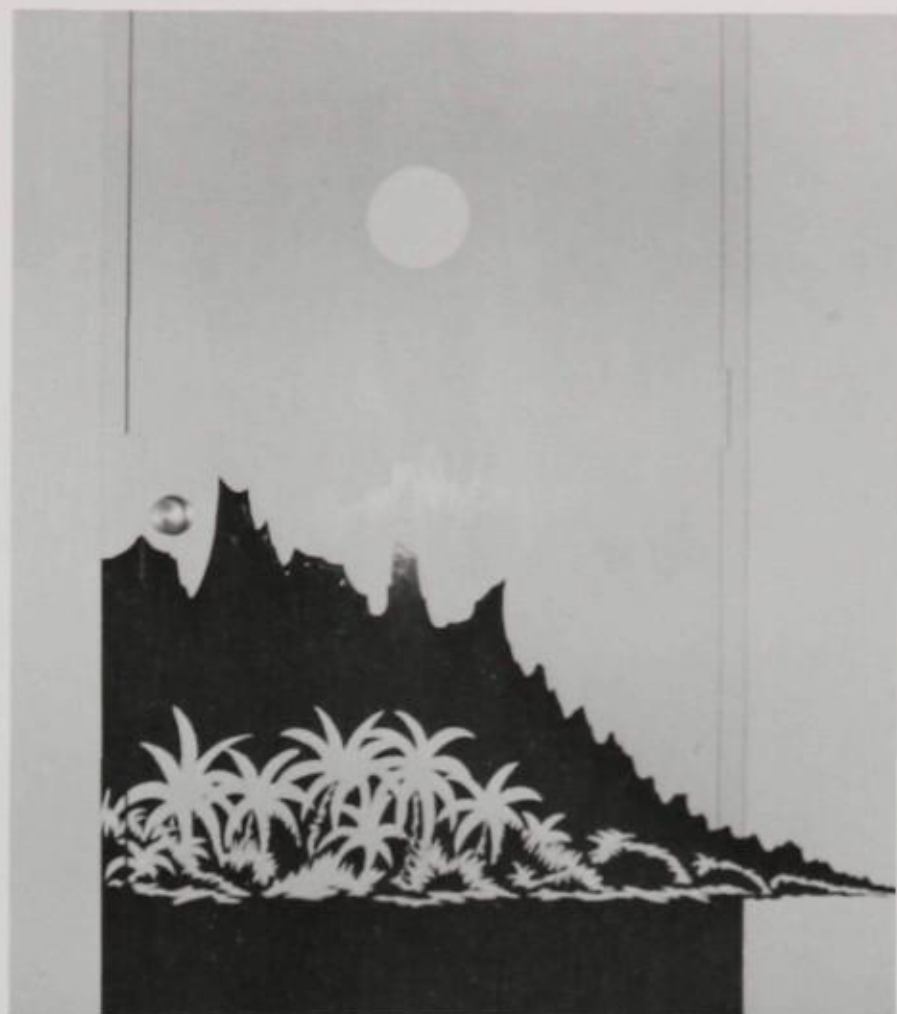
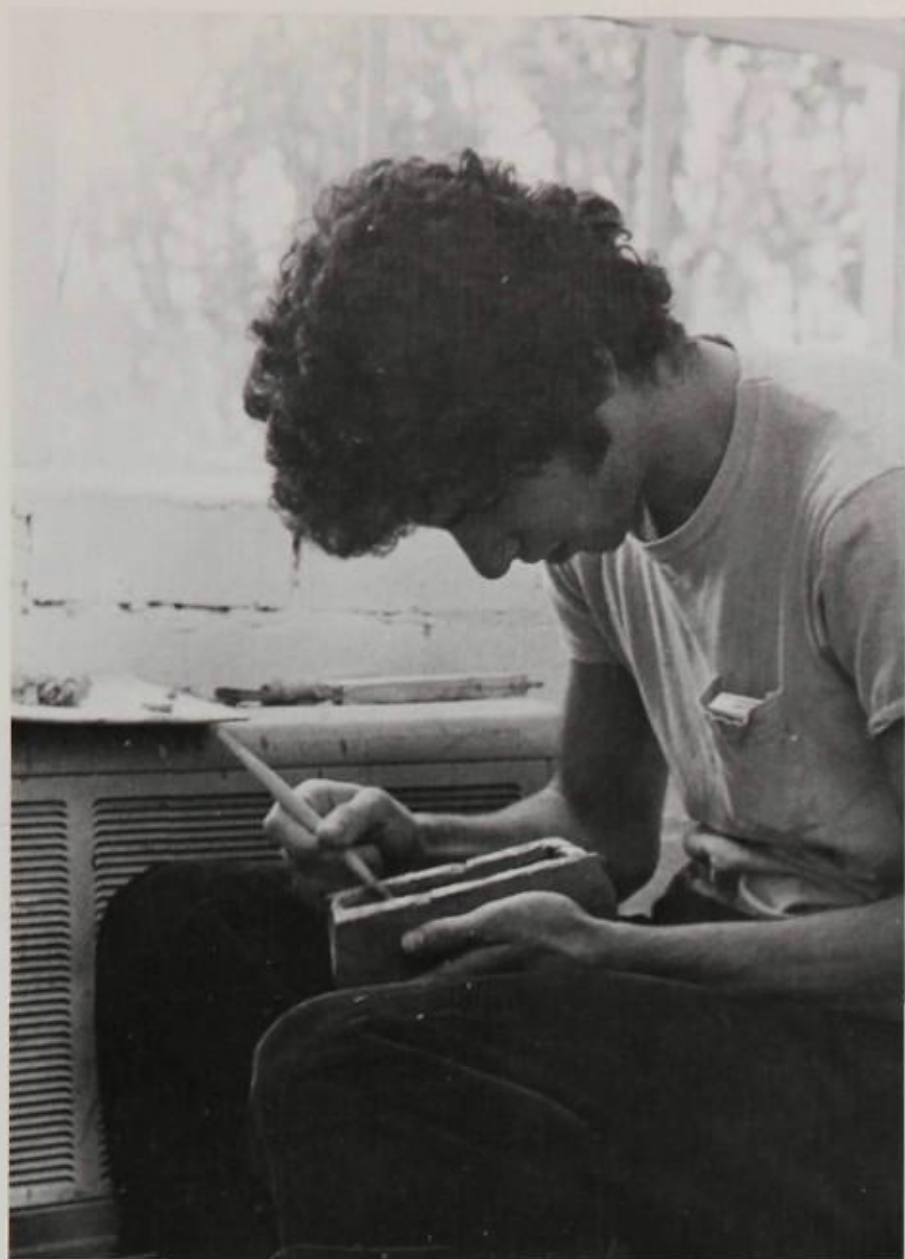
But then, little did we accommodate their demands either.



"It's interesting . . .



. . . but is it Art?"





The fog was where I wanted to be. Halfway down the path you can't see this house. You'd never know it was here. I couldn't see but a few feet ahead. I didn't meet a soul. Everything looked and sounded unreal. Nothing was what it is. That's what I wanted — to be alone with myself in another world where truth is untrue and life can hide from itself."

— E. O'Neill, Long Day's Journey into Night —



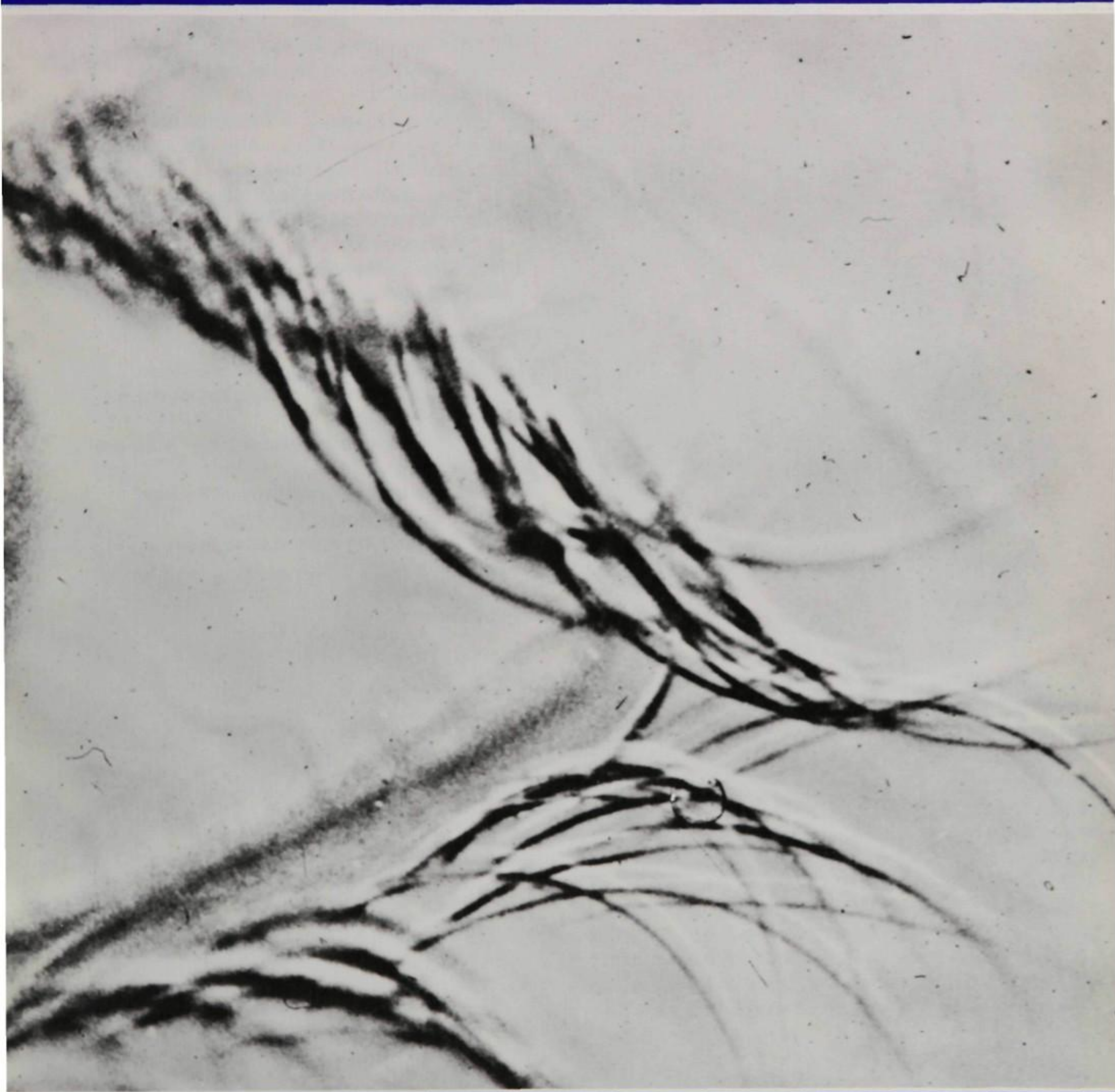
" 'Cause everybody knows that smokin' ain't
allowed in school."

— Brownville Station

Scorpio

Magnetic vitality propells exceptional creative imagination to the highest planes of success. We can not be overcome except when our overly passionate nature destroys self control. As long as we exercise strong will power and hold our natural suspiciousness in check intuitive superiority and leadership will make us highly sought after as friend, lover, and professional by those in high positions.





**Nurture the strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
Many fears are born of a fatigue and loneliness.**

Dwight Beldon



To the King of Van Nuys Blvd.: 23 others and who can do it all.

To Joe: Car shaking paranoia and a Jacuzzi wine and cheese picnic.

To Carv: Mary Jane, Kathy.

To Izzy and Danny: A balloon with "BAG" inscribed on it.

To Sulsi: A years supply of Pinecrest construction wood; Anna; Charles Atlas 60 day program for 98 lbs weaklings; a book on how to drive; a months free phone bill; a schedule of ceramics, painting, 3-D Tech, Film Aesthetics and Advanced Film.

To my little brother Sammy: A fabulous name, a weight program, my cap, a "pair" of water skis and someone to teach you how to use them.

To Bruce: "Our goalie," my nut collection.

To Craig Marx: Your own boat, but an engine that idles too fast!

To Marty: Your own tape recorder, a "whoopee" cushion and a . . .

To Rock: An autographed copy of William Buckleys "Classroom Criticism".

To Mr. Stewart: My appreciation for your patience and influence.

To Mr. McCleery, Mr. Berrisford and others, Thanks!



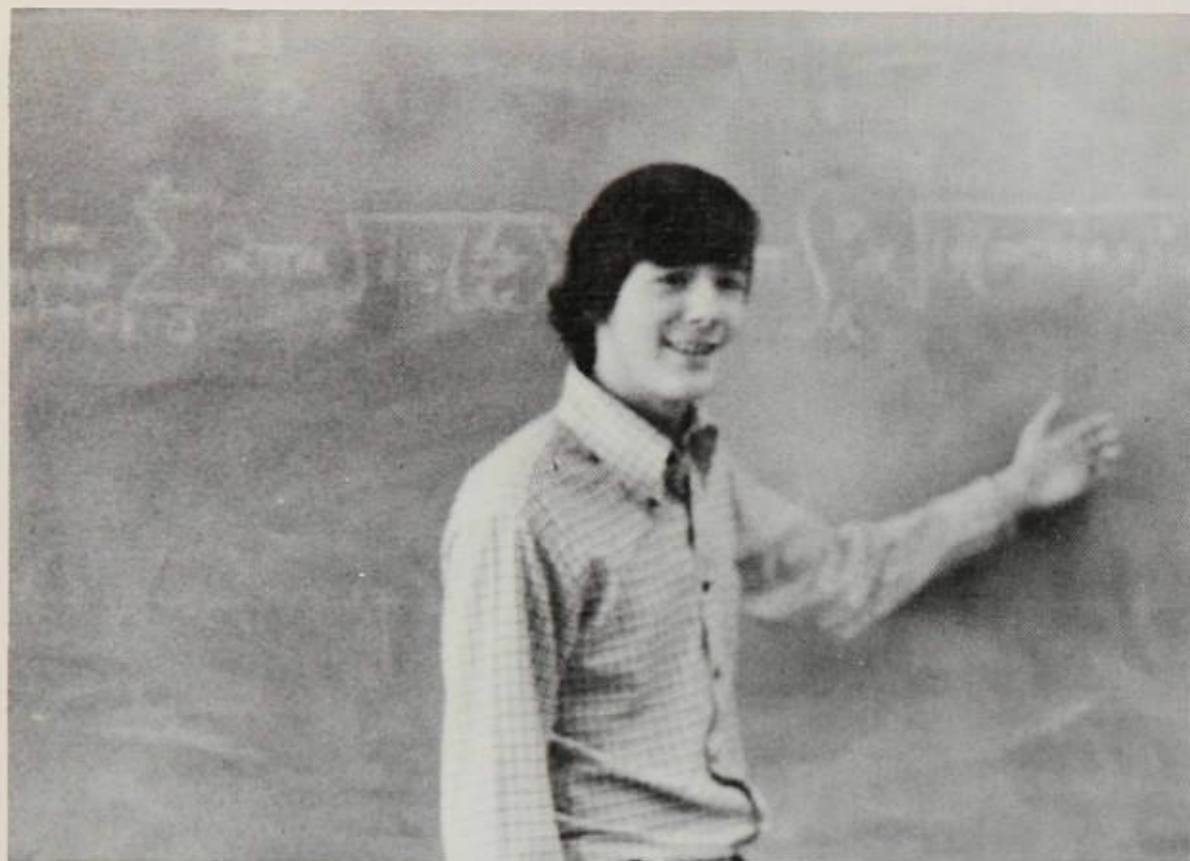
Jay Christopher Hormel

Born 1956
Enter 1967
JV Tennis 1970
JV Tennis 1971
Harvest '72, '73
Yoga, T.M. '73
Released '74



I, Jay Christopher Hormel, alias Horsmell, Horn, Hornymel, and many others not worth mentioning; leave to the following, the following: to Birdseed, a pound of it and my sister; to Geoff, ten pounds he wouldn't know what to do with; to Olm, I leave a great Washington's birthday in Mammoth, and a bottle of Southern Comfort; to Shawn, Tony Reale; to Uncle Donald, the bong; to Gregory, good luck; to Joel, the ounce we never got, a '56 T-Bird, and a gallon of white paint; to Fot-Gon, Martin the Cheee....ese Man; to David R., his beatuy; to Justin, season tickets to the Salt Lake City Philharmonic; to Mr. Colbert, the Yoga Club; to Mr. Stewart, 1 1/2 years of work, and a light snow on the ceiling; to Mr. Ameer, straightening out; to Mr. Berk, the A's I never got; to Mr. Florian, a lot of fun, Simple, claire, et logic; to Mr. Wilson, too much darkroom work, and Sige; to Mr. Rinlander, a star, and a big thank you; to Werner, I return sanity; to My parents, everything, to everyone else . . .

Charles Thomas Munger



If you listen to a lie without knowing it is a lie, you will come to accept that lie as true.

If you see others live a lie without knowing they live a lie, you will come to live that lie yourself.

Be wary of any thought not your own; seek the truth yourself, and help others seek the truth. All the pain and misery in the world does not come of any evil in the nature of man, but from the living of lies through ignorance of the truth. Jesus did not say of his tormentors that they were evil or lacked of heart, but only, "Forgive them Lord, for they know not what they do."

So I look like a goon.

Charlie "Flash" Munger



John Strassner

*Yes, I agree he looks
like a goon. Good Luck
T. H. E. DUCK '74*



I, John Strassner, being widely known by the most illustrious misnomer of "Duck," being totally aware of the state of my mind and body (but certainly not wishing to publicize it), have now reached the time to pursue yet greener and richer pastures. However, since tradition demands that in so doing, one must leave various trinkets to appease the natives, I will now deposit the following on the following:

To "Charles T.": How to roll dice, organization, and the "the ultimate cuts."

To Plants — How to keep a poker face.

To Ulich — Quickness, #2, and Gertrude.

To the Varsity Tennis Team — More unnoticed championships.

To Mr. Radstrom — An orderly, non-rowdy Varsity tennis team.

To Lewis — Success.

To Greg — A teal a month, and the sensor.

To Bennet — A date with Wendy.

To Seymour — A Boris Karloff laugh.

To Randy — Water and a 2-1-1 record.

To "Dsn" — OJ, and a date with "Tina of Pasadena".

To Baron — How to stand still for longer than 10 seconds.

To Sarge — A mouse.

To Blake — A jumprope

To Billy — The ability to make a practice once in a while, and a case of antiseptic.

To Malui — Skis, and anti-choke pill.

To Peter Maass — Anything, for he needs everything.

To Dan Wolpert — "The Democrats once tried to bug the Republicans, but someone stepped on their paper cup and broke the string."

To Harvard School — "A closed mouth gathers no foot."

"Whistle while you work and you'll make a nervous wreck out of everyone else."

Finally, sincere thanks to Mr. Ameer and
Mr. Rinnander — Now, to the funny farm . .



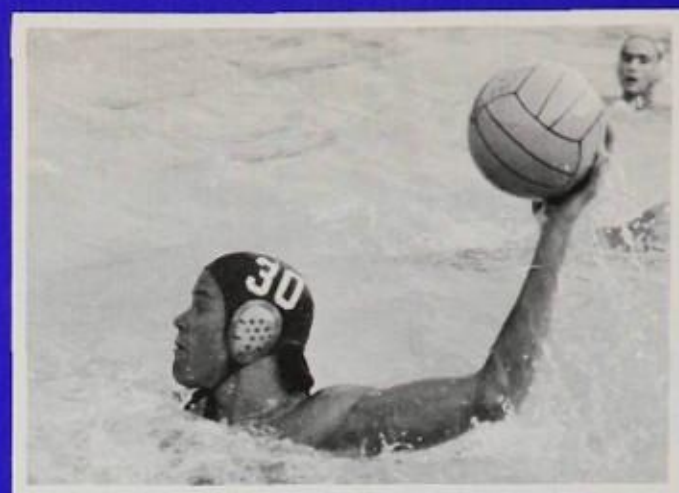
Joe Healy

9th— Frosh Football
Var. Swimming

10th— "C" Water Polo (Capt. and MVP)
Var. Swimming

11th— Var. Water Polo (All League)
JV Soccer
Var. Swimming
Host Family for AFS

12th— Var. Water Polo (All League)
Class Vice-President
Var. Swimming (?)



Dwit— The shaking method for the "442", the "Best Actor" award for polo, and the trip to Mammoth

Boca— You should have made All League

Burg— Many trips to Mammoth, and 13 years at the same school

Joel— That one Halloween, Mauricio's eye, your car, and your amoeba shirt

Marty— My half of the class, Dwit for a roommate, and a book titled "1001 Push-shots"

Izzy— A dime, stronger glasses for better aim, "It popped out," pussing at the Wedge, and hot wine is not better than cold wine

Max— Boca's party, a banana coke, and a 4 AM ride home on your bike

John K.— MULHOLLAND THRILLSEEKERS, and a great party

John M.— Crudbusting & boombaaing, my car, launching on Mulholland, the fact that your headphones stretch to the toilet, and a rag for Westwood

Lew— Mr. Berk as one of your college professors

Dan— Your plates, your party (Deep what?), your middle name to take on, a H.H. window, your third of the launcher, and a few more stories

Tom— stenciling in Bel Air, shining on a cop, and a paddle ball court.

Carl— 10 points for every knocked down skier, a surfboard on the San Diego Fwy, and Fascination

Owen— Mammoth all to yourself, and a back flip with a 1/2 twist at El Segundo

Wayne— Your poker party, your great wine, and a religious discussion at 4 AM

Mike— Taft round two, Keri's B-day cake and Presidency of the Launching Club

Keri— Mike's comments about your cake, caught inside the closet at Chamonix and the whole bottle for eight gallons

Jane— Our reception party, a T.V. box, and Tora cards

The Kid behind the window— I'm sorry

The administration— the fact that we aimed for the window

Mr. Stewart— Another winning season and thanks

Mr. Florian— Thanks for making learning fun and enjoyable

Mom and Dad— Thanks for the opportunity but \$15,000 would have sent you on many, many trips you never got.

On the Weakness and Evils of Religion

Nietzsche:

What is good? All that increases the feeling of power — the will to power — power itself — in man! What is bad? All that comes from weakness!

What is happiness? The feeling that power increases — that resistance is being overcome!

Let us have, not contentedness, but more power — not peace at any price, but warfare — not virtue, but efficiency!

The weak must perish! That is the first principle of our charity. And we must help them to do so.

What is more dangerous to the human race than any crime? Active sympathy for the weak! Christianity!

Blakely:

People are so concerned with adorning an imaginary celestial figure that they forget the well being of their contemporaries. Men are so worried about getting to heaven they fail to see the evils they arouse in the "real life."

On Faith

Friedrich Nietzsche:

All great intellects are skeptical . . . strength and masterful intelligence reveal themselves by skepticism. Men of fixed conviction are not worth consulting when an effort is being made to determine the fundamental valuations. Convictions are prisons.

Bruce Blakely:

Believers are the foolish ones, since they are constantly looking 2000 years back to this man who was nothing but a con-artist. They raise their eyes to heaven and in result are bumping into street-lamps, they take care to be put away in \$100,000 caskets instead of donating to cancer research. By keeping our eyes clear instead of blocked by celestial myopia and diety-image produced cataracts we could keep society going in a linear progression upwards to a land unencumbered by mental, environmental, and moral impurities . . . like God.

On the Classes of Man

Nietzsche:

The order of castes is the dominant law of nature, against which no mere human agency can prevail. In every healthy society there are three broad castes, each of which has its own morality, its own work, its own notion of perfection and its own sense of mastery. The first caste comprises those who are obviously superior to the mass intellectually; the second includes those whose superiority is chiefly muscular, and the third is made up of the indifferent. The third caste, very naturally, is the most numerous, but the first is the most powerful.

Blakely:

The two kinds of people are those who believe in God, and those who know better. Mankind is constantly trying to develop the ultimate in creation, the being who can be fed information and regurgitate it all, those who can be schooled in the life of God, the miracles of Jesus and then can repudiate the entire foolishness brought forth by the Christian World.



In 1889 Friedrich Nietzsche lost his mind and went insane — some have said that Bruce Blakely never had one . . .

Patrick David Stern



escape, enter. begin. finish. discover. bury. all of these i
hope to do. i have leArned heRe; therE is no doubt. i have
learned manY things; far toO many for this page to hold. my gratitUde
goes to my parents and friends and all those who have helped me along
this oFt treAcherous road. nothIng moRe. p'rhaps a good luck
wish to all who must remain. stick with it. it will al be over
soon. Sandie and Hank: Have Fun.

Salaam.





JOHN P. AMEER
 Head of Upper School
 Chairman of Social Studies
 B.A. Yale
 Five Years

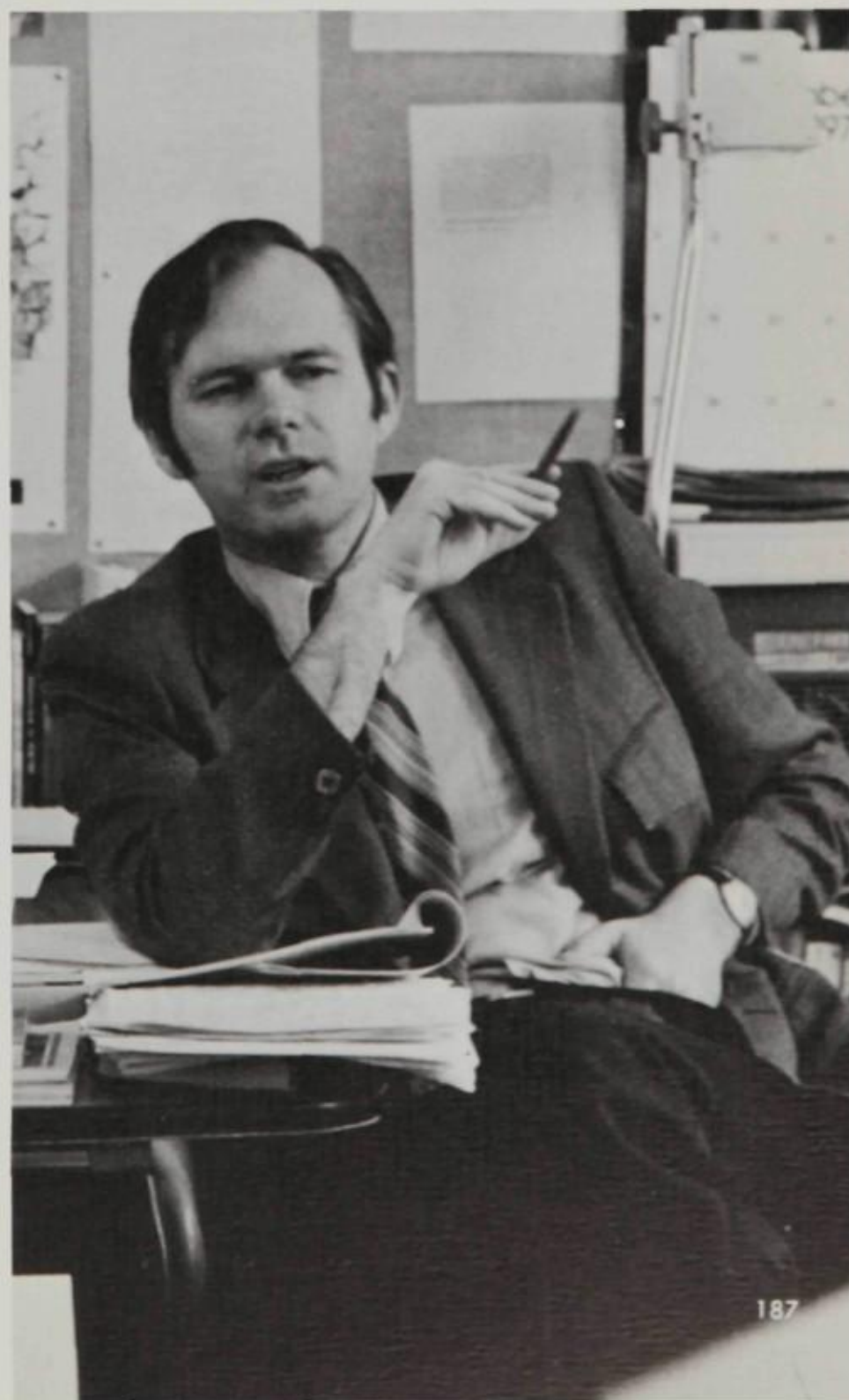
"All night two devils struggled inside me. One of them said, 'Leave, there's no hope of winning.' The other said, 'Stay, because there's no hope of winning.' When dawn came, one of the two devils won."

— Nikos Kazantzakis

ROBERT E. ARCHER
 Chairman of English Department
 B.A. U.C.L.A.
 M.A. U.S.C.
 Six Years

"Real boredom is by no means an evil to be lightly esteemed."

— R. Archer





CARL M. WILSON
Chairman of Fine Arts Department
B.A. University of Redlands
M.R.E. Union Theological Seminary
Four Years

A man who knows not art knows not man.



KEITH P. RUSSELL
Social Studies
B.A. University of Washington
M.S., Ph. D. Northwestern
One Year

**"If Tom demands five lemons and
 John supplies four oranges, what
 is the price of bananas in Milwau-
 kee?"**



JEROME N. MARGOLIS

Fine Arts

B.M. Philadelphia Conservatory of Music

B.M. Ed., M.A. Philadelphia Musical Academy

Four Years

"The individual is central; the individual, in the deepest sense, is the culture, not the institution. His culture resides in him, in experience and memory, and what is needed is an education that has as its base the sanctity of the individual's experience and leaves it intact."

Peter Marin



JOHN P. GRAZIANO

Foreign Languages

B.A., M.A. Southern California

Two Years

Pas de bruits obscenes

Mirnoe sosushchestvovanie

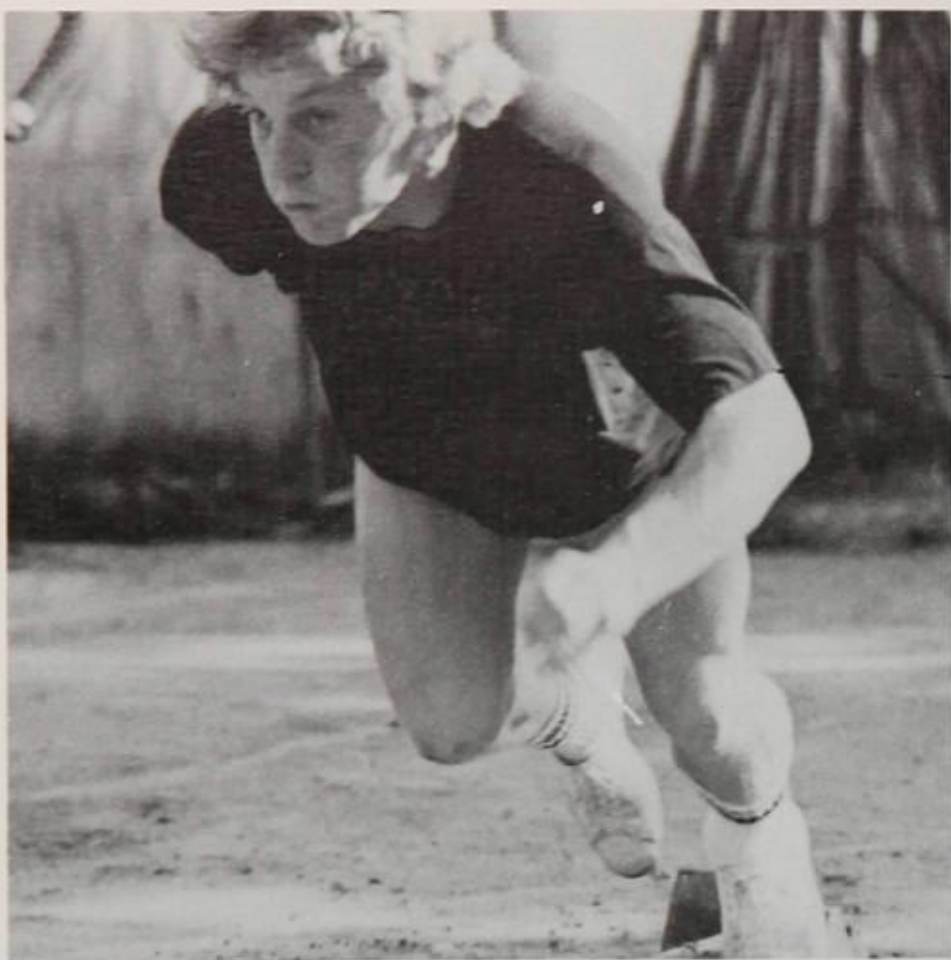
Track



(Top Row) Pomeroy, Karno, Richman, Ditman, Bercouici, Jones, Olch, Rutter, Maddox, Morgan, Uhlmann. (Middle Row) Coach Peterson, Stack, Zaro, Hoffman, Aberg, Caffey, M. Burnap, Jorgensen. (Bottom Row) Levenson, Carroll, Baravelli, Frankman, Thompson, P. Jones, Trainer, Burnap, Mackey, Maloney. (Missing) Shelton, Ingram, Sharp, Bell, King, Heyman, Rubley, T. Jones.









Eighth Grade



Robert
Ahmanson
Michael
Andrews
Steven Aronson
Davis Bader
Brad Bailey

Bill Baird
Elliott Barnes
Juan Barrie
Mark Bautzer
Matt Bell

David Bercovici
Joseph Bergin
York Bradshaw
Doug Brady
Richard Braun

John Brunson
John Bunzel
Craig Cantwell
Matt Cazier
Wilbert Chew
Eric Cohen
Kevin Corley

Eric Cotsen
Brabston
Crouch
Steve Cutler
Blake Davis
Tom DeMarco
Scott Dow
John Eichler

Albert Eyraud
Andy Feshbach
Jeff Foreman
Chris Fries
Jon Frojen
Seth Front
Jeff Fruin

Russell Gilman
Andrew
Goodman
Robert Gordon
Bill Grasska
Robert Griffith
Joshua
Grotstein
Jeff Head



Don Hill
Peter Hoffenberg
Tom Howard
Tom Huggins
Brian Jerrems
John Jordan
Peter Jungschaffer

Roger Kanaar
Paul Kanarek
Frederick Kaufman
Sean Kelly
Mikael Kjellin

Matt Kuhns
Charles Labiner
Bruce Landon
Clinton Lau
Blair Leach



Larry Levine
Matt Lewis

Tom Lho
Charles Lindley

Mark Lindon
David Lippman

Michael Lubic
Peter Maass

Charles
MacArthur
Robert Mackey

Bill Maloney
Grant
Marylander

Peter McRae
Warren Meyers



Bart Miles
James Morland



Mark Mosch
Bill Moses



Kent Nelson
Peter Neville



Tom Peck
David Peterzell



Paul Peterzell
Mark Reinhardt



Greg Reynolds
David Richland





Matt Sullivan
Neil Swanson
Andrew Swick
James Uhlmann

Joe Utasy
Dean Walker
Richard
Wander
Dan Weitraub

Richard Wentz
Mike Werner
David Westhem
Mike
Youngdahl

Bob
Zimmerman



David Riordan
Mark Schine

Bart Scott
Mark Scott



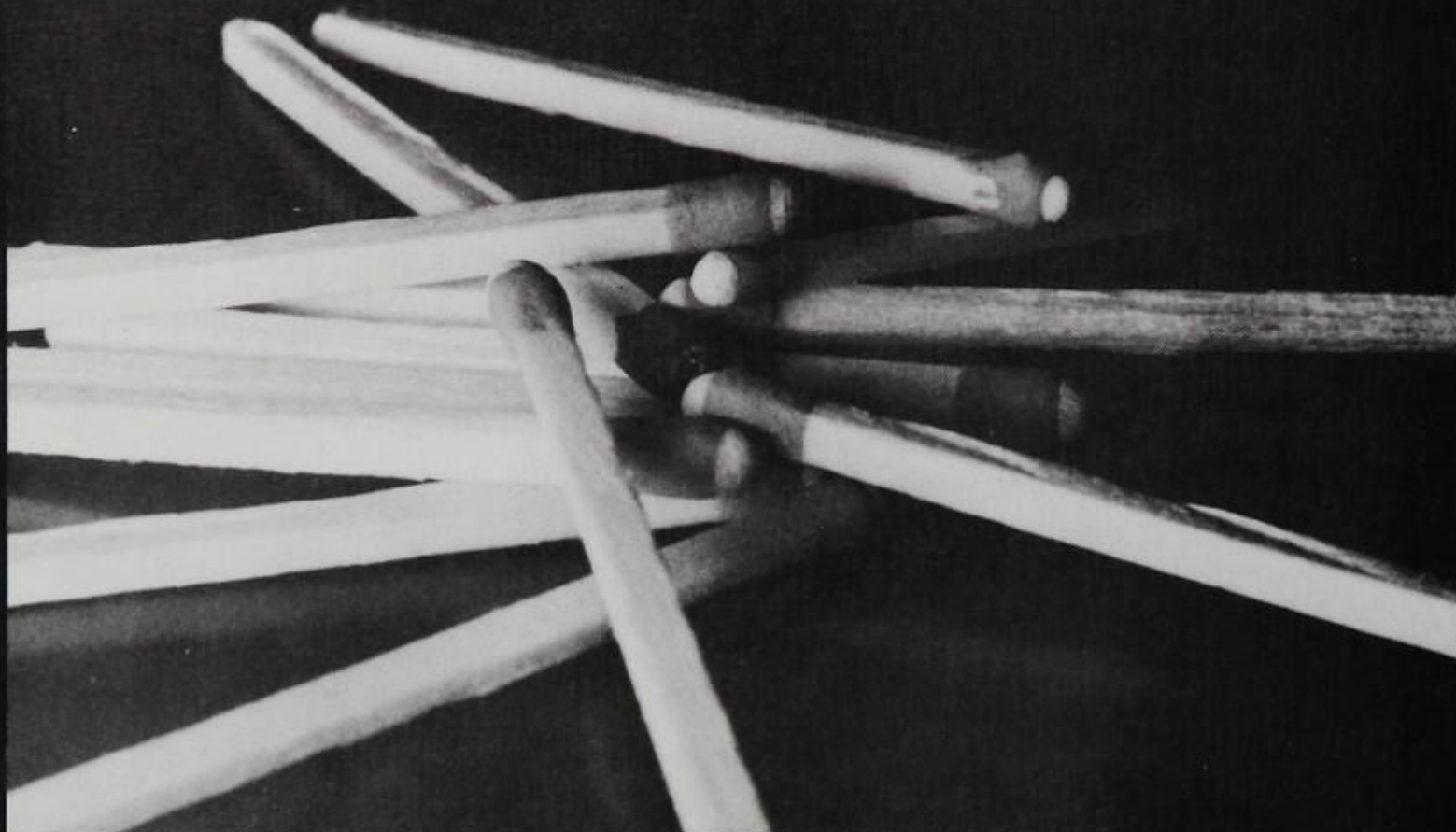
Tim Shepodd
Garrett
Shumway

James Singleton
Larry Slatkin

David Sones
Jon Strauss

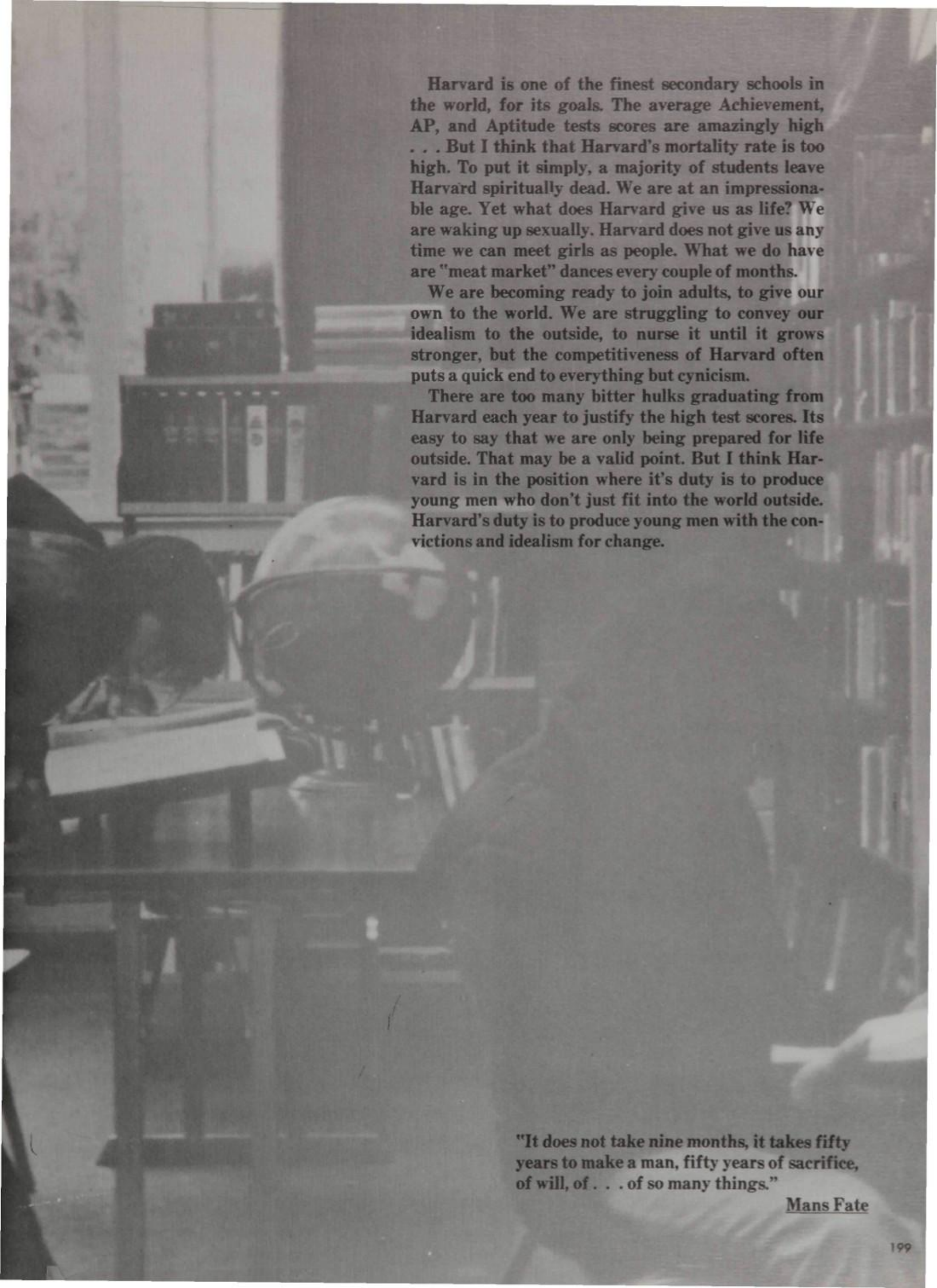
Doug Stuart
James Stuart





Hey — you ever brokin' open one of them big match boxes? I declare, there's an odd matter. They's all got stems and I suppose for the most they're pretty much the same. But d'ya ever look real close at their head . . . why each one differs a might, sometimes ever so little, but not one of them the same. Strike them afire and each one burns its own flame, its own light.

— David Theis



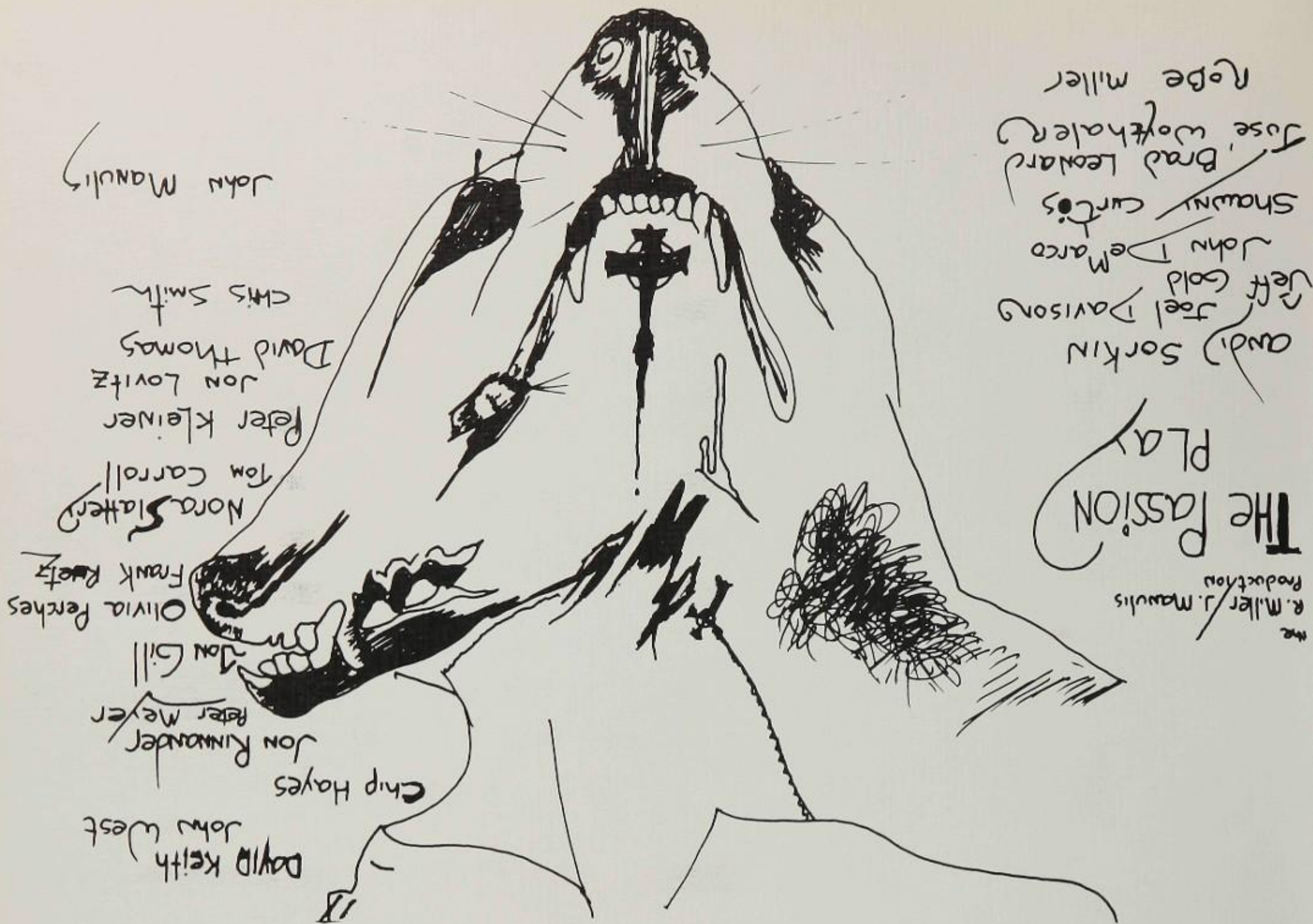
Harvard is one of the finest secondary schools in the world, for its goals. The average Achievement, AP, and Aptitude tests scores are amazingly high . . . But I think that Harvard's mortality rate is too high. To put it simply, a majority of students leave Harvard spiritually dead. We are at an impressionable age. Yet what does Harvard give us as life? We are waking up sexually. Harvard does not give us any time we can meet girls as people. What we do have are "meat market" dances every couple of months.

We are becoming ready to join adults, to give our own to the world. We are struggling to convey our idealism to the outside, to nurse it until it grows stronger, but the competitiveness of Harvard often puts a quick end to everything but cynicism.

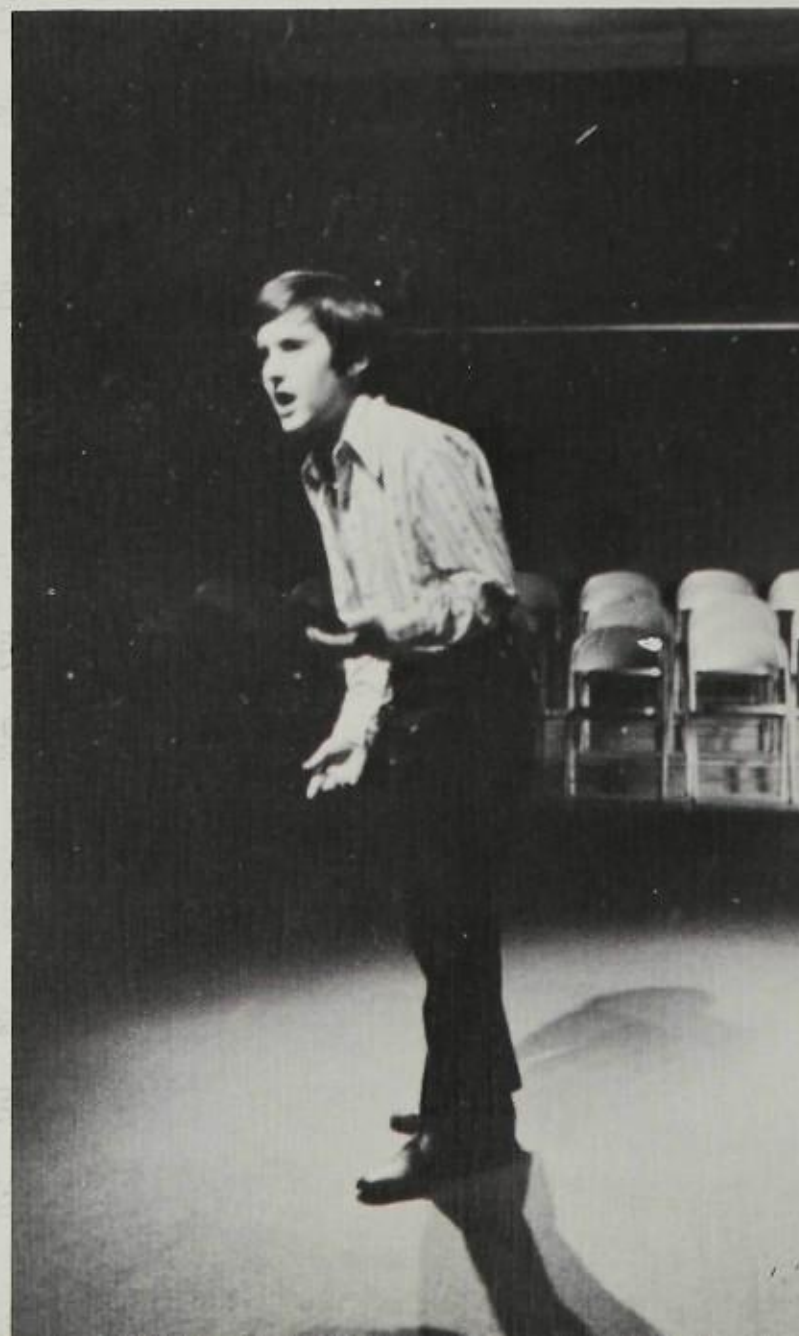
There are too many bitter hulks graduating from Harvard each year to justify the high test scores. It's easy to say that we are only being prepared for life outside. That may be a valid point. But I think Harvard is in the position where its duty is to produce young men who don't just fit into the world outside. Harvard's duty is to produce young men with the convictions and idealism for change.

"It does not take nine months, it takes fifty years to make a man, fifty years of sacrifice, of will, of . . . of so many things."

Mans Fate



Spoon River Anthology





Many a curious student has poked his head through the heavy doors of Rugby Auditorium during a Karate Club meeting, only to find a body hurtling feet first towards his head. No observers are allowed at the meetings of the Tae Kwon Do participants who fill Rugby with their animal like grunts and howls five times a week. Although their work sounds no different than seventh period in the cafeteria, it actually requires a great deal of precision, endurance, and agility. Yet despite the grueling practices, which are composed of painful stretching, intensive sessions of repetition drills, and sparring between participants, many of the same students are still required to engage in P.E., a situation which has proven frustrating for some participants. Also the Karate Club members have been forced to search constantly for new facilities in which to practice. So beware, Athletic Department — a black belt means never having to say you're sorry.



SAGITTARIUS

We know intuitively what we want and how to get it. We are positive in pursuing truth, maybe even blunt and outspoken. Focused on one goal, we often get nervous and angry over trivia. Our energy is so boundless that we must cultivate passive calmness or destroy ourselves and lose our effectiveness in wanting to help all men.





Many fears are born of fatigue
and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome
discipline be gentle with yourself.
You are a child of the universe no less than the trees
and the stars; you have a right to be here. And
whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the uni-
verse is unfolding as it should.

Brent McCosker

Corporation T-shirts
Stupid Bloody Tuesday
Man you've been a dirty boy,
You let your face grow long

See how they smile
Like pigs in a sty,
See how they sneid.



Swine were the companions of the prodigal

I read the news today Oh boy,
Four thousand holes in Blackburn,
Lancashire
And though the holes were rather small
They had to count them all.
Now they know how many holes it takes
to fill the Albert Hall.

Time itself is bought and sold. The spreading fear of growing old contains a thousand foolish games that we play.

I find no pride in titles. I find no satisfaction when the ultimate goal is quantity not quality. I find no real objective in wealth when all it can provide is a plethora of dismaying waste.

I would like to thank Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Archer for their perseverance and understanding in attempting to instruct me.

I would especially like to thank my parents for their guidance which I have not recognized until now.



Carl Verdon



History

Five Years in Four Words —
awful lot awfully fast

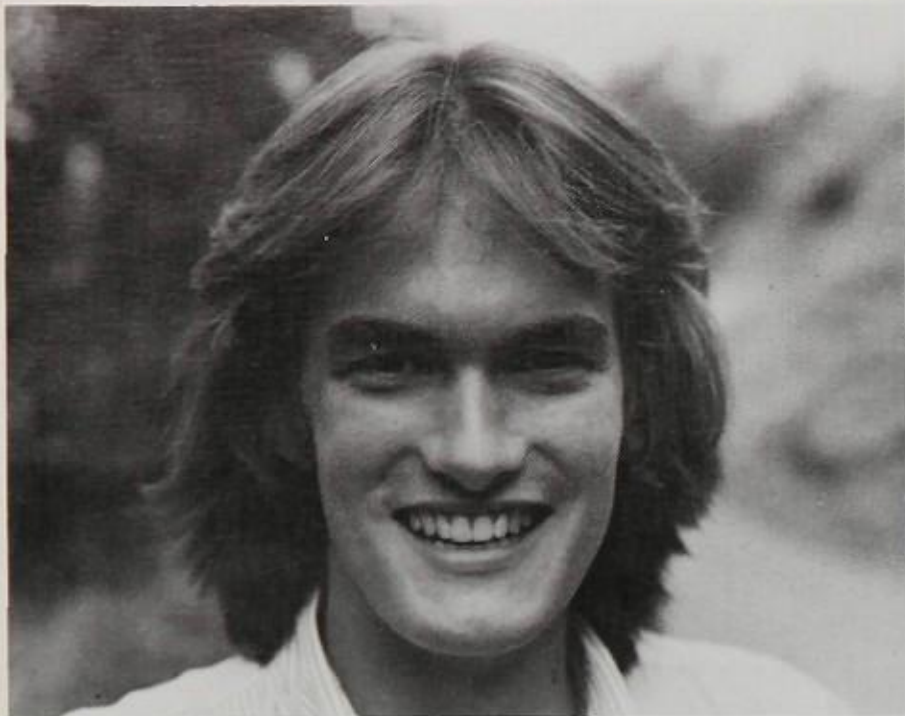
Memoirs—

To Joe, I leave movies, both watching and making, wrong turnoffs on every freeway we've been on and a modified score sheet to keep track of the points I make on the slopes. And to John, I leave the nightmares of 100 eyes, 1001 creative darkroom effects to go with them and the realization that the "possibilities" are exhaustable! To Terry: a blond school teacher at Mammoth. To Glen and his profound (?) sarcastic wit, I leave pleasant memoirs of our close calls with my car and it's potential 5 sticks of dynamite in the back seat. To Geoff, a real Ohio driver's license! To Ty, the editorship (and everything that goes with it).

Finally, I give my thanks to the school, especially Mr. Kahn, Mr. Florian, Mr. Colbert & Mr. Humphrey for their patience and understanding, and I extend my deepest gratitude and love to my parents who played a major part in my education.

Carl Verdon

Peter McCook



- TO . . . Charles Kevin "C.K. COOPS" Cooper; talent on skis, Mammoth, shooting the breeze, non-straydom and tasties.
- . . . Dave "BLUMPADOR" Blumberg; Highway 14 at 11:00 pm with a sick Datsun. Una lola buena and cheap thrills at the Roxy.
- . . . DENNIS; a replenished Party Box, squashed pumpkins, and LORCH LENNOX.
- . . . JONESIE (the other Peter); Ed Spezio's lifetime batting average and spaghetti eating record.
- . . . THEIS; will the Roxy do?
- . . . CHUCK; Another thing to do
- . . . DIPPELL; An instamatic, Ensenada with charp chevys.
- . . . KANIN; The canyon
- . . . HOHL; Obedient riders and a saltydog.
- . . . HARVIE; Shoes, socks, a sweater and honking

- once, it's a beautiful day.
- . . . STUART; A golden thumb for hitch-hiking.
- . . . Mr. BERK; Many thanks and an eraser for the haunting memory of Sanders, Cooper, and the hidden tape recordings.
- . . . ROGELIO MARTINEZ, Sr. and Sra DEES; Muchas gracias para todo lo que ustedes hicieron para mi y para mi educacion en Español.
- . . . WEASER; My chi-mobile and a worthy potential hot one.
- . . . SHELTON; The acceptance of your advice.
- . . . LEWIS; A waterbed for Berks class to accompany the famous "B".
- . . . RANDLOPH; Hours of rally art.
- . . . CLAY; Two flat tires.
- . . . JUNIORS; The dream of a senior parking lot.
- . . . ALL; No hay problema!





Paul Dippell

Thanks to:

Peter
Kevin
Max
Stephanie
Trey
Joel
Phil D.
David
Rogelio
English Dept.
And my folks

Michael Schrager

Entered
'71



Released
'74



I Michael Schrager, being of sound mind hereby leave the following to the following people:

Gary S. — a dozen V.W. engines.

Tom Lint. — payment of all your debts by 2000 A.D.

Richard Sheriffs — a dozen guitar strings.

G. Marx, Bennett, Lho, B. Licher, and D. Sanders — many days of French — Good Luck.

B. Parker — an endless supply of special movies that Rate

J. Chittea — cans upon cans of aye!

J. Kanin — A \$20 guitar.

G. Rusack — A set of drums to beat on.

Glen Rubes — many Mexican sunrises.

Hicken — a dozen used PCV valves.

Carvel Moore — a new car, and a set of giant mirrors to hang.

MR. Joel Colbert — a dozen M.B. field-trips.

J. Saliba — a white tux and a black pin stripe.

Thorpe and Steinhart — much more luck with octopus.

Special thanks to Mr. Ameer. It took me two years to think I hated him, and one final year to realize how much he helped me.

Also thanks and best of luck to the following: Mr. Joel Colbert, Mr. Jon Rinnander, Mr. J. Smith; and a final good-bye to Mr. Philip DiFranco.



Juse

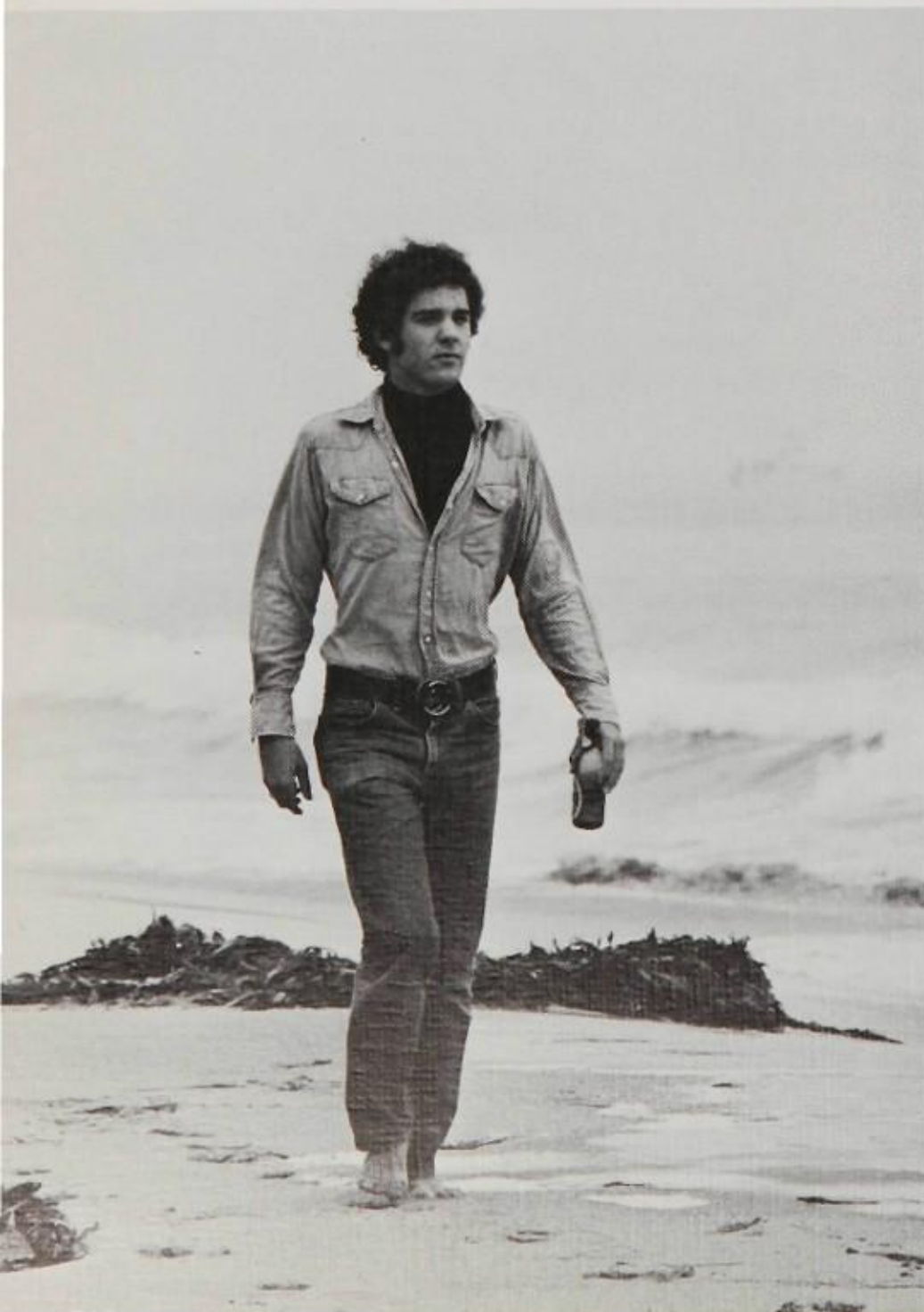
אוביש ושמתי נהרות לאיים ואגמים אוביש: והולכתי עודים
בדרך לא ידעו בנתיבות לא ידעו אדריכם אשים מחשך
לפניהם לאור ומעקשים למישור אלה הדברים עשיתם ולא
עובתים: נסגו אחור יבשו בשת הבטחים בפסל האמרים



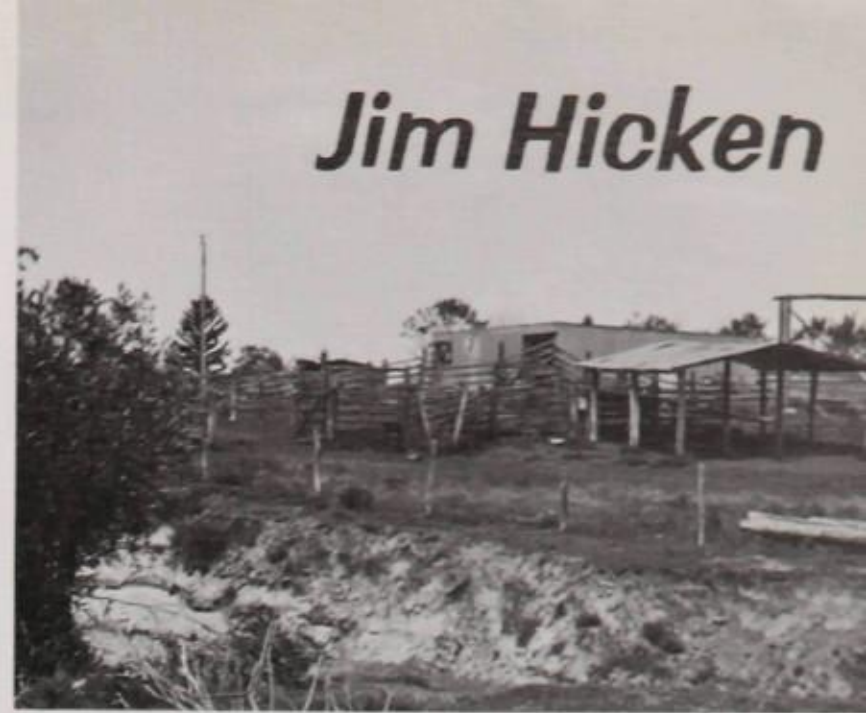
*Thank you for the hottest
years of my life.
Julius Woythaler*

I perceive for the first time that even in this beloved passage the sadness is merely the shadow of a cloud. This sadness is nothing but the gentle music of passing things, and without it, whatever is beautiful does not touch us. It is without pain. I take it with me on my journey, and I feel contented as I step briskly farther up the mountain path, the lake far below me, past a mill brook with chestnut trees and a sleeping mill wheel, into the quiet blue day. — Hesse

James — William Hayes III



I, James Hayes, much better known as Chip, and on some occasions "little buddy," hereby leave the following assorted goodies to the following assorted yo-yos: For Peter C., A screen Actors Guild card, and a badge saying "Lieutenant Gip;" to Terry, ten years at JTD, four years at Harvard, and Christ, where the hell are you going to college?; to Peter M., I leave all the rights, profits, and benefits reaped from the Harvard Film Society, along with a print of 2001; to Rob M. Brad, John D. Juice, and John M., my thanks for making Godspell the success it was; also to John M., this will; to Geoff, a personal "Hot Line" phone to Helen; to Dave R., a summer at Fox Studios, a new knee, and a telephone call from a friend downstairs; to Tres, movies at the beach, and doobie; to Scott S., my personal print of "The Exorcist" (you didn't know about that, did you?); to Chris T., a front bumper that screams, "look out! I'm going to hit you!!," To Chris S., "Godspell," a rrrock!, ten free dancing lessons from Stephanie, and that big pile of F_____ in Bel Air; and finally, to Dan, better known to his cohorts in crime as "Big Guy," and other assorted, more vulgar nicknames, I leave innumerable little tidbits, including Doobie (of course), the "good times," Aspen, Europe (especially that subway on the way to Wembley Park), Halloween, Disneyland, all our nights on the town, and many thanks for making these last four years go by with a smile. To all my teachers, my thanks and appreciation, to my Parents, my love, and to all the rest of you Jokers, Adieu.

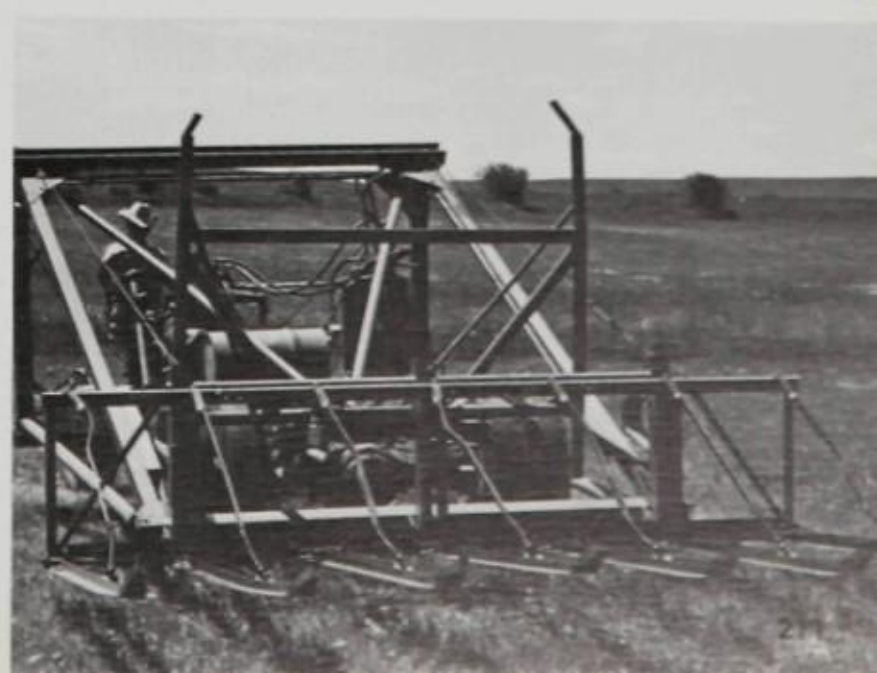


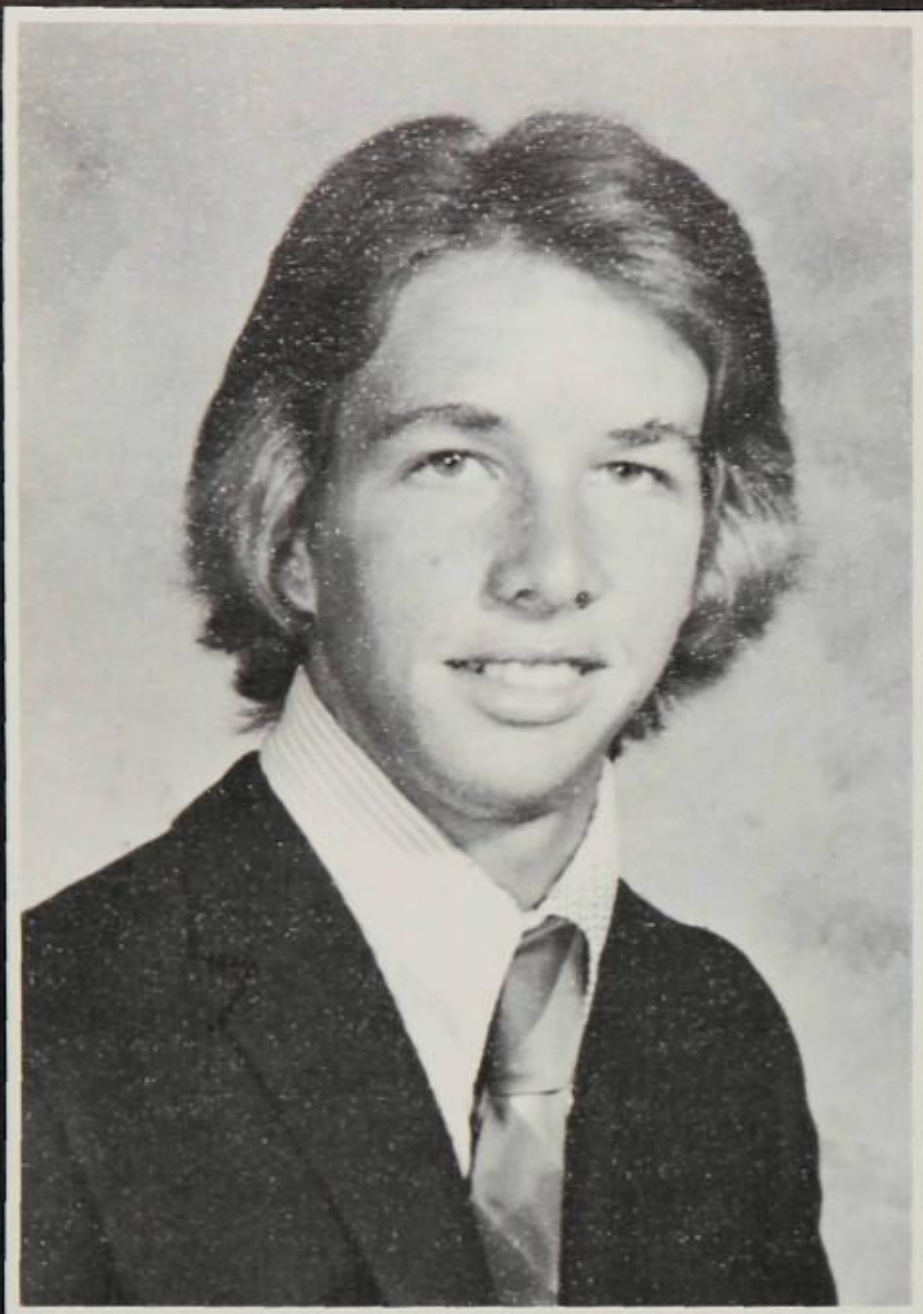
Jim Hicken



To him who in the love of
Nature holds
Communion with her visible
forms, she speaks
A various language.

Bryant-Thantopsis





Kevin Cooper

I the "Coops" leave the following things to the following people.

To Pete — a nose job for his Datsun, plenty of barches and cold ones, "shootin' the breeze," una meyer muy coke-a-cola, and good luck.

To Blum-de-Berg — Rock's class and parties at Peter's.

To Chris — the coffee hour, Berk's class, and a complete jester's outfit.

To Stein — Old times

To Blakely — my vernacular

To Suzie — a life time supply of Knudsen yogurt, a gold-plated banana, Wednesdays at 3:30, dinners at the Melting Pot, good times at Mammoth, and thanks for everything.

To Mr. Berk — the most extraordinary class I ever had.

To Mr. Colbert — an inexhaustable Gift Certificate to the local fish store.

To Mr. Ozawa — a parking ticket

In leaving I would like to thank my parents, my friends, and the faculty for giving me the support, the understanding, and the assurance which made my experience at Harvard possible.

"Breathe, breathe in the air
Don't be afraid to care
Leave, but don't leave me
Look around and choose your own ground
For long you live and high you fly,
And smiles ya'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be." Pink Floyd



"They who are ready to go are already invited"



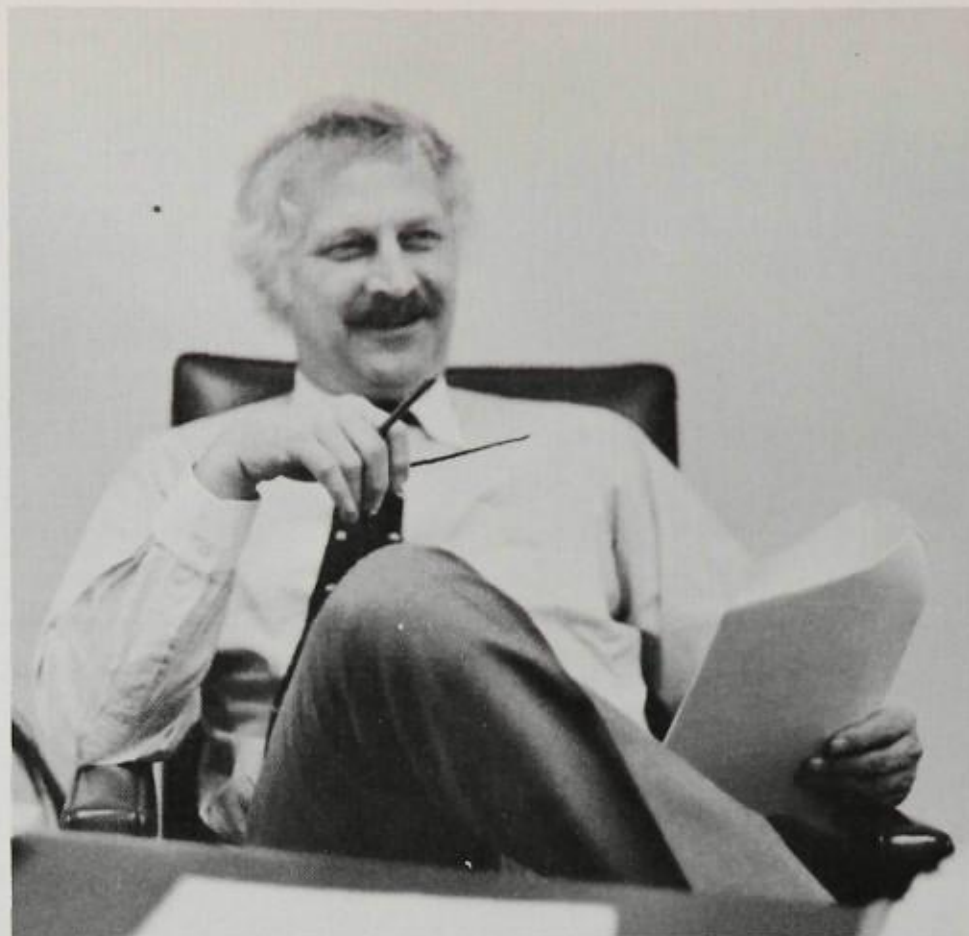
Yoga Club



Composers Workshop



GEORGE KEHM
Director of College Placement
B.S. Yale
Four Years
"Im Westen nichts neues."
"Pax Vobiscum."



EVA S. CLARK
Science
B.A. Wellesley
M.A. Cornell
One Year

**With all beings and all things we
 shall be as relatives.**

— Sioux Indian



MERVIN H. MILLER
Science
B.S. Pennsylvania State
Thirty-one Years

**Being a perfectionist I have always approached any
 task or job with the idea that I will not be satisfied
 with "mediocrity."**



JUDITH CARTER
 Fine Arts
 B.A. Southern California
 Two Years

"Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore."

JAMES WINETROBE
 Mathematics
 B.A., M.A. Southern California
 Two Years

To work with young people is to share of oneself.



KATHERINE ANNE MOORE
 English
 B.A. Wellesley
 M.A. Stanford
 Four Years

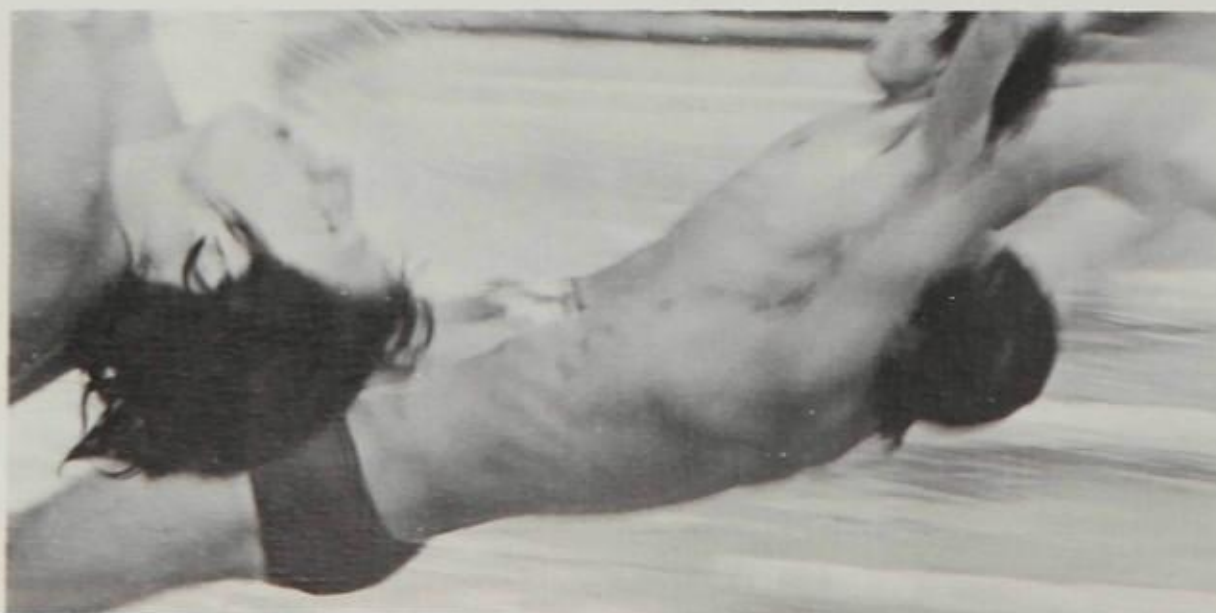
"I prefer not to."

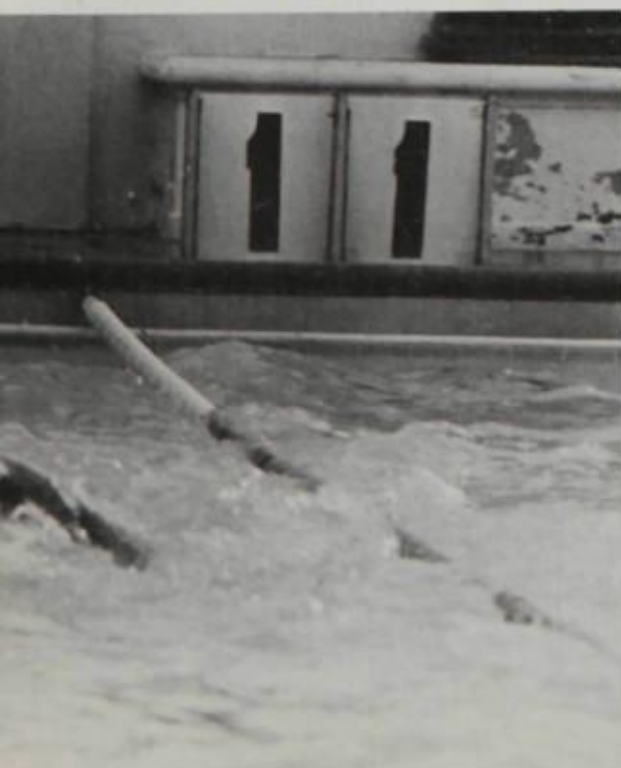
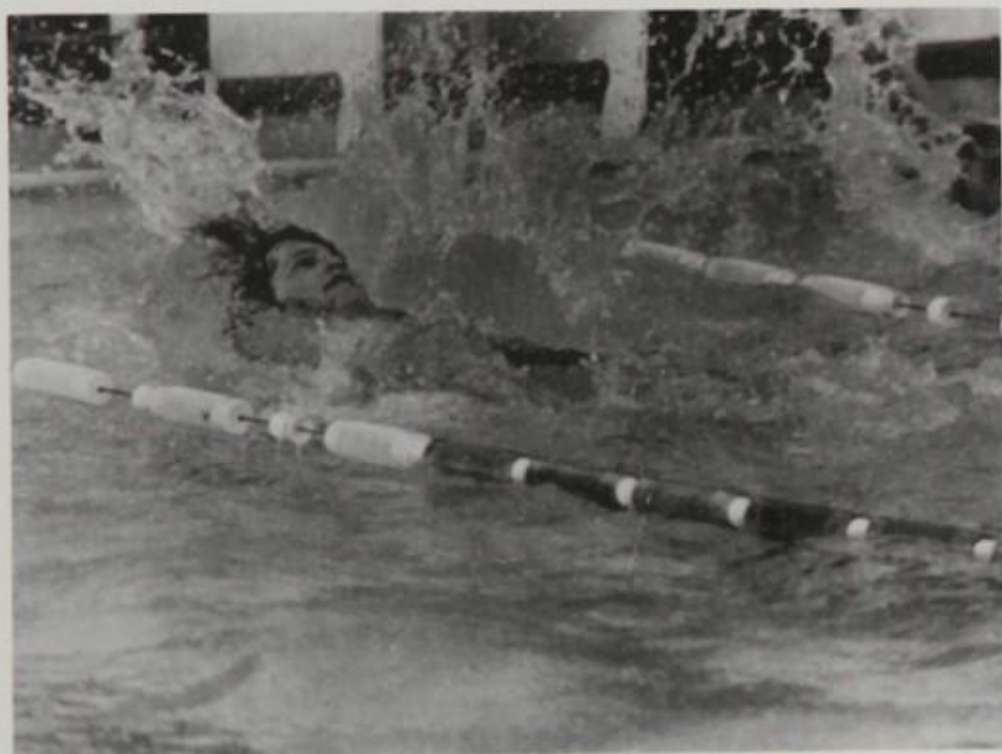
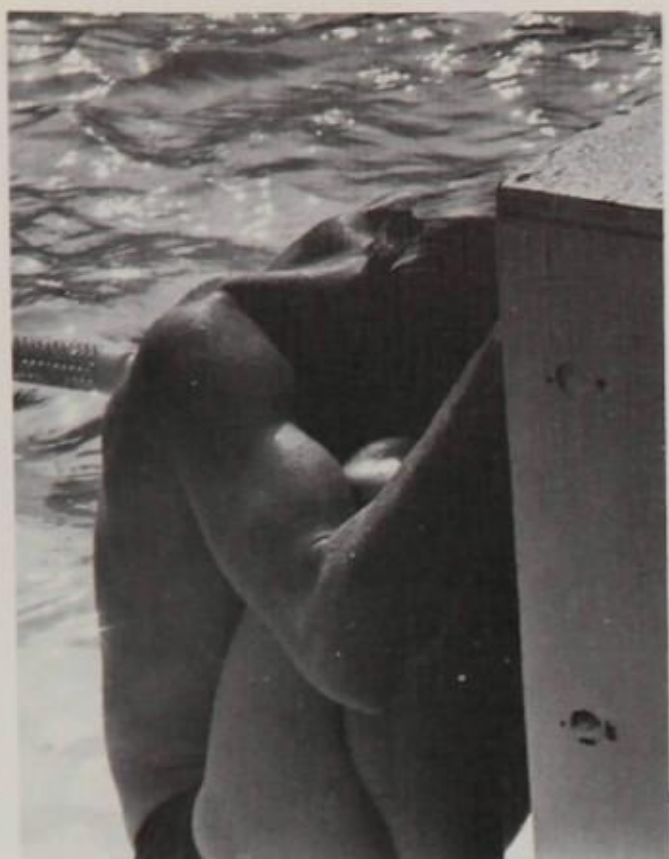
— Melville, "Bartleley The Scrivener"

Varsity Swimming



(Sitting) M. Mitchell, J. Holland, M. Healy, C. Maytam, R. Miller, G. Meyer, J. Fisher. (Standing) B. Blakely, M. Maytum, D. Sarnoff, D. Belden, T. Mitchell, M. Licher, J. Healy, Coach Stewart.

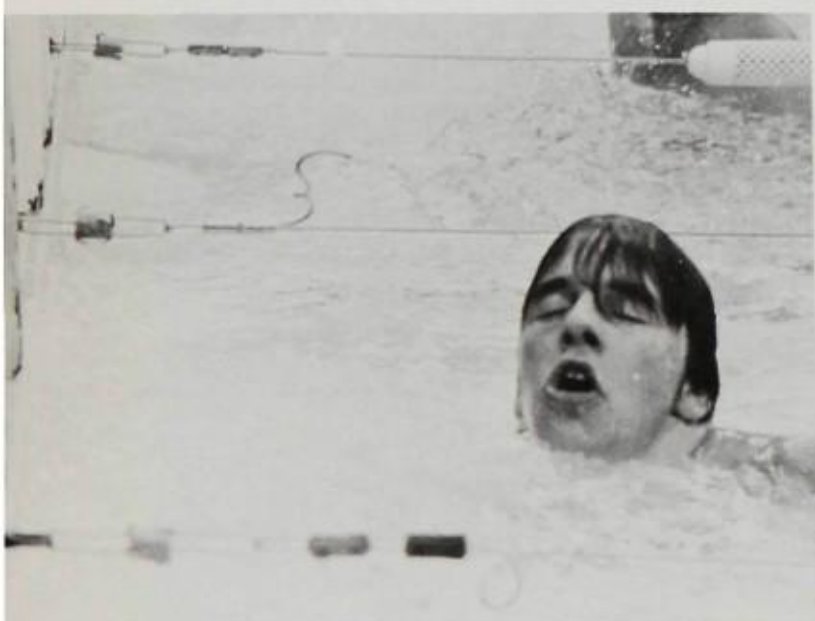






(Standing) Stupin, Adamson, Fredericks, T. Mitchell, M. Maytum, Fisher, Meyers. (Sitting) M. Mitchell, Wolpert, Healy, Holland, Lund, Howard, Radstrom, C. Maytum, Miller.

Junior Varsity





(Standing) Fredricks, Bader, Horiwitz, Carroll, Kirkeby, Healy, Lund.
(Sitting) Wolpert, Holland, Wright, Girard, Howard, Radstrom, Maytum, Sigaloff.



*Frosh —
Soph*



Instrumental Ensemble



Madrigal Chorus



Harvest

What sort of man reads Harvest?

He's a man who's part of that group of with-it, "happening" abstract thinkers. One who collects every pleasure life has to offer. Vital, involved, aware--his interests extend far beyond the ordinary.

Searching for a work of art or choosing someone to share it with he has standards well above average. And an income to match. Harvest is

read by more "high-tune" intellectual males with household incomes of \$25,000 or more than any other magazine--44% of the U.S. total. The affluent, discriminating man--dis-cover him in Harvest.



CAPRICORN

Hard work and self-confidence often leads us into doing more than we have time for. Being kind hearted and generous, we have and enjoy many friends whom we need when those frequent moments of doubt fall upon us.





**Therefore be at peace with God, whatever
you conceive Him to be.**

Chris Nevil

Entered '68
Wandered
Found self '73
Left, happy but wiser
1974



I, Chris Nevil, hereby bequeath the following important memories of my past to these most deserving friends.

To Alison; Mike, Jeff, Duncan, et al, golf carts with no reverse gear, the money you still owe me, and a hell of a lot of good memories and love.

To Mike; Van Nuys, Prudence, good times; I love you both.

To Mike K.; my gratitude — I love you. What can I say?

To Karen; Van Nuys, J.T., all the memories. You can close your eyes . . . I still love you.

To Chris; Brad, Jill and whoever I have inadvertantly left out, my gratitude and friendship.

To Mark K.; a two thousand acre spread of blueberries.

To all the faculty and administration, especially Mr. Woods, Mr. Archer, Mr. Ameer, Mr. Kehm, Mr. DiFranco, Mr. Schmidt, Ms. Carter, my thanks for your personal interest.

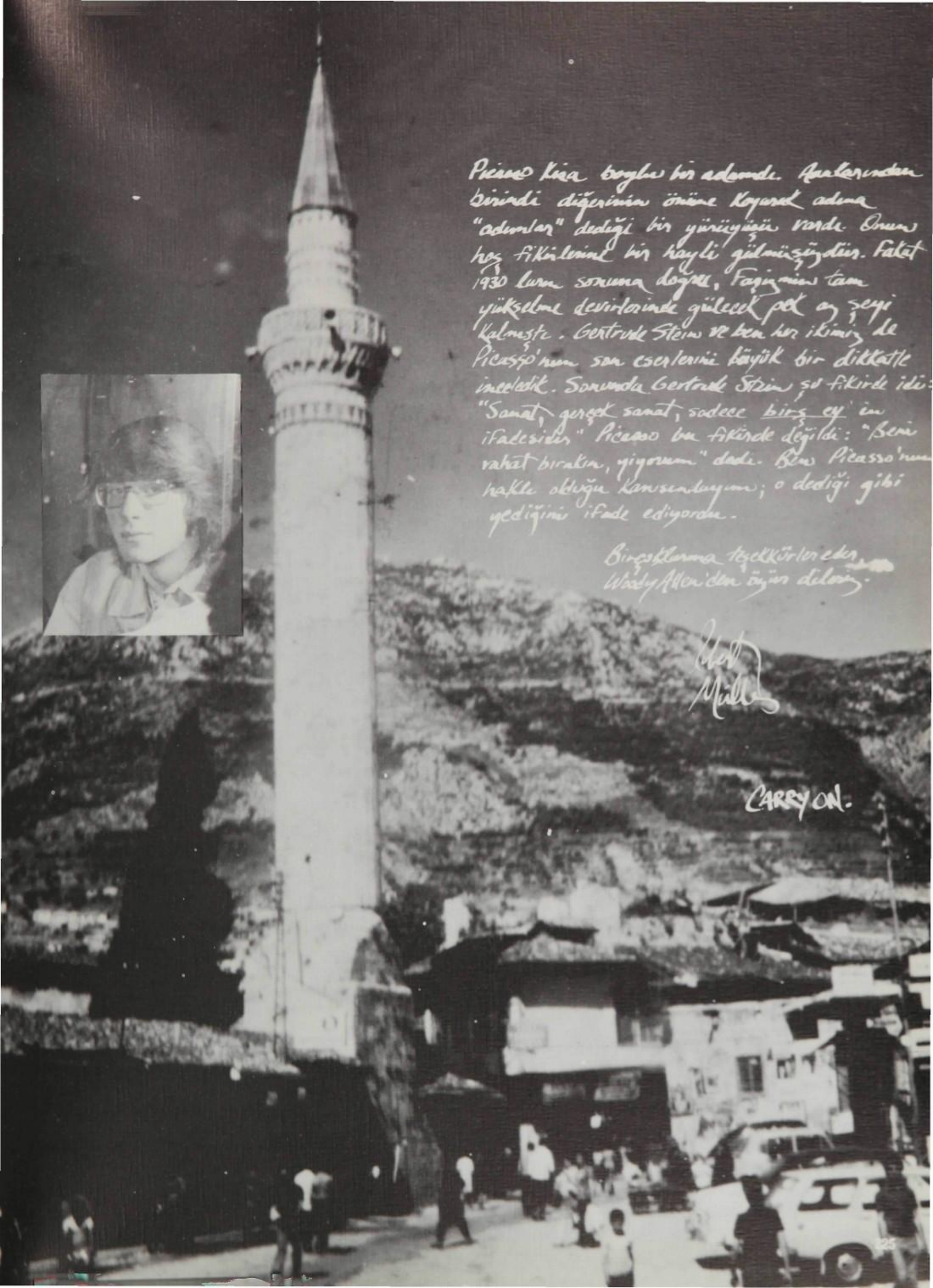
Most importantly, to my parents and the rest of my family, the only gratitude which is fitting; that which goes beyond words, namely my everlasting love.

Picasso kısa boylu bir adamdı. Analarından
birinde diğerkim önüne koyarak aduna
"adamlar" dediği bir yürüyüşü vardı. Onun
hoş fikirlerine bir hayli gülmüşüydür. Fakat
1930 lara sonuna doğru, Faizinin tam
yükselme devirlerinde gülecek pek az şeyi
kalmıştı. Gertrude Stein ve ben her ikimiz de
Picasso'nun son eserlerini büyük bir dikkatle
inceledik. Sonunda Gertrude Stein şu fikirde idi:
"Sanat, gerçek sanat, sadece birşey'in
ifadesidir" Picasso bu fikirde değildi: "Beni
rahat bırakın, yiyorum" dedi. Ben Picasso'nun
hakla oktuğu kanıksamıyım; o dediği gibi
yediğini ifade ediyordu.

Birçoklarına teşekkürler eder
Woody Allen'den özür dilerim.

Herb
Miller

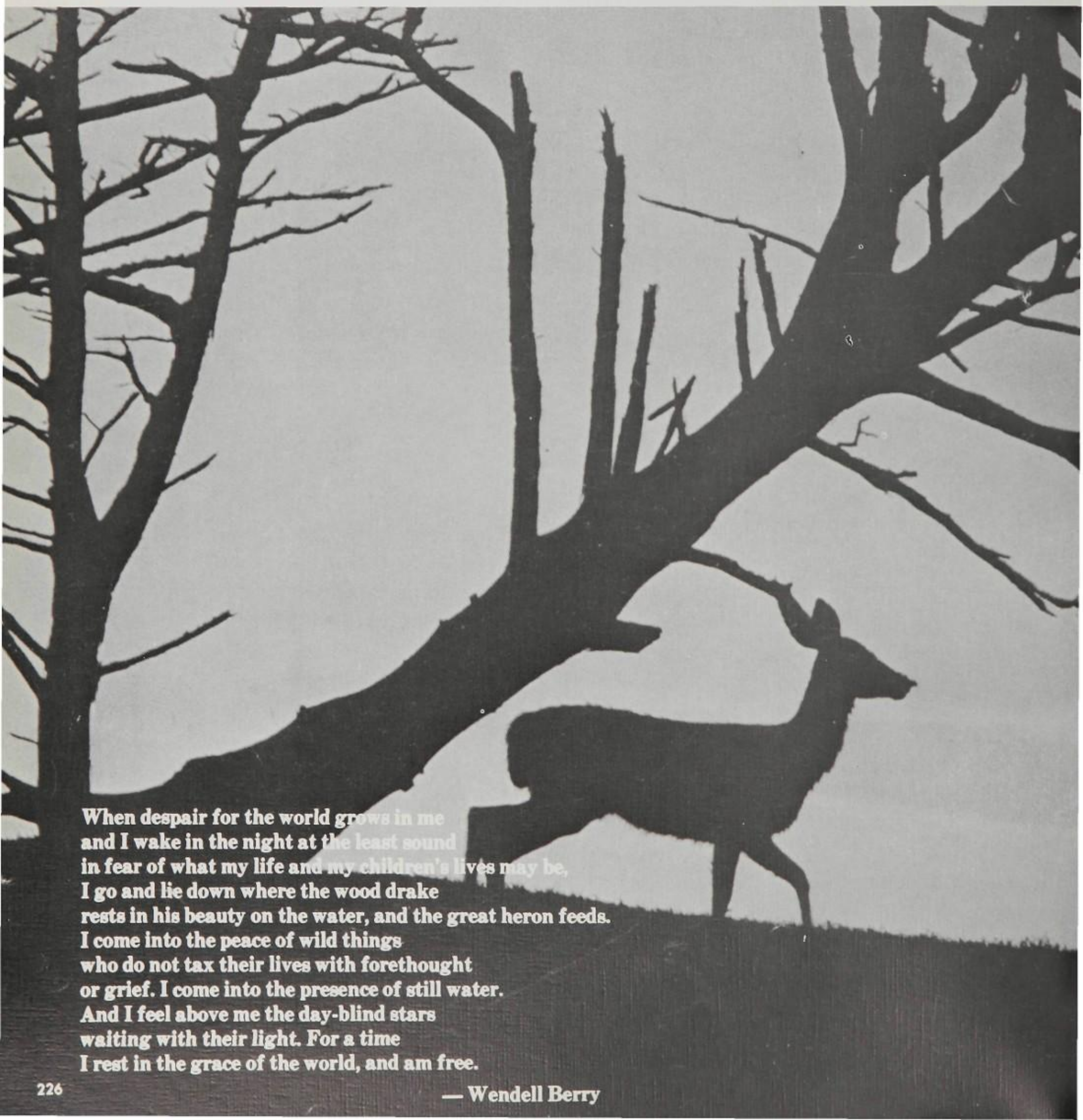
CARRY ON.



Stefano Baravelli

THANKS HARVARD

THANKS AFS



When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
or grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.



Charles Stuart Nelson



I, Chuck Nelson, known as Chucko, Chuckles and other 'neat' names leave the following memories to the following memorable people. To Clay, The Jeep, Juana (Wanna?), and an end of summer party. To Randy, the fastest Toyota around. To Paul, "a post-Tommy soiree" and the morning after — To Peter M., Japanese beer, and all the baseball facts to get you through life. To Dave and Ted, 40 ozs. of CML and two more years. To John, BMSBC, Oklahoma, and five good years. To Greg, The Junior Road, The TRUCK, and 'touch' football. To Peter "Winky-Tink" Jones, shortcuts and a near interception (Good hands Lefty). To Scott, the Stanford-S.C. connection. To Dennis, the B.C., eggs a la Mulholland, and wine floats, To Deb, sleep, and "a do you want from my life?" To Father Joh, German cars and German cops. To Coach Wine-trobe, a new chessboard, UCLA season tickets, and my thanks. To the Marlborough contingent . . . what can I say? To Doug and Kent, BEHAVE yourselves.

To the Lucases, Krogers, Berrisfords, Hotalings, Craddocks, Rutters, Messrs, Archer, Ameer, Ozawa, Berk, and McGarvey, thanks for your friendship and understanding.

To my parents and Lyn-poo, love and thanks for putting up with me. And to those above and to all who shared part of themselves to help make my seventeen years meaningful and memorable. I leave this blessing:



May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Brad Parker

Harvard Law: Under the most rigorously controlled conditions of pressure, temperature, volume, humidity, and other variables, the organism will do as it damn well pleases.

—A. S. Sussman
(alias Dr. Zinger)

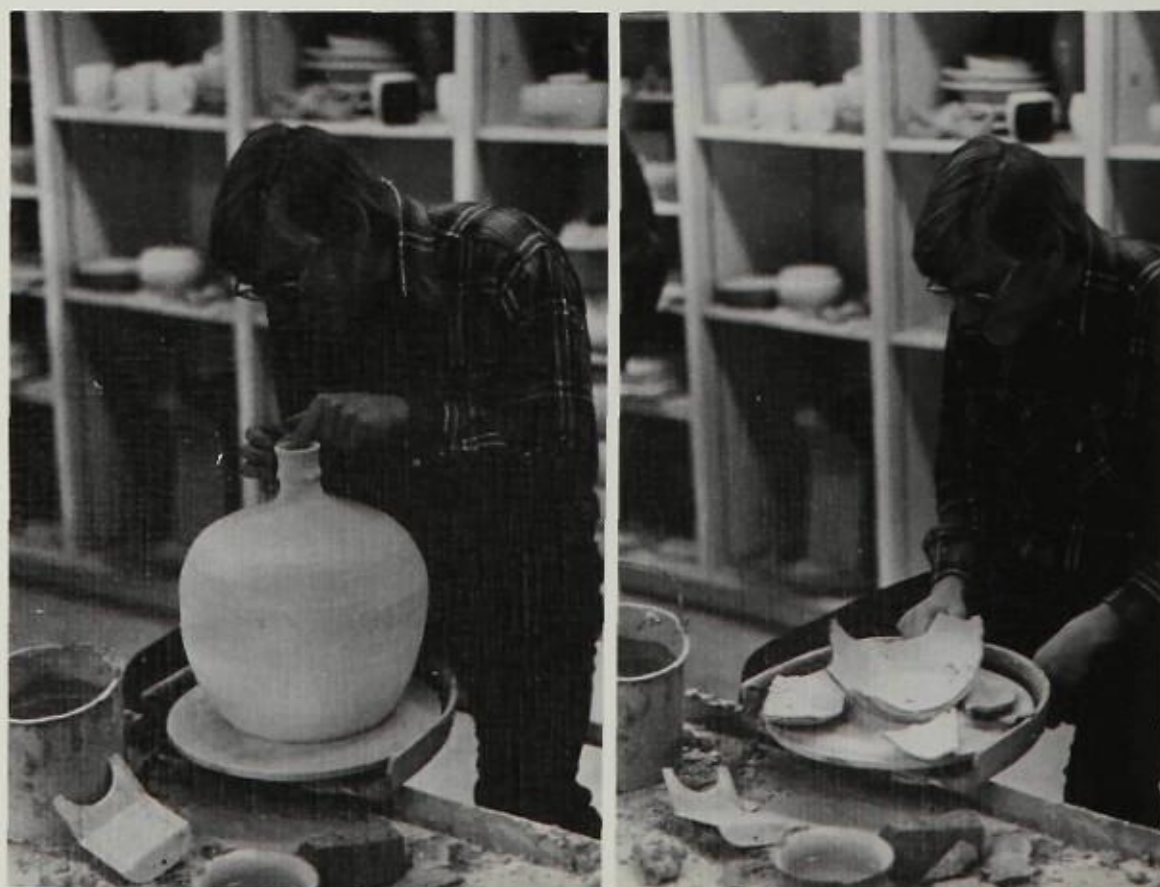
When I was a boy, I was told anybody could become President; I'm beginning to believe it.

—C. Darrow



Don't forget until too late that the business of life is not business, but living.

—B. C. Forbes





Patrick Steven McCabe

HISTORY

Varsity Basketball — 10, 11, 12
Vermont Tutorial — 10, 11, 12

Thanks to my best friend, Douglas Morris. Thanks to the Jets: R. Fischer, N. Kapp, and L. Kaplan. Also, great amounts of appreciation to the Newmans, B. Leonard, R. Shields, W. Melton, P. Stern, and J. Davison. Good luck and continued success to Mr. Archer, Mr. McCleery, Mr. Berk, and Mr. Rock. Thanks most of all to Mr. (Coach) Daniel McFadden, and especially most of all to Beth.



Although I can't say I thoroughly enjoyed this place, no harm done. I can't foresee it to change, so no comment. I am very happy, so no pity please. Keep on Keepin' On.



John Saliba

I have experienced many things at Harvard - to force myself into a single role would have destroyed many parts of me. When I made a mistake I encountered something unexpected. But when I listened to my mistakes I grew. The only habit I acquired was that I had none. Since I did it yesterday, it was reason enough not to do it today. Harvard has not conditioned me to accept the way I "should" feel but rather the way I "do" feel. One thought I would like to leave to my classmates - stop looking at each others faults and just start looking at each other. Even though words are confining, I would like to thank Mr. Amers, Kate Moore, Carl Wilson, and Mr. Cser for leading me through...



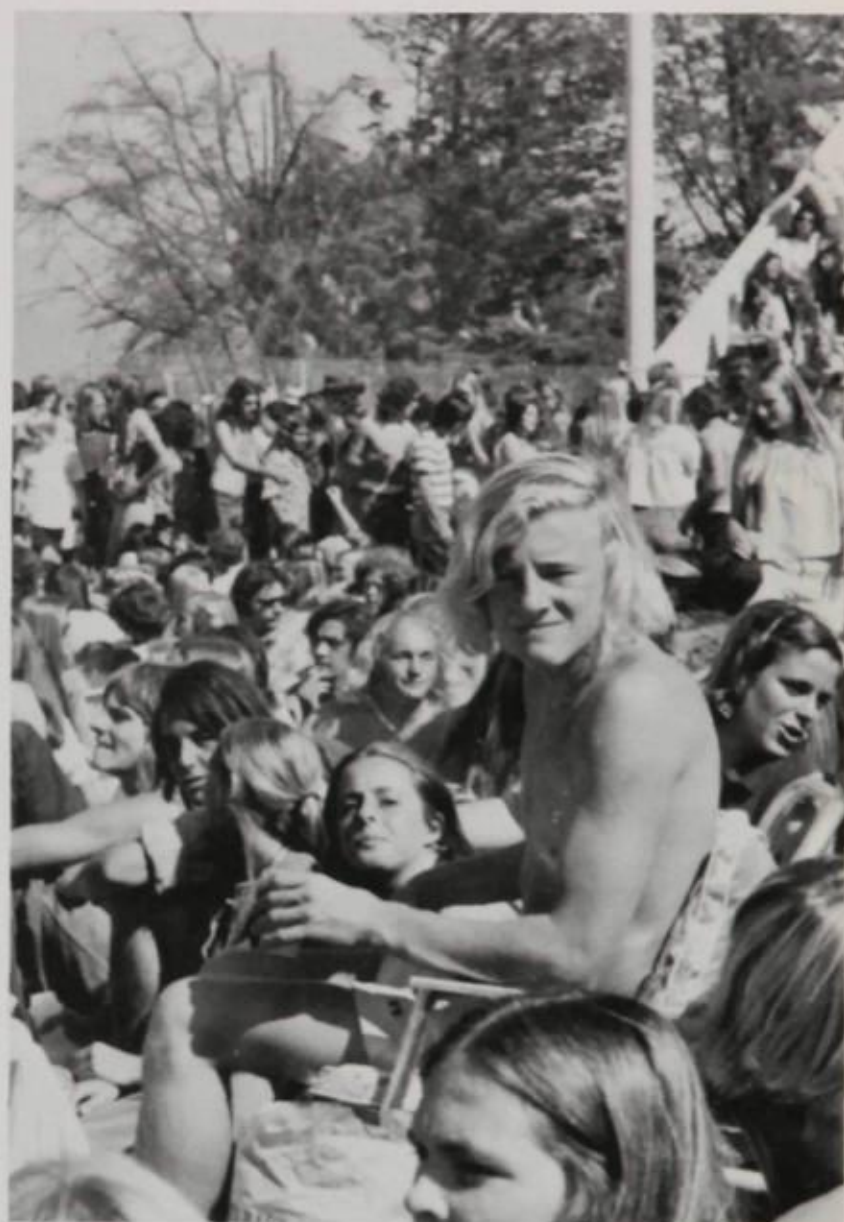
Cameron Weld Farrer

Time to Bail; a few last words.

To those who tried to make it an enjoyable existence, appreciation. To those who didn't you know who you are.

To my coterie, the initiative that we may experience situations in the future comparable to those in the past.

To the folks and my brothers, prodigious thanks for trying to understand me, while giving me the opportunity.



To the all,



Adios

Bruce R. Royer

Perhaps I am
The way I am
Because I never
Gave up my memories
For anyone.

Good times

Trey: the powder bowl, Marcie, feeding seagulls, \$100.00 seats, Big Sur when it's not raining, and a most unreal trip to Colorado.

Pat: a manual on how to drive a stick shift and avoid a Mac truck while driving sideways on an icy road, a shot of Tequila, and Colorado.

Gary: Mammoth, "I'm just one hungry dude," Mexico, and UCSD.

Olm: Catilina, how to find Shark Harbor, Ala Moana, Porter's, and Capistrano.

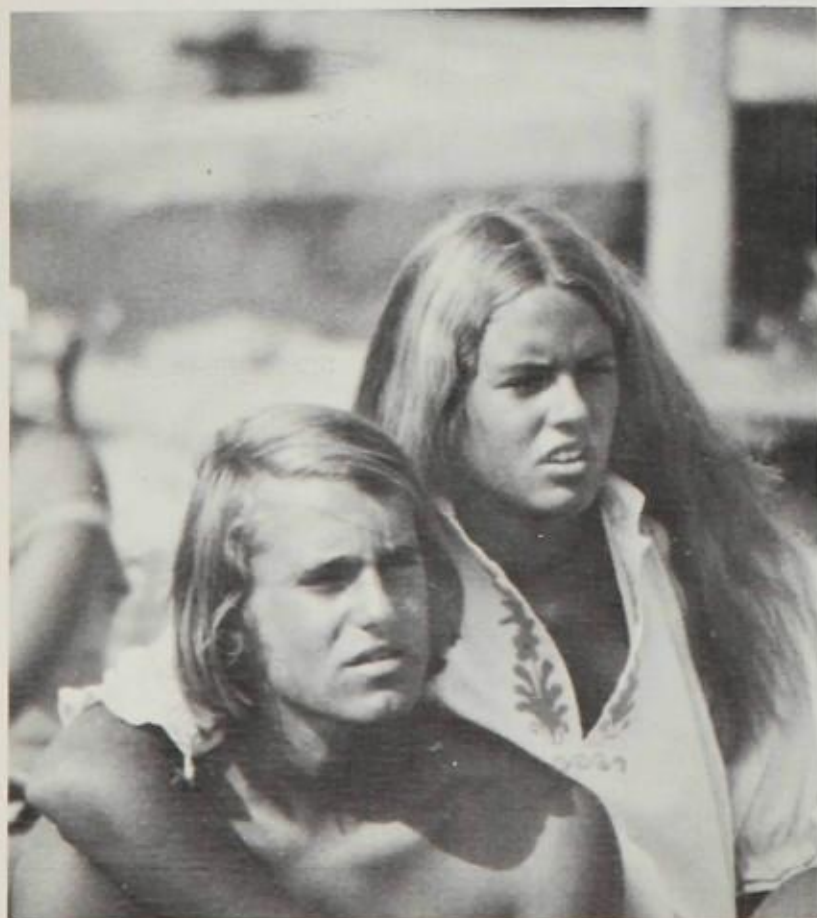
Bruce: Long Beach, Palm Springs, and Peach Brandy.

Brad: Dennys Deluxe, and "Sit on my _____."

"Pork:" Capistrano, a few more years, and a sense of knowledge.

To the teachers and administration: thanks for all the help and guidance.

To my parents: thanks for such a meaningful education and your patience.



Alicia,
People
so seldom
say I love you
and then
it's either too late
or love goes
so when I tell you
I love you
it doesn't mean
I know you'll never go
only that
I wish you didn't
have to.

Memories of times spent with you, our tears of joy and sorrow,
happiness and love.

Jim Shelton



I, Jim Shelton, alias Ern, Ernie, and other unmentionables, do hereby bequeath the following: To Dick, GB, Mardi Gras, my water skiing form and a quicker car than mine; to Healy, CW, AV, fine weekends, and my car; to Lew, a trip to Hawaii, body-surfing at Makaha, a nest of mosquitos and 80 bites, red spotted walls and good times; to Zaro, another year, 1st prefect, mornings to school, and an impossible new image; to R. Miller, the oke-dookies, CG, ML, CA, CG; to McCook, CW and SF, I told you so; to Royer, the 3 Stooges, "I'm busy", Tectron, good times; to Saliba, all my notes; to Stern, the front seat, mornings to school and a car all your own; to Stien, a Ping-Pong table, Disneyland, LR, CG, CA, and All Mar. girls, the Blazer and CU, a closet full of beers, the scenic route and all the cold ones I owe you; to P. Neville, 4 more years, and growing pills; to "D", a punch in the side, Mr. Frank in 10 takes and a little makeup; to D. Miller, a year without football; to Hohl, my whole lunch, JV Football; to Meyer, AAAAMMMM, make up and my buddy; to Steve, the Weasle, the V-dub, summer of 72, the beach, the ranch, JA and Cheynne all the red wine you can drink, a 360 mirror, all the coldies and uncountable good times. I would also like to express my thanks to Father Gill, Mr. Ameer, Gordon Mon, Senor Martinez, Mr. Miller, Mr. Roberts, and coaches Billingsly and Michaud, and my deepest thanks to Mr. Archer for his concern, inspiration and direction and to my parents for everything.

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

William Cowper

Christopher Clive Thompson



I, Chris Thompson, alias "That guy with the Firebird", do hereby, herein and heretofore bequeath the following: To "J", Ships at 1:30 A.M. and Jack Daniels after that; To Clay, Confederate power forever; To Brad, Corrie and a much better concert next time; To T.D.L., a physics final that needs no studying and a pound of Los Angeles Country Club home grown; To Dana C., the Executive Life and a lifetime supply of Karens; To Chip, 100 free bumpers (front or rear) at Chazens; To Joe, Izzzy, and Dan, three season passes to the senior parking lot; To Brad L., you can split Corrie with Thorpe; To Jim, a metallic brown Vette with fog lights; To Mike, a T.A. (figure that one out); To Peter J., next New Year's Eve with the Bloomingdales and Johnny Carson; To "Il Padrone", Mr. Woods; To Bill, Greg Champion; To Dennis, another dented door; To Owen, a driver's license before he is twenty-five; To Mario, a fearless race at Ontario; To Cathy, an S.D. 455 Trans Am to replace that Z-29, or was that 28?; To Ty, Carina forever without her brothers; and to Messrs. Miller, Woods, Rock, Berrisford and Ameer, my sincere thanks for six good ones at Harvard.



Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all convictions, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Certainly W. B. Yeates epitomized the present state of the world, and the future of the world in these lines. There are many ways in which Harvard has given me the tools with which to fend against the future, and there are many ways in which it failed me.

He who tries to hide in pictures of the past will be lost in the turbulent future to come. Only by looking forward, only if every time you are thrown down you rise once again. Only if you move ever forward, no matter the wounds you bear, no matter how much you want to give up.

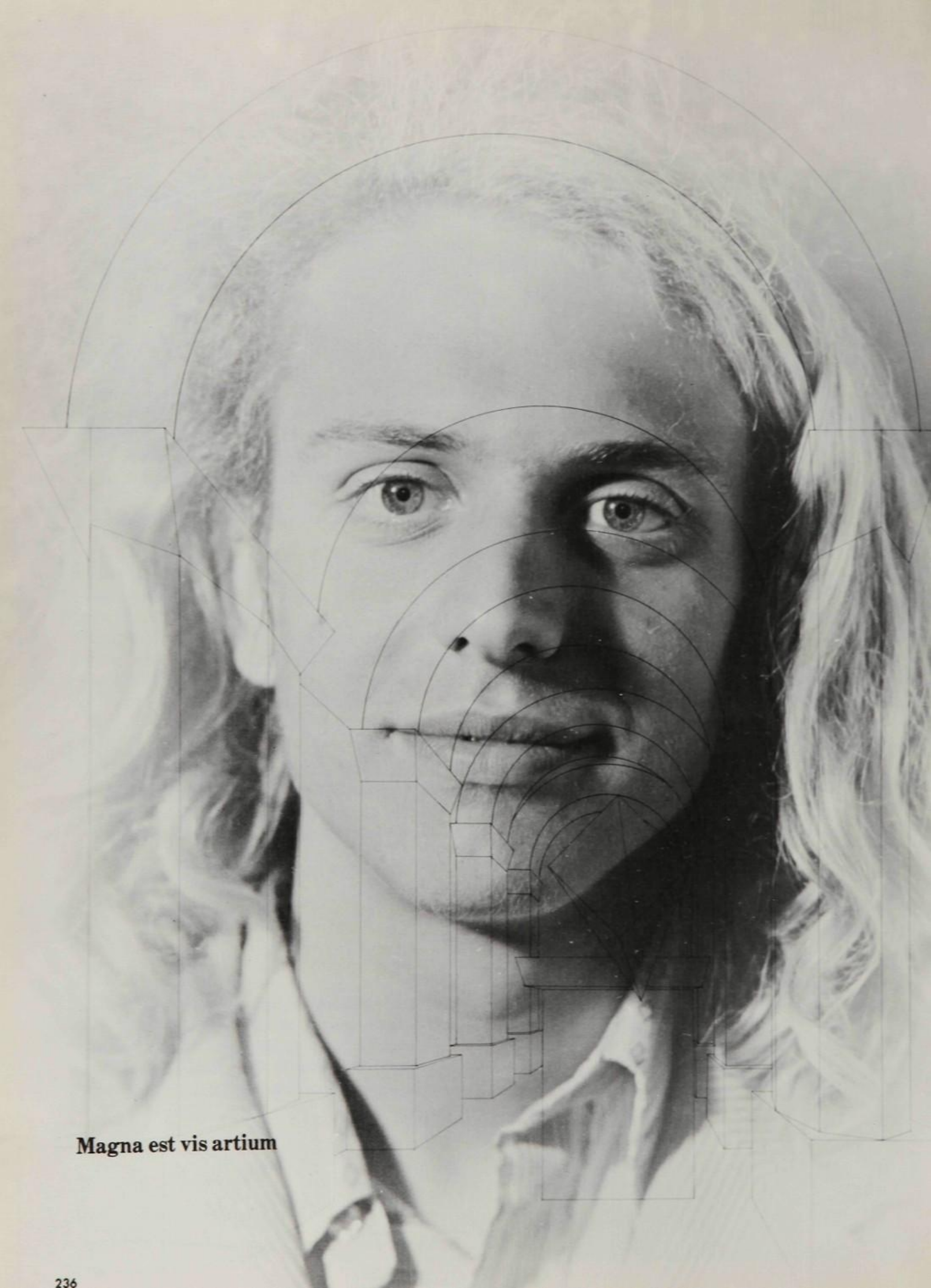
This is the only way you will be able to preserve your individual freedoms, (The knowledge of which I thank Harvard for showing me) no matter how you envision them. You will be lost trying to look back at pictures of the past.

Haephestius, gird my loins; Odysseus stand to my right, Tiresias stand to my left, together we must fight our way through the future.

I now bestow praise, for what my praise is worth, upon a few who have been worthy friends. Wayne Woodman, you too shall survive. Eric Thorson, don't take it so hard. Tom Linton, fast is not all. Christopher Hormel, all is not lost. Shawn Curtis, you will be on the nose. Bert Bernheim and Tom Brown, a file box with a baby who died of malnutrition, and beneath it the jewel of hope. I leave the jewel to Eric Lund and Robert Swick. Gregory Hormel, to be bathed in the river Styx, to never be wounded.

To these people I leave thanks for bestowing upon me the gift of; J. McCleery and the English Department, apathy towards many and varied things. Messrs. Rinnander, Archer, Berk, the ability to analyze. T. Woods, the ability to speak verbosely and voluosly on things. My parents, life. Hiedi, a candle burning in a night gale, if only for a fleeting moment of time.

Justin D. Ituri



Magna est vis artium

Jonathan Greenberg



First Prefect
Ethics Day
Forensics
Cum Laude

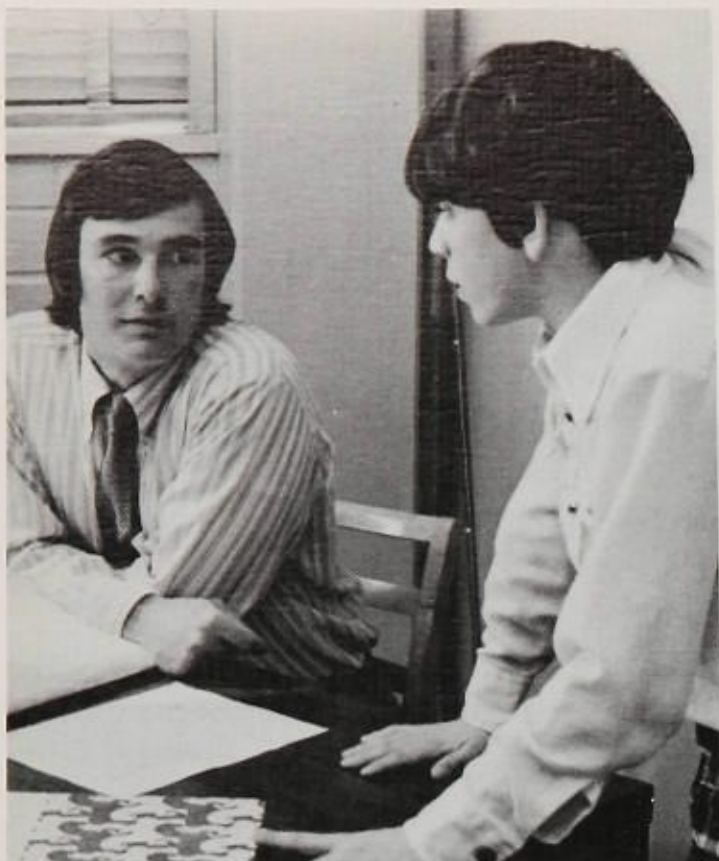
"On and on and on and on he strode, far
out over the sands, singing wildly to the
sea, crying to greet the advent of the life
that had cried to him."

James Joyce

A Portrait of the
Artist as a Young Man

This was a time of changing and learning and growing. As I think about people who have shared these experiences with me, helping me to enjoy, to understand, to decide . . . I can only smile: this place has been good to me, and I feel deep appreciation.

. . . and I leave Harry my gavel, finally.



CRAIG E. McGARVEY
Mathematics
B.A., B.S. Brown
Three Years

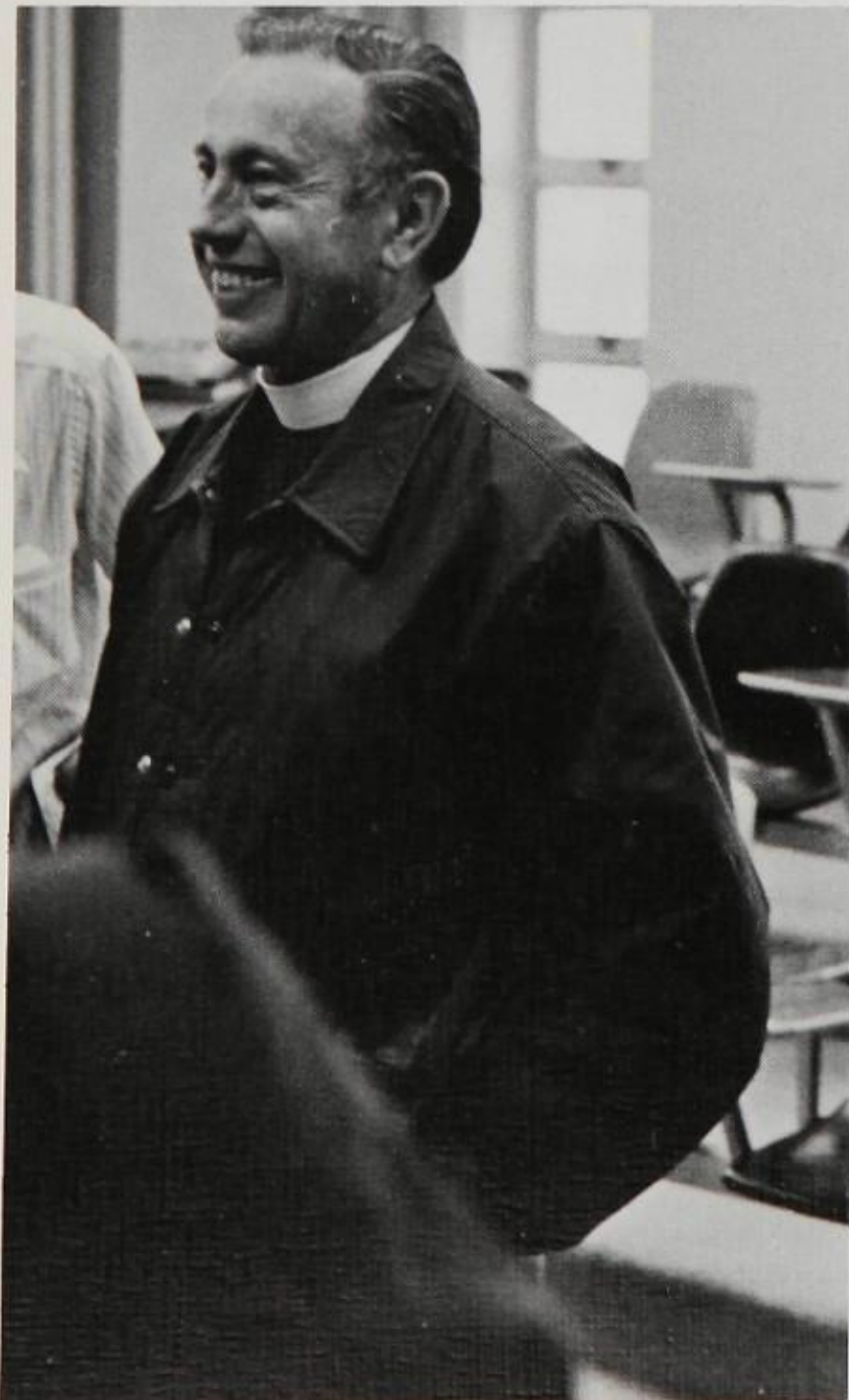
"So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry, and tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? The evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparker dims on the prairie, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the earth, darkens all rivers, cups the peaks and folds the final shore in, and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the Father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty."

think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the Father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty."

— Jack Kerouac

"So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald



REV. JOHN S. GILL
Social Studies
B.A. San Diego State
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Thirty-two Years

"Add this to your fund of useless information."



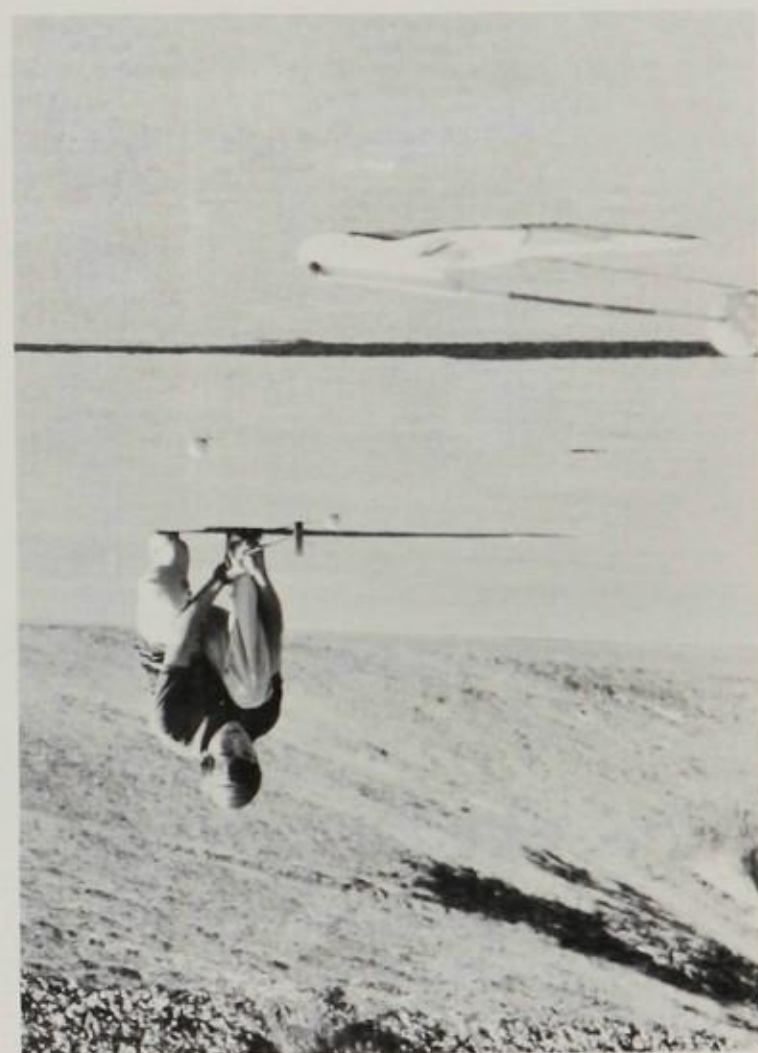
STURE N. RADSTROM
Mathematics
Teaching Diploma Folkskollare Upsala, Sweden
Eleven Years



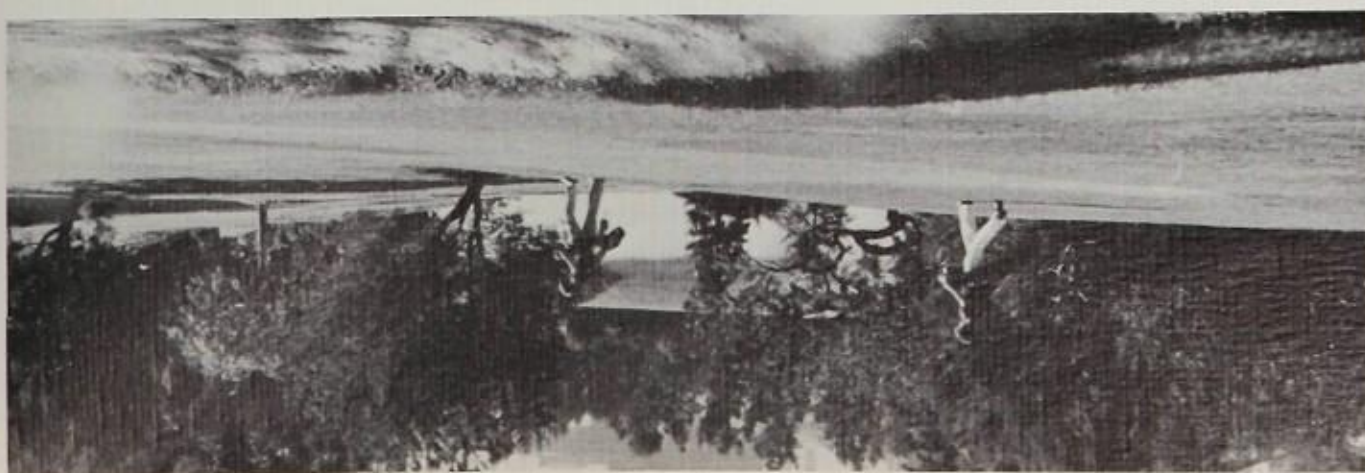
ANN DESHLER
Typing
B.A. U.C.L.A.
One Year

**"Few persons have courage enough to appear as
 good as they really are."**

— Julius Charles and August W. Hare



Coach Goodman, S. Gillette, K. Morgan, B. Reich, J. Hookstratten, B. Stephens, C. Crane.



Golf

Ethics Day

The purpose of Ethics Day is to provide a forum for students to confront some of the great dilemmas of political philosophy and morality, and to reach for a better understanding of the responsibilities of the state to its citizens and a citizen to its state.

— John Greenbergs opening statement



Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and more steadily we reflect on them: the starry heavens above and the moral law within.

— Immanuel Kant

The law no longer serves the needs of the people
— which is a pretty good definition of morality.

— Father Berrigan



**Thomas Adams
Fred Anawalt
Robert Andrews**

**Clifford Baker
Spencer
Beglarian
Jordan Bender**

**Kris Bergen
Samuel Biggers
Mark Block**

**Rahr Borchardt
David Brittain
Peter Brown**

**Chris Burr
Fritz Canby
Lowell Cannon**

**Tim Carson
Steve Clooback
Mark Cole**

**Tony Connor
John Cross
Jess
Cunningham**



**Cody Forbes
Chris Forman
Dave Fredricks**

**Mark Gates
Bill Gleason
Craig Glick**

**Pete Goldstein
Dan Goodman
Bill Griswold**

Seventh





David Daniels
Carter DeHaven
Mat Deskin

Tim Dietenhofer
Tim Dodge
Charles
Donnelly

Arben Dosti
Rob Drake
Brian Eisenrich

Mat Entenza
Baron Eyraud
Rob Flaherty



Grade



Mike Haynes
Brett Heller

John Hennessy
Easton Herd





Bill Holland
Dan Holzman
John Huggins
Tom Ineh
Steve Ingram
Hikota Ishizaka
Mike Kahn

Andy Kaiser
Dana Kershner
Jay Kovats
Paul Lawrence
Will Lee
Scott Levin
Steve Livengood

Boughton Lucas
Mark Lundell
Robert MacCulloch
Peter Mann
Anthony Markes
Mark Meihaus
Mike Meyers

Steve Mitchel
Mike Monroe
Allen Myerson
David Naylor
Kimball Neelley
Richard Nutt
Michael Olch

John Pearce
Mike Pearson
Yale Penzell
Bill Phelps

Dave Plants
Mark Pomeroy
Richard Pops
Chris Reich



Frank Vodhanel
Eric Walter
Marc Wax

Mitchell Weiner
David Wolf
Ben Woythaler

Brian Wright
Andrew Yamamoto
Greg Zimmerman



Lawrence Renick
Steve Riach
Craig Roecker
Shaun Samuels

James Sargeant
Chriss Scharff
David Schnitt
John Scott

Mike Shapero
Robert Shores
Spyros Skouras
Mike Smidt

Geoff Standing
Barry Stulberg
Harry Tarnoff
Mark Tedesco

Mike Turner
James Terzian
Keith Tobias
David Vernon

Exchange Programs



Harvard students have a wide range of exchange programs available to them. Students may choose either where a single Harvard boy is assigned to any of a England or Japan number of countries. The Japan group consists of about ten Harvard boys and a few girls from local schools. The English Speaking Union program assigns a boy to a full year abroad in at an English boarding school.



This year Stefano Baravelli has become an active part of the Harvard community. He was an invaluable aid in introducing the Japanese exchange students to the American lifestyle. He was the host of our first International Day where AFS students attending different schools in the Los Angeles area gathered together at Harvard to share their own experiences with our students as well as learn something about our own school. Stefano is a full year AFS student but students can go abroad under the AFS program for the summer months as did Pete McCook, a Harvard student who spent last summer in Chile.



Japan

During the summer, we send students to our sister school in Japan, Tamagawa Gakuen. This experience is a rare one for high school students because of the lack of available programs, but also it provides an opportunity to understand the often misunderstood Orient. This year eleven Japanese boys spent two weeks at Harvard and also Easter vacation with their host families. The Harvard-Tamagawa relationship is a lasting one and plans are being made to extend our exchange.



England

For a great many years Harvard has been a member of the English Speaking Union. This year two seniors chose to spend a full year in England, and David Thomas has been at Harvard since Christmas. As we are told by returning exchange students, mother England is much different from our version of America, and the English boys who have been at Harvard have also had to make unexpected adjustments.



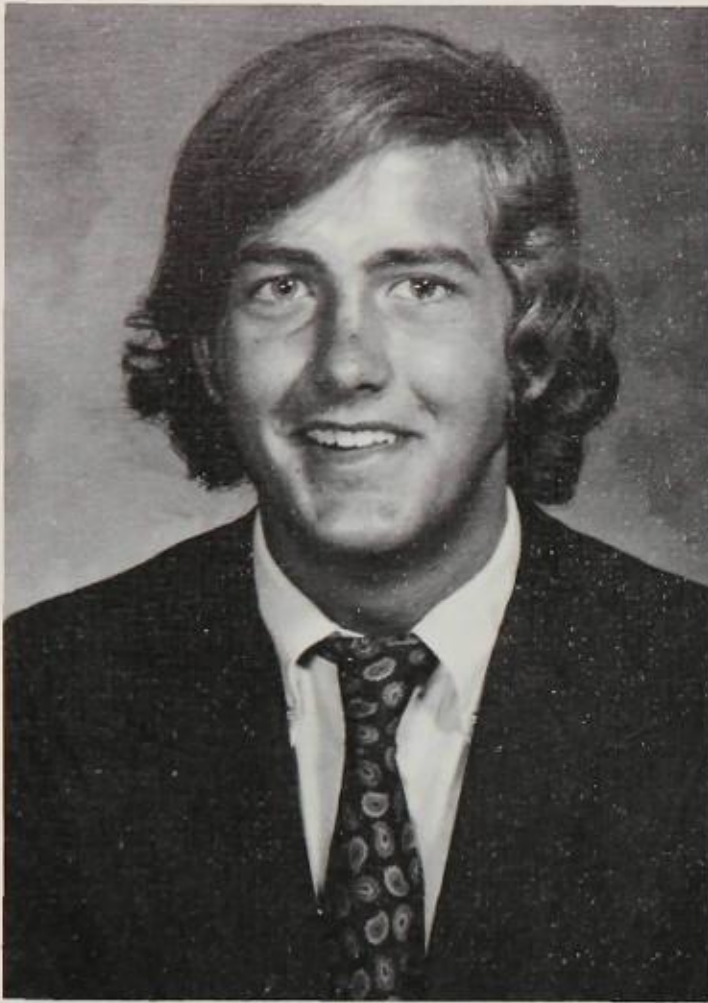


AQUARIUS

Potential greatness can only be realized if we rely on ourselves and let not laziness and melancholy stop us. We easily absorb information and ideas and use them to make carefully discriminating judgements. If we control our changeableness and boasting, then our natural spiritual healing powers can infuse ourselves and others.

And whatever your labors and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul.

Dennis Lynn



"If words came as ready as ideas, and ideas as feelings, I could say ten hundred kind things. You know not my supreme happiness at having one on earth whom I can call friend." Charles Lamd

To Peter I leave: Kodachrome, the "Summer of '93" and 15 years; To Randolph I leave a mutual strange sense of humor and a box of razor blades; To Clay I leave invitations and "A Happy Surprise;" To Chuck I leave a gift certificate to The Lido Market; To Joe and Terry I leave a case of Strawberry Hill to split, Saturday nights, and "life;" To Mike I leave Magdalena's recipe for chicken salad and a new car; To Haldy I leave Palm Springs & Pooky; To Malouie I leave a new last name and Eggbert; To David I leave Saturday football games and a brick; To the Blob I leave insults and a '68 Mercury wagon; To Pete M. I leave a roll of M'Lady shelf paper and Rasbonyas-eyacha-benifouchie; And to John G. I leave a contract to write cheers for next year's Rally Committee. To Brad I leave peeling potatoes, lunch at the Mart, and commandments 10 and 12. To Bobbin I leave "Morning has Broken," "Round and Round" and "Old Ranch Road." And to Jeff I leave the responsibility of driving everybody everywhere and a gallon of gas to do it with.

"True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost."

Charles Colton

Thanks to ALL.



Tom Linton

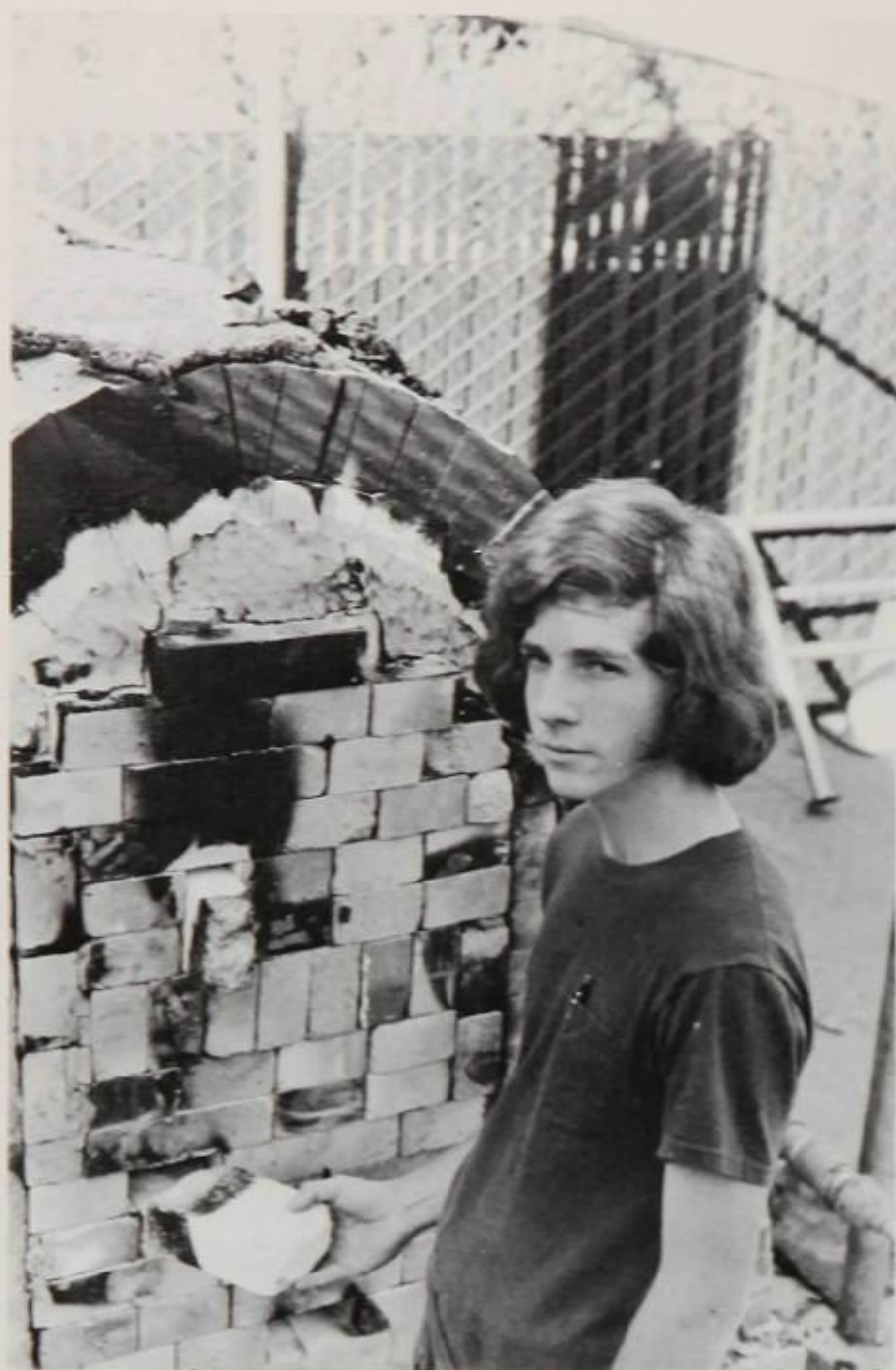
To Meyer — A portrait of David and his friends for beneath your sheets
To Swanson — The Pit, The Inner Pit, and Zuma holes 8' in diameter
To Cammie — Brother Zimmerman, esoteric verbage and pseudo intellectualism
To Stine — Ashes and a snowblow
To Gladsamen — "Joy" for life and my mucus encrusted thanks for being able to leave the driving to you in S.B.
To Miller — Cheryll of Lido and deep wedge pits with me inside
To D. Sarnoff — Jr. Birdmen and more doobies
To Spaceman — The tantalizing tromp and lasivious stomp — "You crazy fliphead Olm"
To G. Scott — The Blue Flame, and my snow talent
To Izzy — A lead jaw breaker for yer head
To Schwarzmenn — The omnipotent sun as translated by P. Kantner and a hog's head of real fire
To Zdenek — A new head to replace your (soon to be phased out) present one
To Rosemont — Surfin' in Laguna at 2:00 AM followed by a brisk game of ice hockey in the pool



To Dituri — High Mountains
To Sack — Me, to bum rides on all your snow trips
To Carvel — A slippery sperm whale
To Read — Multilocalism and mucho head
To Oscar McCosker — My great self and Wayne

Thanks to all my teachers, John Luebtow, and most of all my parents.





Bill Taradash

Rather than write a Will in which I "leave" everyone I've known some symbolic items, I will simply go over some past thoughts and friends.

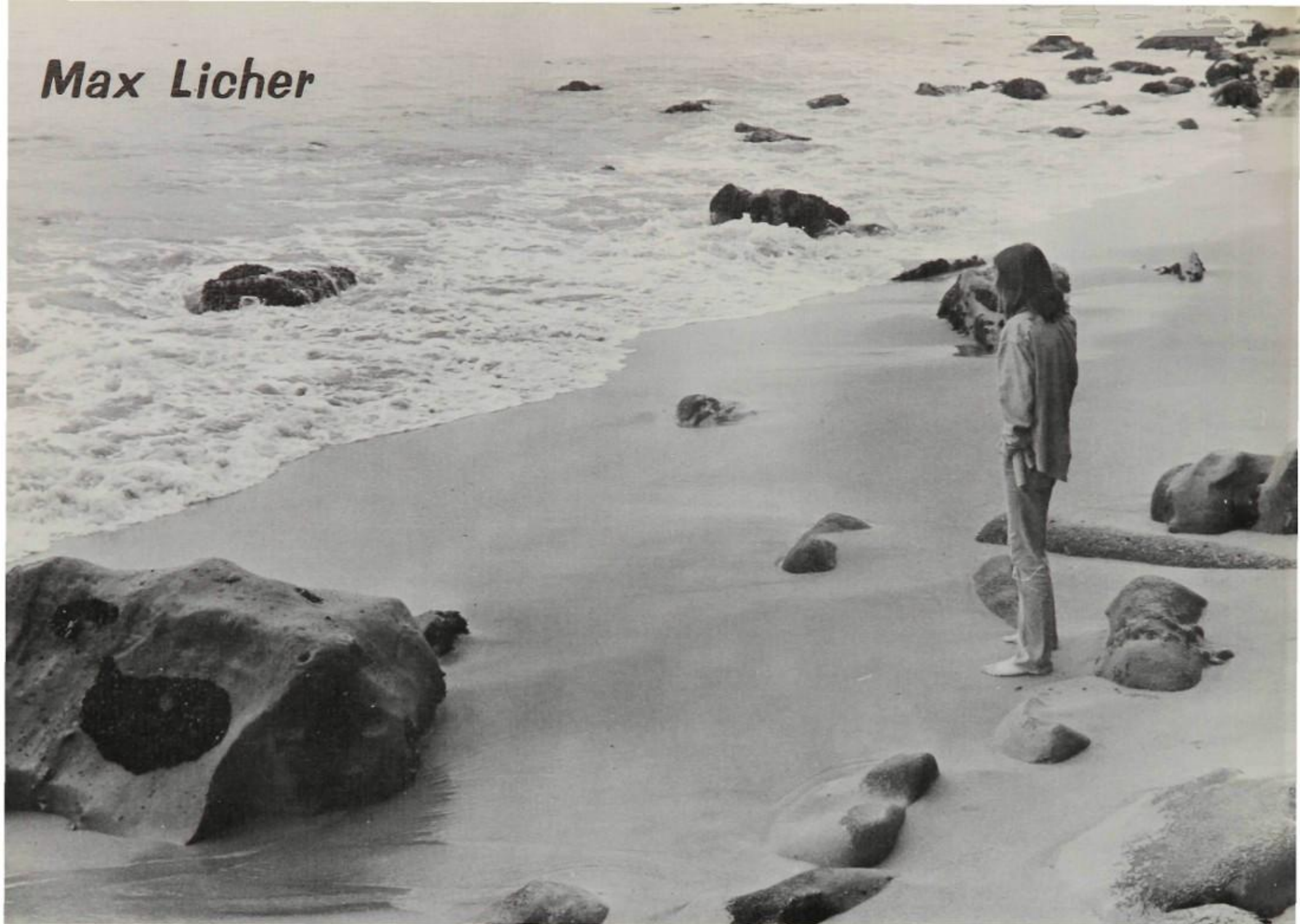
I'll remember Chris N. and the dwindling friendship. What happened? I'll remember Chris T., thanks for showing me a life style that will never be part of me. I'll remember Brad T., thanks for being one of my many "occasional" friends. Glen R. will surely be in my memories, although I'm not exactly sure in what way. I'll remember John S., his ideas and the sculptures that never were. I'll remember Dixie Canyon, Crystal, Jack, Ang and the rest, all so wonderful. I'll remember the military and the band, one year wasn't so bad. I will especially remember Carl Wilson and John Luebtow for their time, effort and who knows what else. Finally, I thank the administration and Harvard for six enjoyable years of education and much more.



Craig Cohee



Max Licher



Thank you all for making my world what it has been and is now.

I do not choose to be a common man. It is my right to be uncommon . . . if I can. I seek opportunity, not security. I do not wish to be a kept citizen, humbled and dulled by having a state look after me. I want to take the calculated risk; to dream and to build, to fail and to succeed. I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence; the thrill of fulfillment to the stale calm of utopia. I will not trade freedom for beneficence nor my dignity for a handout. I will never cower before any master nor bend to any threat. It is my heritage to stand erect, proud and unafraid; to think and act for myself; enjoy the benefits of my creations and to face the world boldly and say, this I have done.

— Dean Alfange





CHRISTOPHER BERRISFORD
 Headmaster
 B.A., M.A. Oxford
 M. Ed. Harvard
 Five Years

We are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tasks, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. — Thucydides



JIM ACKERMAN
 Social Studies
 B.A., M.A. U.S.C
 B.A., M.A. University of Cambridge
 One Year

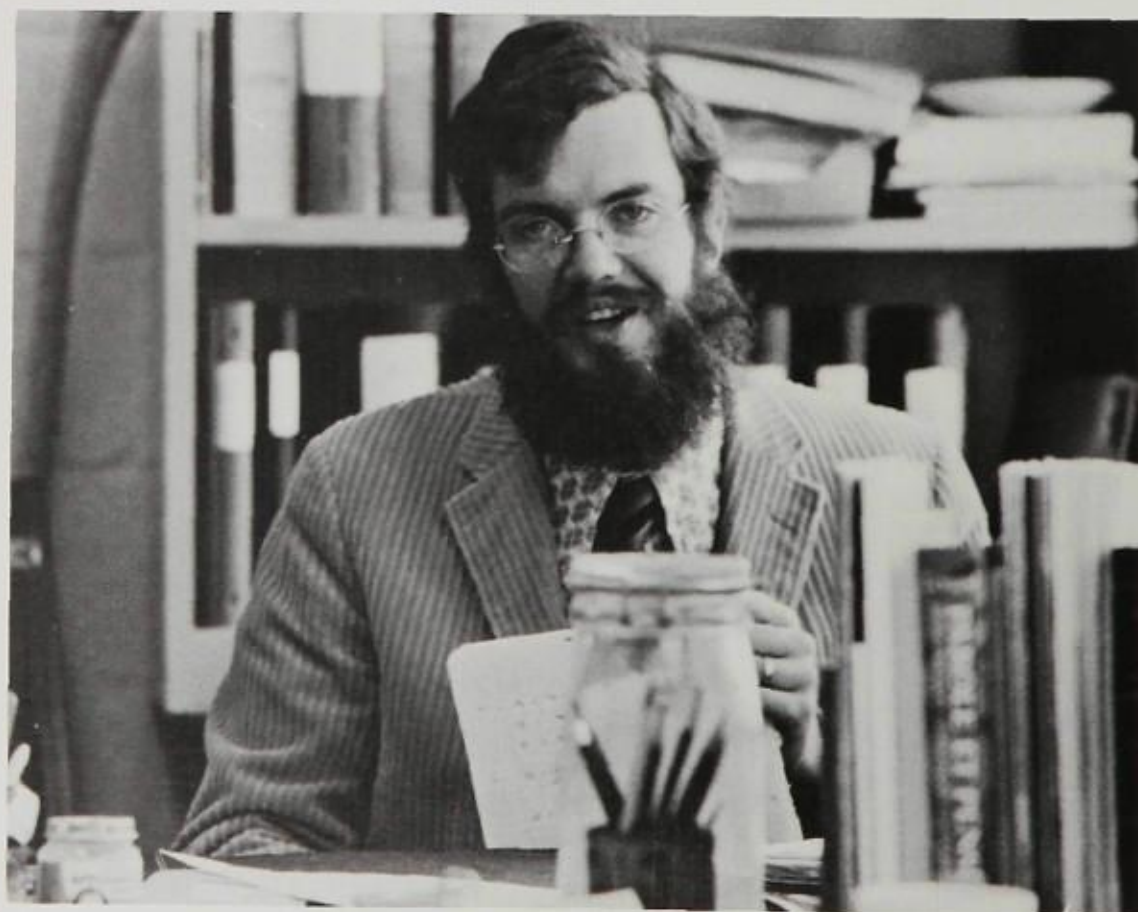
It is better to dance in the stillness, to sing in harmony instead of dissonance, to kindle a light in the midst of darkness. And I believe we must hope that all through the darkness tiny points of light will shine back. And, perhaps someday, we will all stand bathed in a brilliant light. And then, who knows what we may see?



Michael —
I hope to see you
in Physics, and maybe
other courses I will
love to have you
in class very much this
year
John Clark
(However, I
don't think much
of your
rapidographs.)
". . . But whoever said the world was fair?"

"Go fish and hunt far and wide day by day, — farther and wider, — and rest thee by many brooks and hearth-sides without misgiving. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Rise free from care before the dawn, and seek adventures. Let the noon find thee by other lakes, and the night overtake thee everywhere at home. There are no larger fields than these, no worthier games than may here be played. Grow wild according to thy nature, like these sedges and brakes, which will never become English hay. Let the thunder rumble; what if it threaten ruin to farmers' crops? that is not its errand to thee. Take shelter under the cloud, while they flee to carts and sheds. Let not to get a living be thy trade, but by thy sport. Enjoy the land, but own it not. Through want of enterprise and faith men are where they are, buying and selling, and spending their lives like serfs."

— H. D. Thoreau



TIMOTHY JOHN CORCORAN
Foreign Languages
B.A. Arizona
Four Years



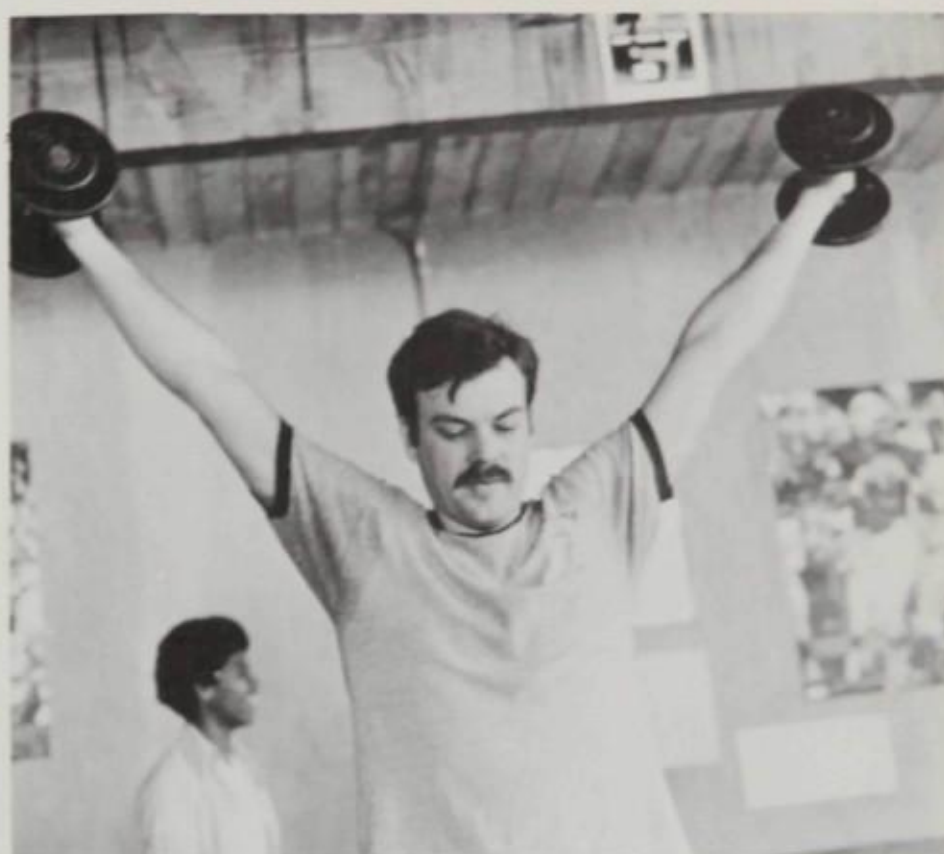
JOY O. DISKIN
English
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. Cal State L.A.
One Year

"I would like to thank the Sentinal Annual staff for affording me this opportunity to express myself."

DAVID P. ROCK
English
B.A. Loyola
Three Years

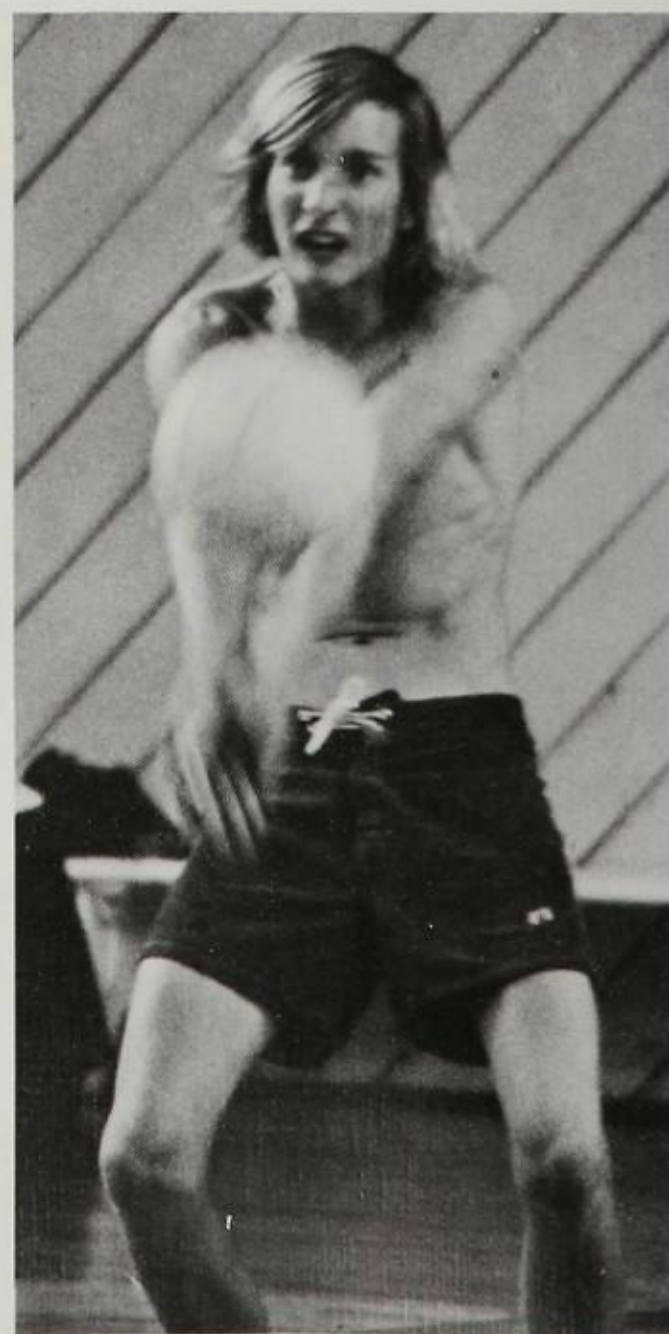
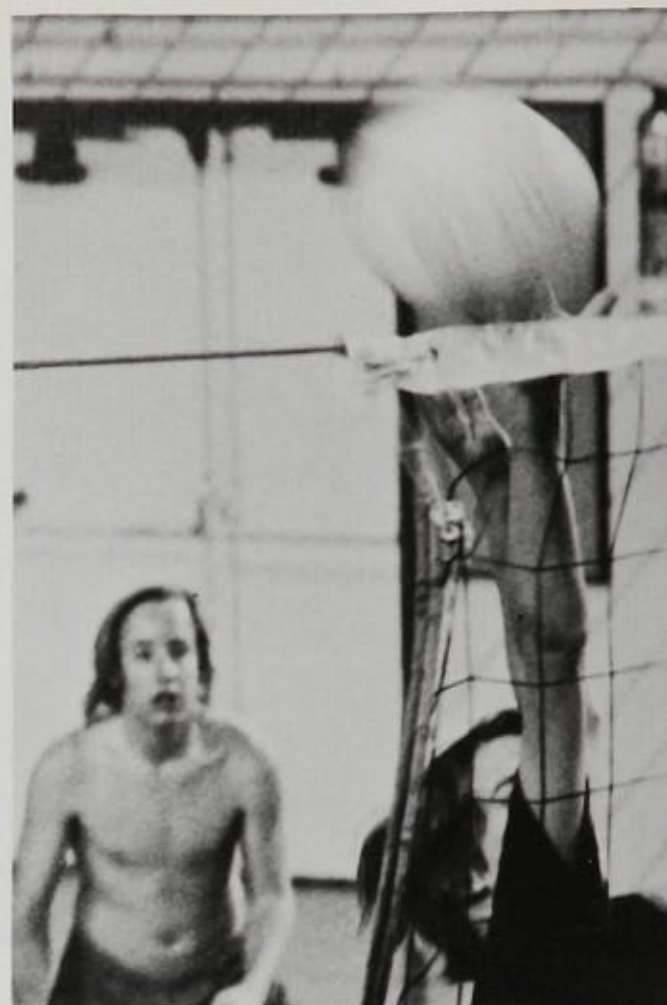
"T'll faut cultiver votre jardin."

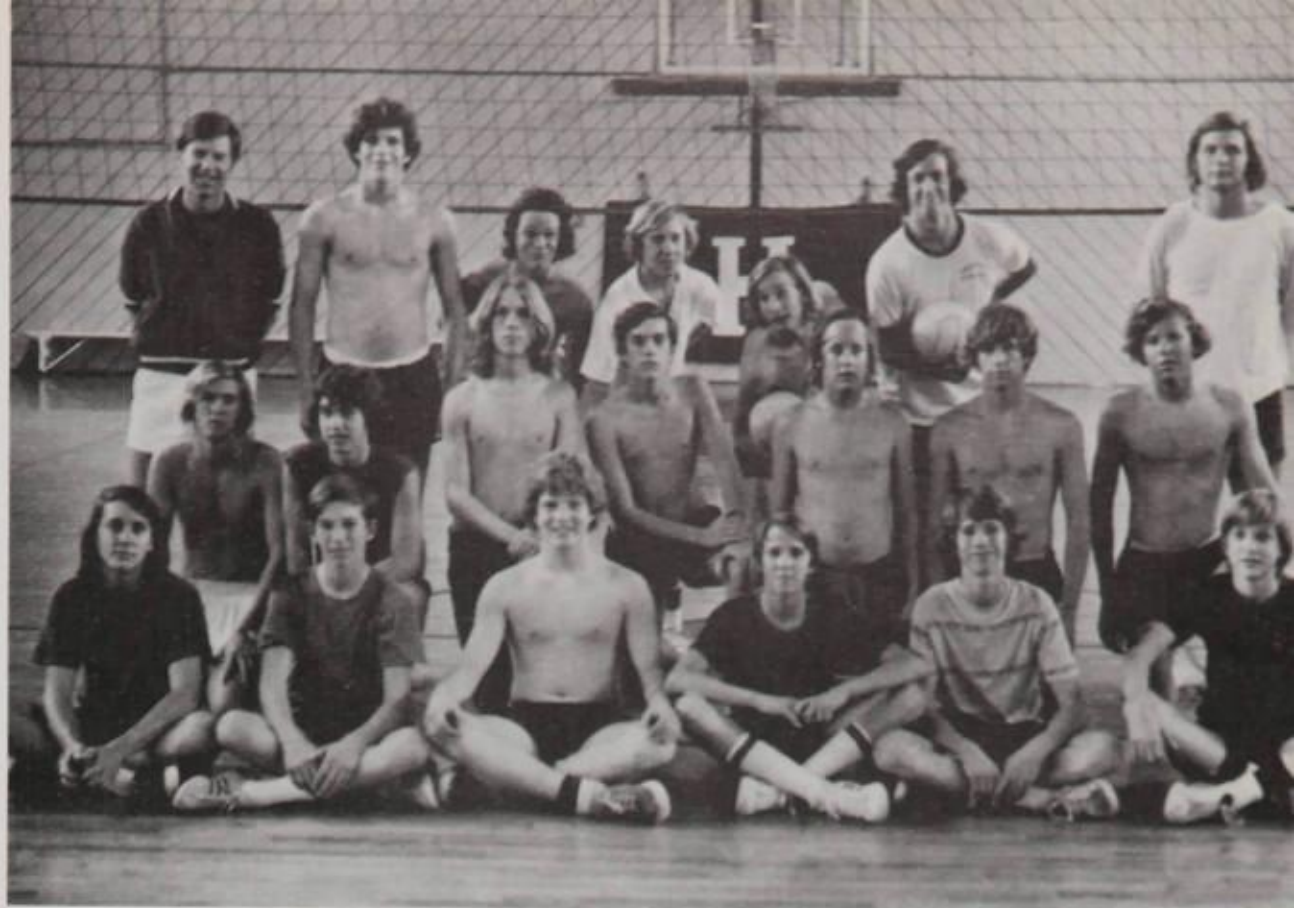
— Voltaire



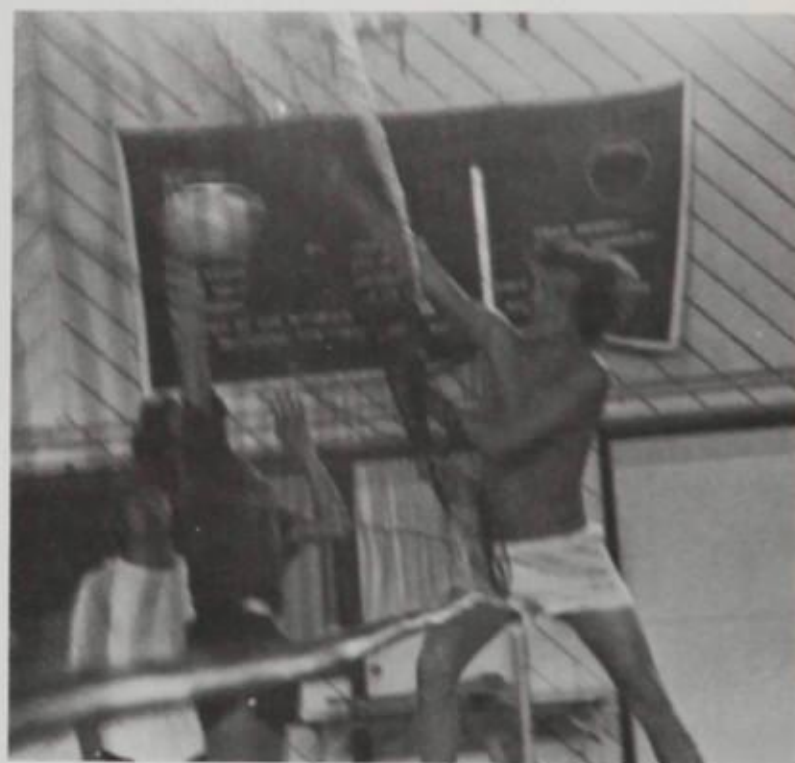
FRANCES S. MILLER
Librarian
B.S. Pennsylvania State
Four Years

Volleyball

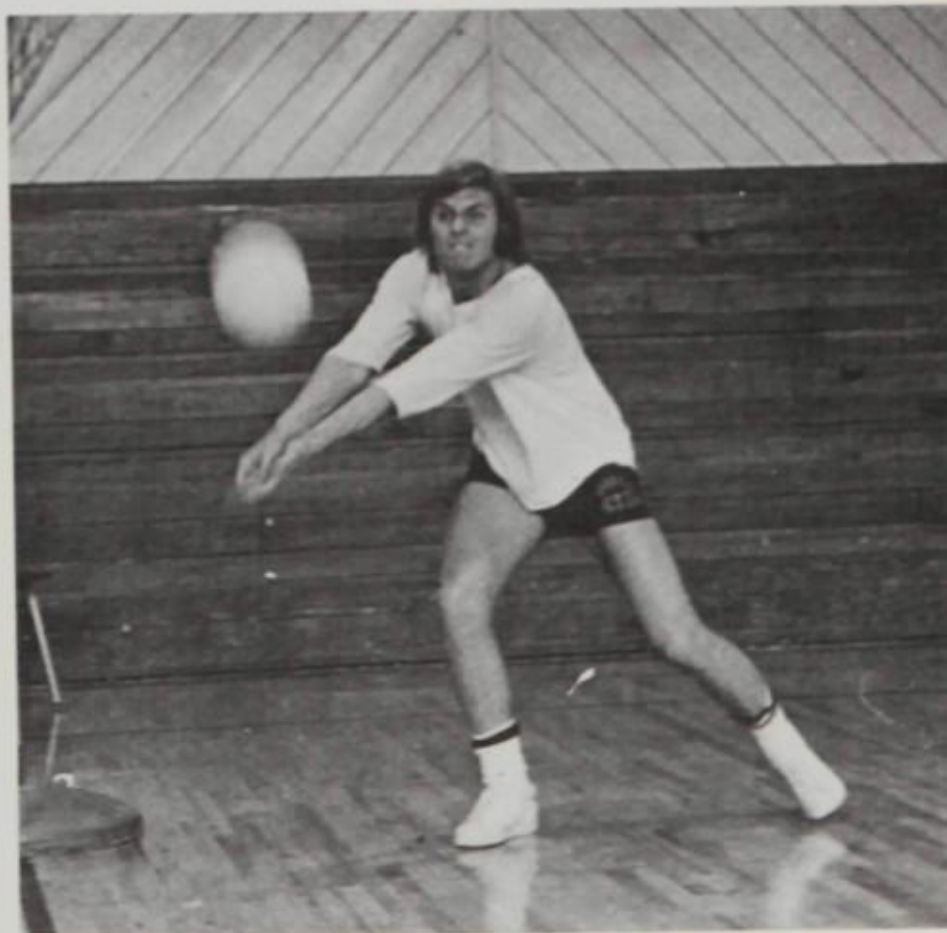




(Top Row) Coach McFadden, M. Burnap, Clifford, Bertram, D. Hinds, Belden, West. (Middle Row) Davis, T. Jones, Payne, Bennett, Archer, Zaro, Healy. (Bottom Row) Heyler, Urick, J. Burnap, Elder, S. Hinds, Porter. (Missing) Stinehart, Lewis, Sones, Israelson, Driver, Morland, Ungerleider, Thorson.







Dixie Canyon



Season of Departure

He walked upon the beach
and felt the wet sand
ooze
between his toes:
it was Summertime again.

Yet he turned his head down as he travelled
and within his moving feet he saw his life:
a trail of fading imprints in the mud,
of constant dying
and growing;
and he recognized his place
upon the ocean-misty foot-path
of the fathers.
He looked up, then,
beyond the umbrellas and sun-reflectors,
beyond the shelters
and all the familiar faces,
far far across the sea
to the kiss of sky and water,
the horizon
that lay before him like a magic dream.

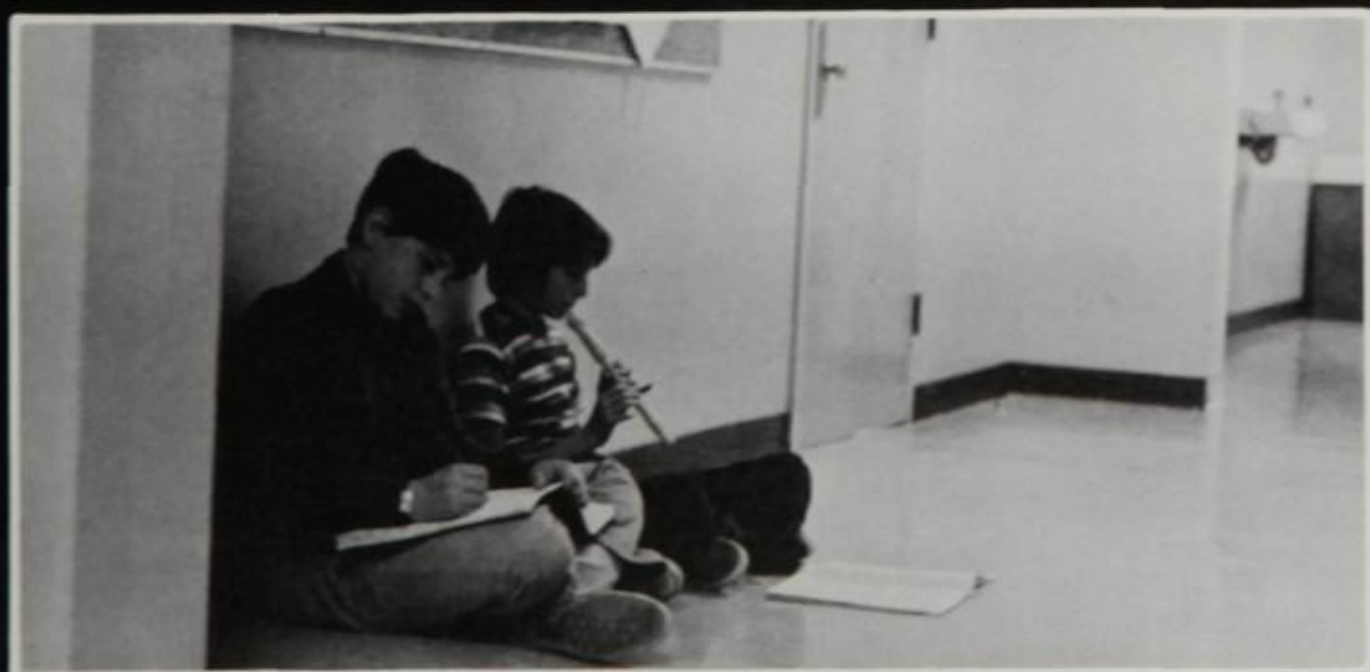
It was Summertime again,
he thought,
and was deceived, for
hidden
behind the watermelon and the music
and all those lazy afternoons
was the blooming
of Spring.

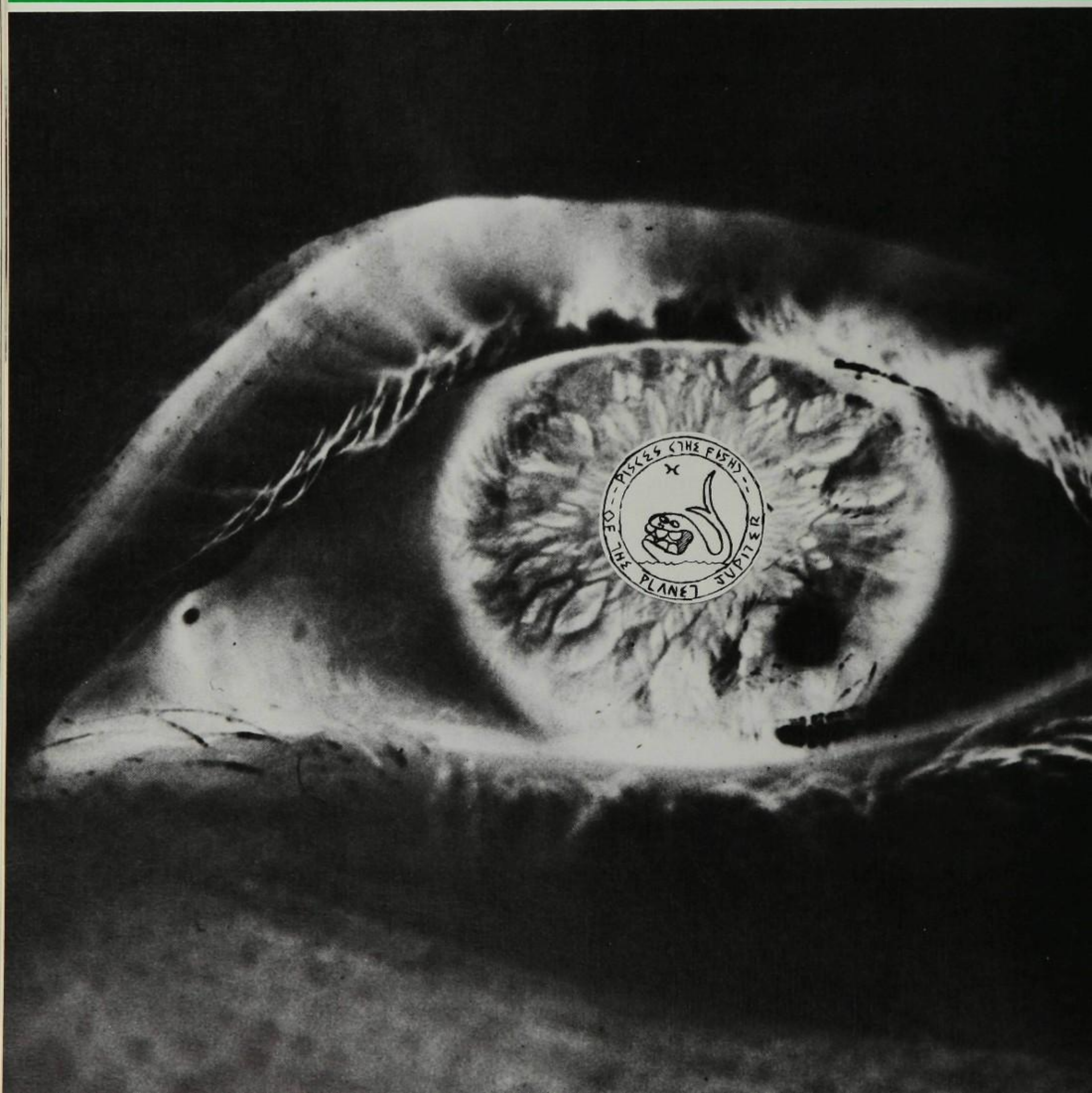
— Jonathon Greenberg



Truly there would be reason to go mad were it not for music

Tschaikovsky





PISCES

Loving all mankind opens channels for our generous nature to explore. We cannot help but to be helpful, but we may go to such an extent that we destroy ourselves and resources. When we conquer our timidness through an inately charming personality, we stop worrying and begin to live in the fullness of honest and quiet sensitivity to the needs of others.

With all its sham,
drudgery and broken
dreams, it is still a beautiful
world.

- Desiderata

Craig J. Marx

**If I really try — I will;
If you really try — you will, too.**



**Thanks to Harvard, to its inspirational
faculty, to my many friends; altogether a
memorable experience.**

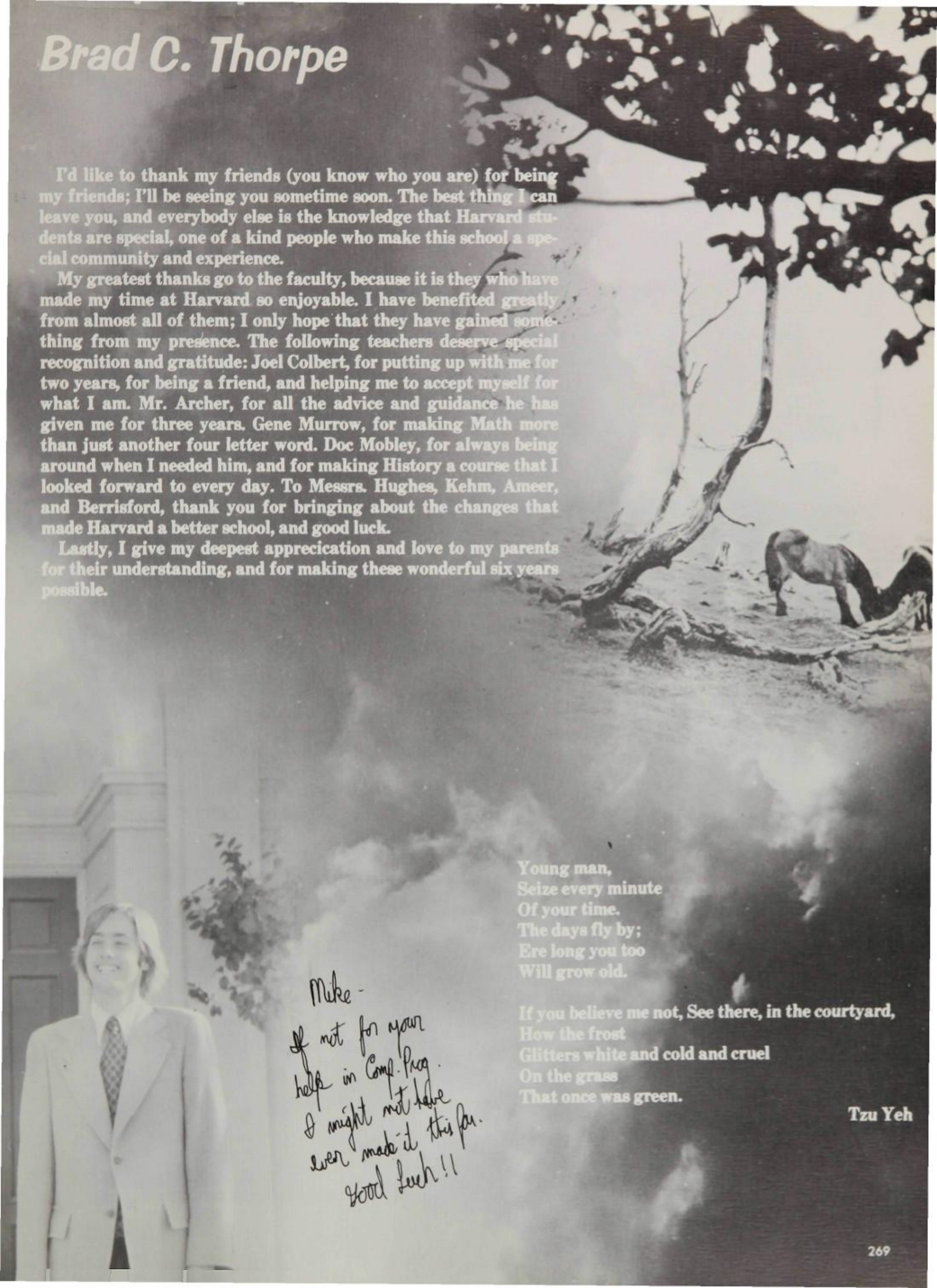


Brad C. Thorpe

I'd like to thank my friends (you know who you are) for being my friends; I'll be seeing you sometime soon. The best thing I can leave you, and everybody else is the knowledge that Harvard students are special, one of a kind people who make this school a special community and experience.

My greatest thanks go to the faculty, because it is they who have made my time at Harvard so enjoyable. I have benefited greatly from almost all of them; I only hope that they have gained something from my presence. The following teachers deserve special recognition and gratitude: Joel Colbert, for putting up with me for two years, for being a friend, and helping me to accept myself for what I am. Mr. Archer, for all the advice and guidance he has given me for three years. Gene Murrow, for making Math more than just another four letter word. Doc Mobley, for always being around when I needed him, and for making History a course that I looked forward to every day. To Messrs. Hughes, Kehm, Ameer, and Berrisford, thank you for bringing about the changes that made Harvard a better school, and good luck.

Lastly, I give my deepest appreciation and love to my parents for their understanding, and for making these wonderful six years possible.



Young man,
Seize every minute
Of your time.
The days fly by;
Ere long you too
Will grow old.

If you believe me not, See there, in the courtyard,
How the frost
Glitters white and cold and cruel
On the grass
That once was green.

Tzu Yeh

Mike -

If not for your
help in Comp. Prog.
I might not have
ever made it this far.
Good Luck!!

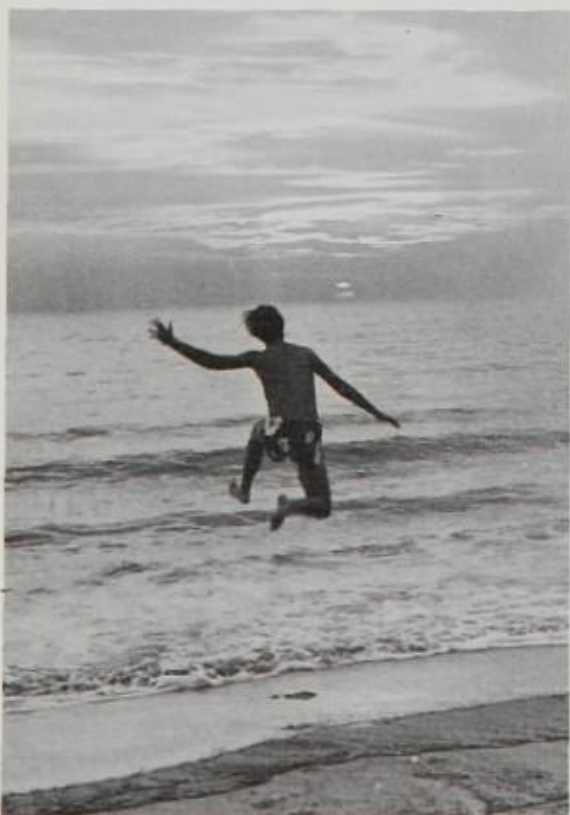


A written collage of memories and thoughts from time well spent with the most important people in the world — my friends:

It . . . JTD (another D in citizenship?) . . . Bloody Friday . . . Summer of '73 . . . This one counts, Coach . . . It . . . I don't want to run today (Should I quit?) . . . I love Gig and Gus . . . Old friend (you've got one) . . . Did you?, you did! . . . We're in the same boat, Case . . . It . . . I wasn't invited (who wants you!) . . . Fox-Venice . . . What did Aurelio Rodriguez hit in 1972? (Peter II) . . . I love my sister . . . It . . . you ARE so good . . . Are you sick? . . . blue pancakes . . . Depression . . . Ruthie's room . . . Ask her out, Pete . . . don't generalize . . . It . . . who stole my jock? (Sorry Mr. Chamberlain, sir) . . . 99¢ (\$1.37) . . . you are good with your hands . . . surprise party (masking tape and 102°) . . . It's time to move on . . . thanks John . . . It

Thanks for the concern Mr. Hughes, Mr. Berk, Wild Man Wine-trobe, Mr. Archer, and Mrs. Miller. A special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas V. Jones (for Making me all possible)

Peter Jones



I want someone to laugh with me, someone to be grave with me, someone to please me and help my discrimination with his or her own remark, and at times, no doubt, to admire my acuteness and penetration.

Robert Burns

Yong Suk Kim

I, Yong Suk Kim, express my gratitude to all the faculty and Mr. Colbert who did their best to help me found the Tai Kuan Do Karate Club in which all of us found our satisfaction. Folks!

It has been an exciting year and I have been very happy with you guys, than thanks! Many thanks for everything to Mr. Roberts.



Martin Montague

Goodbye



Randolph Griffith Davis

To Boca: few chips, bad cards, and your gambling debts, surprised birthdays, water polo, and Laura.

To Blob: bicycle rides on winter mornings, rah*rah, beans that bite, being small isn't bad but what's your excuse.

To Chris Burgess: a fun calculus weekend with Murrow.

To Clay: flat tires, double edged blades, spot remover, the South will rise again, fast cars, non-invitations, and happy surprises.

To Jon Greenberg: a copy of "Hail to the Chief".

To Dennis: pitchforks and long knives and sharp razor blades, run-away buses filled with fat screaming maids, birds that can't fly when you cut off their wings, volleyball, soccer, being true to your school, Thurston, and your famous or infamous trunk.

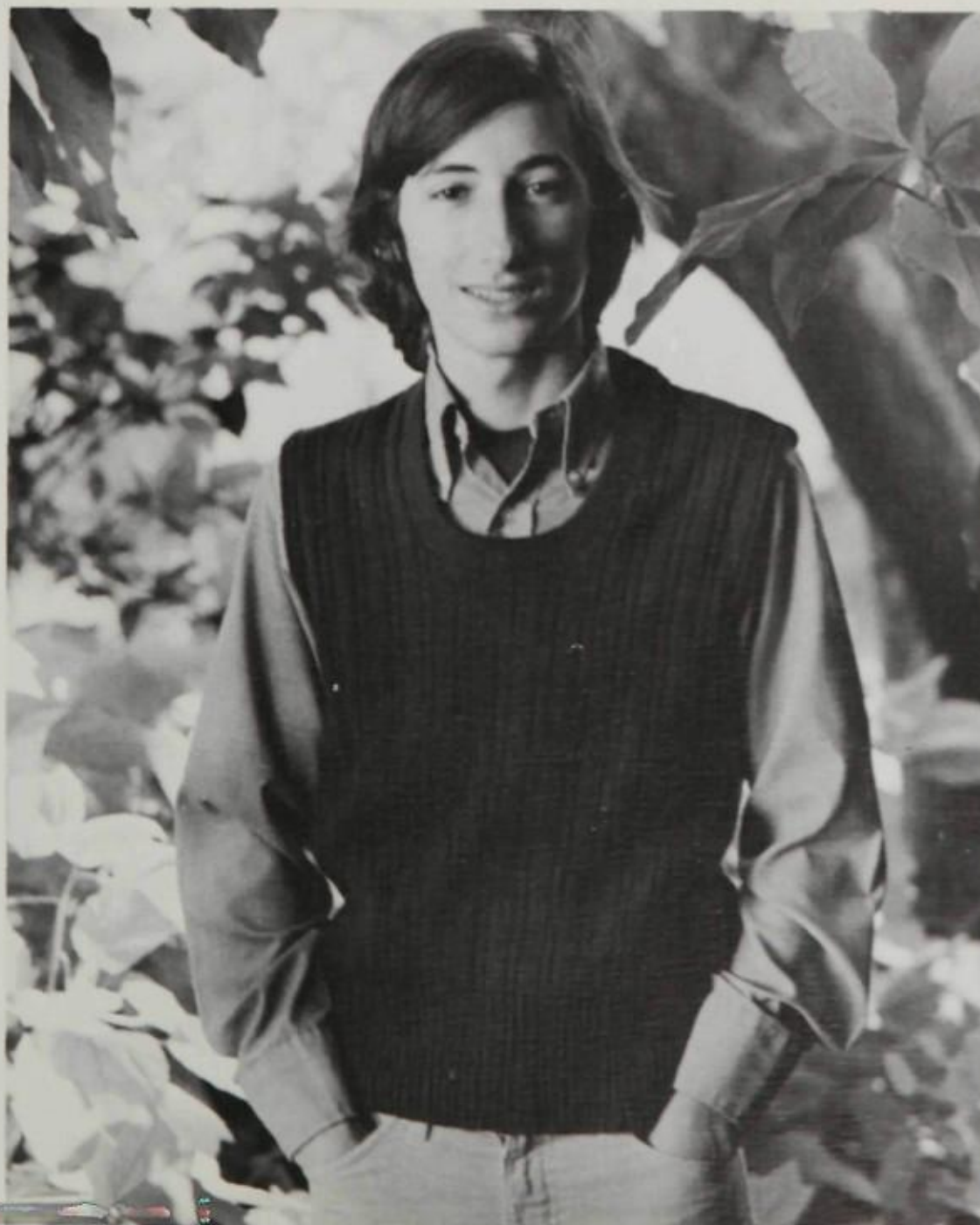
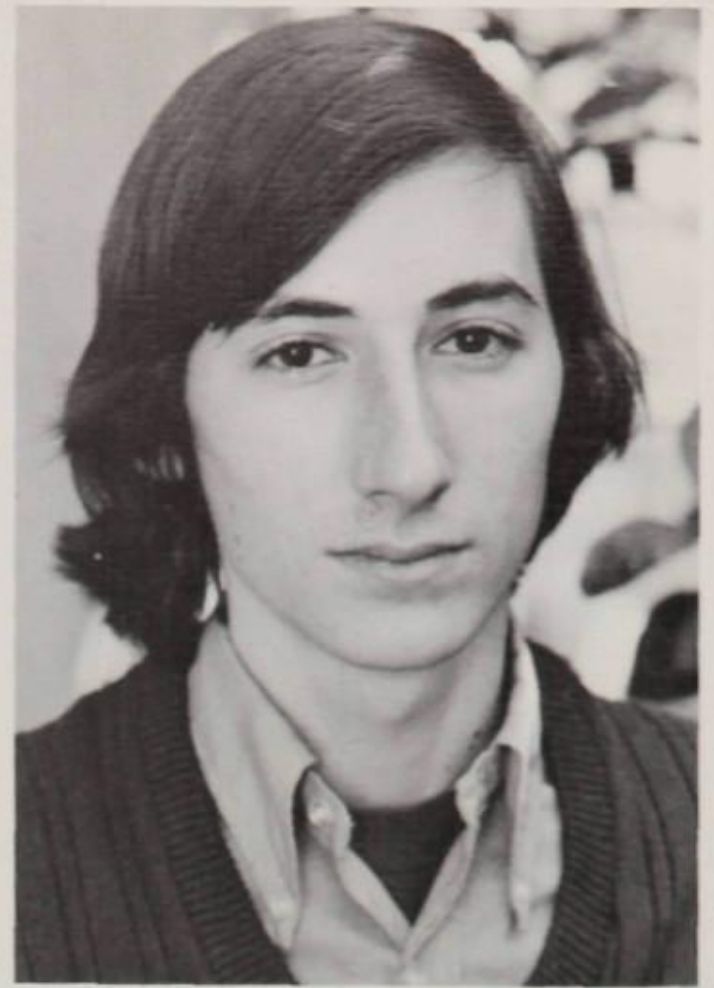
To Chuck: a can of kerosene, a match, and a year's subscription to Sentinel Review.

To Peter Mc.: posters of more or less, after defeat parties, and the right sweater.

To Scot: poverty and your own private movie studio, a career in journalism, and Columbo.

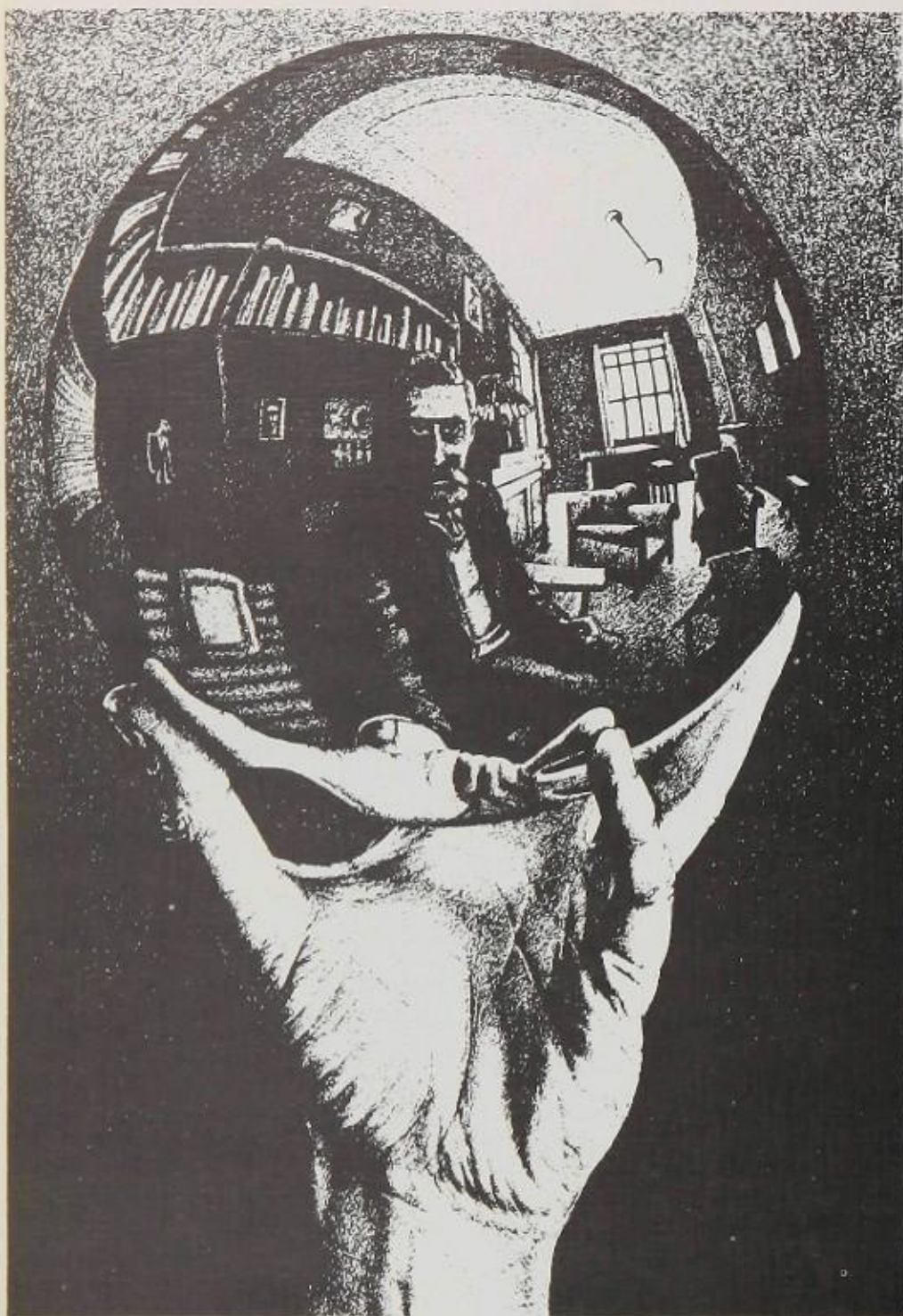
To Storm: a health food sandwich guaranteed to burn your insides out, Cone 4.

To Pookie: silver spoons grunts and why bothers.



Bryan P. Read Esq.

My special thanks to Mr. Stewart, Phil, and all my assorted friends and foes for making my stay so satisfying.

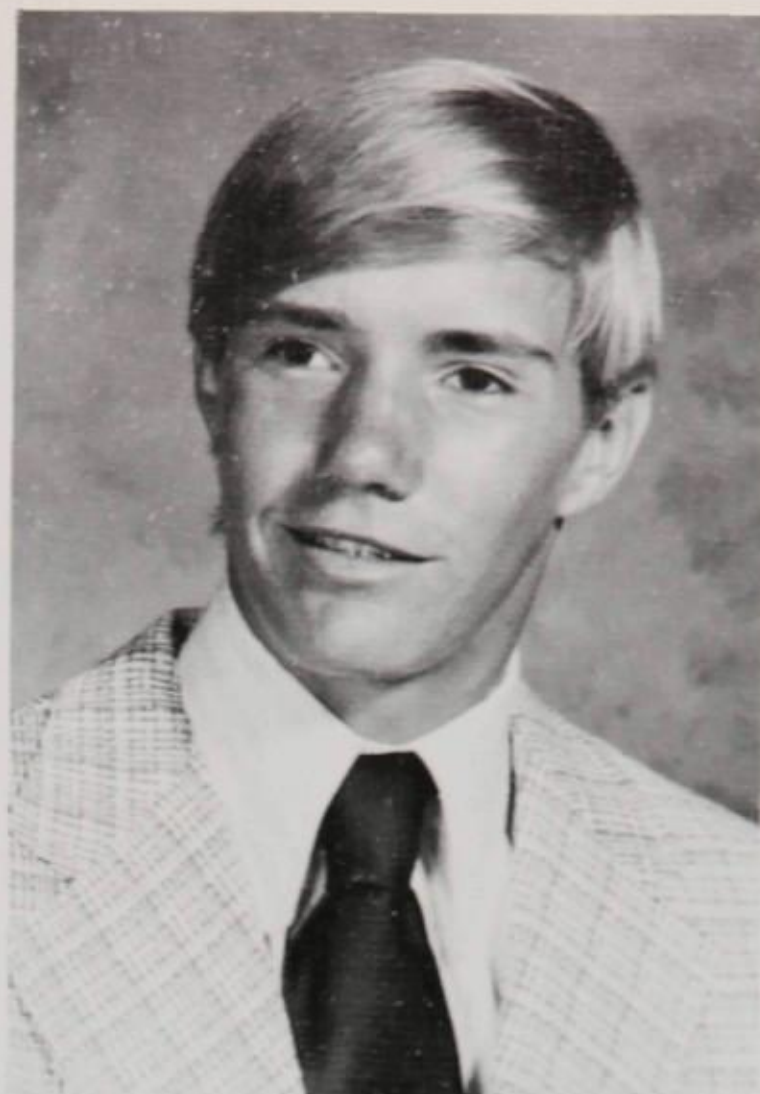


Hi Beth



Richard Dalton Welsh

Entered '68 Green
9th — Frosh Football
JV Baseball
10th — JV Football
JV Baseball
11th — JV Football
Varsity Baseball
12th — Varsity Football
Varsity Baseball
Departed '74 (a little less green)



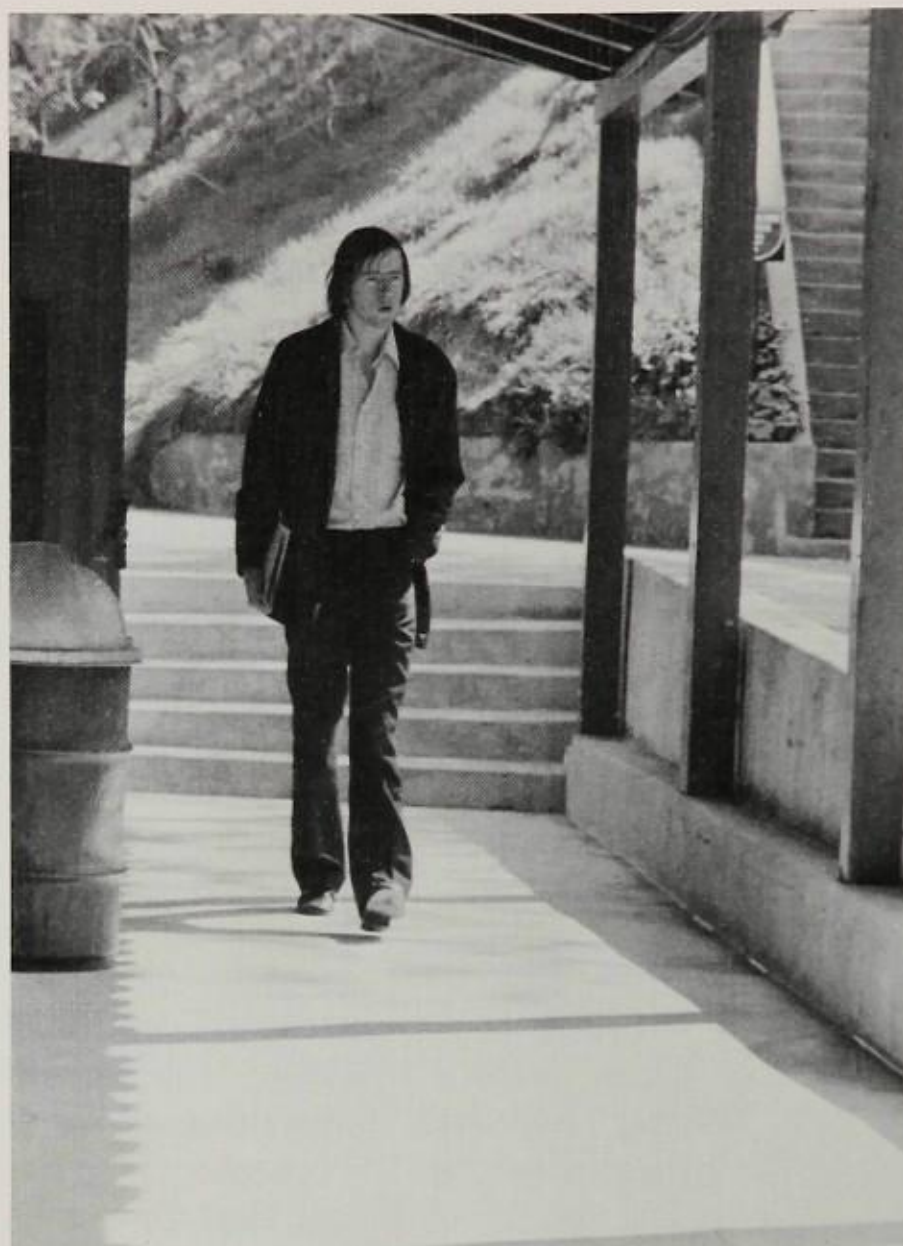
I, Rick "Welshade", "grape-juice boy", and "the punter", leave the following things to the following people: to Jim "Ernie", or is it to Ernie, "Jim"; to Eric, being able to beat me in paddle tennis, (ha, ha); to Chris B., "Buzzer" and those metal things from my mouth; to Jim Hicken, a brand new Capri, because it gets better gas mileage than that crummy Ford; to Carl, a new Nikon camera and a Datsun 240-Z instead of that other car you drove, Oh ya, that Toyota Celica; to Burnap, a new pair of football shoes so Coach Mobley will be pleased; to McCook, a scholarship in Spanish to the University of Chile, a better batting stance, and your endless knowledge of irrelevant baseball stats; to Strassner, alias "the duck", a new chess set, and a tennis court of your own; to Craig, a football scholarship to the college of your choice; to Sheriffs, a day without surfing and a good breaking curve ball; to Thompson, a Firebird Formula 454 that gets better gas mileage; to Ray, the girl he never had, Julie Smith; to Oswald, "Oz", and Bruce Timbers' Datsun 510; to Mr. Russell, "Uncle Rus", and " $Y = C + I$ ". My deepest thanks to the faculty, and especially to Mr. Ameer, Mr. Archer, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Humphrey, and the coaches, who have put up with me during my six years at Harvard; and my parents, thank you very much.



David Thomas

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontary were, as well as if a manor of thy friends as of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never need to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

— John Donne



My thanks to M., V., G., T., and D. Rutter for putting me up and putting up with me. To the E.S.U. for drafting me here, to Mr. Roberts and Mr. Berrisford for being English and to everyone I have met for being American.

Does the Eagle know what it is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the male?
Can wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or love in a golden bowl?

— William Blake, *The book of Thel*

DAVID KEITH
English
B.A. U.C. Santa Barbara
Three Years

"O, I am fortune's fool!"
— Romeo and Juliet

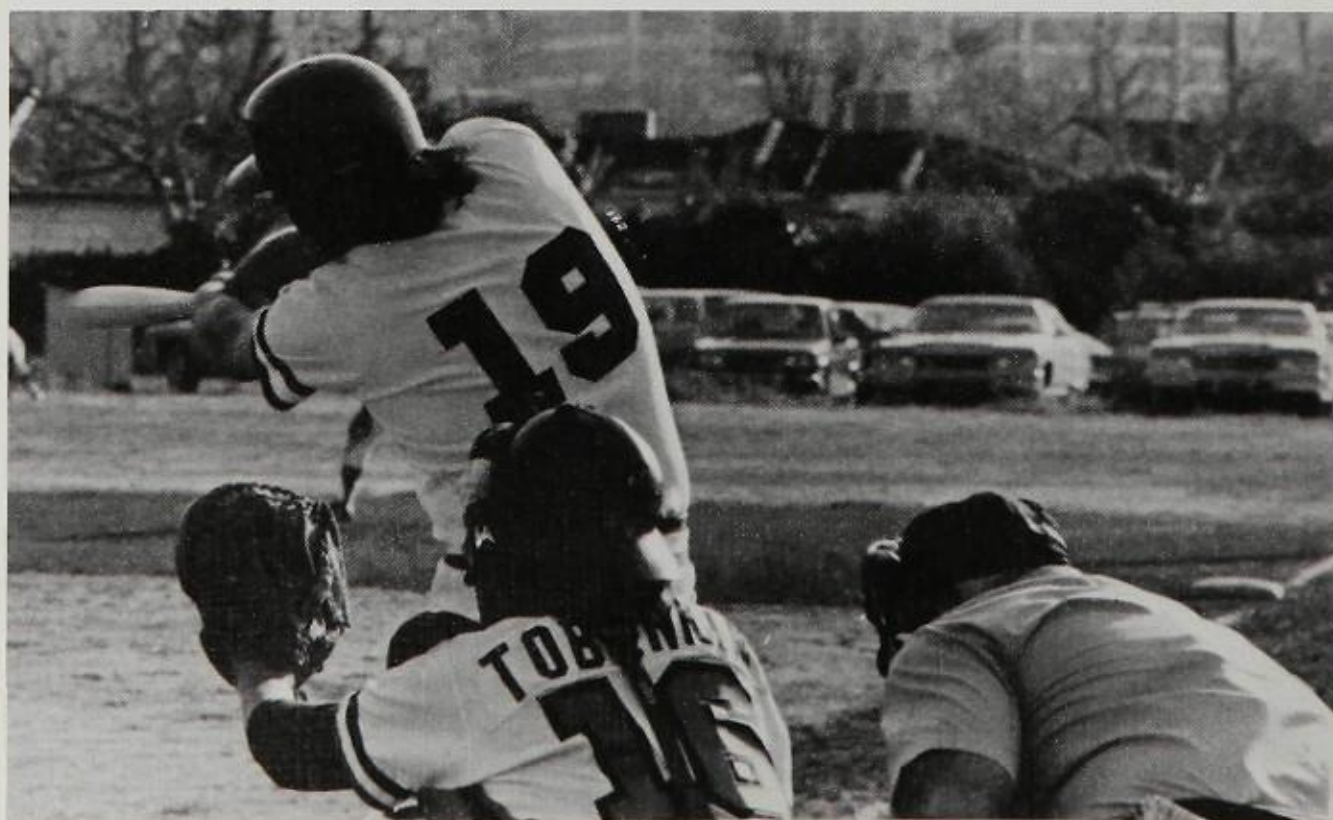


GUY E. GINGELL
Physical Education
A.A. L.A. Valley College
B.A. Cal State Northridge
One Year

Varsity Baseball

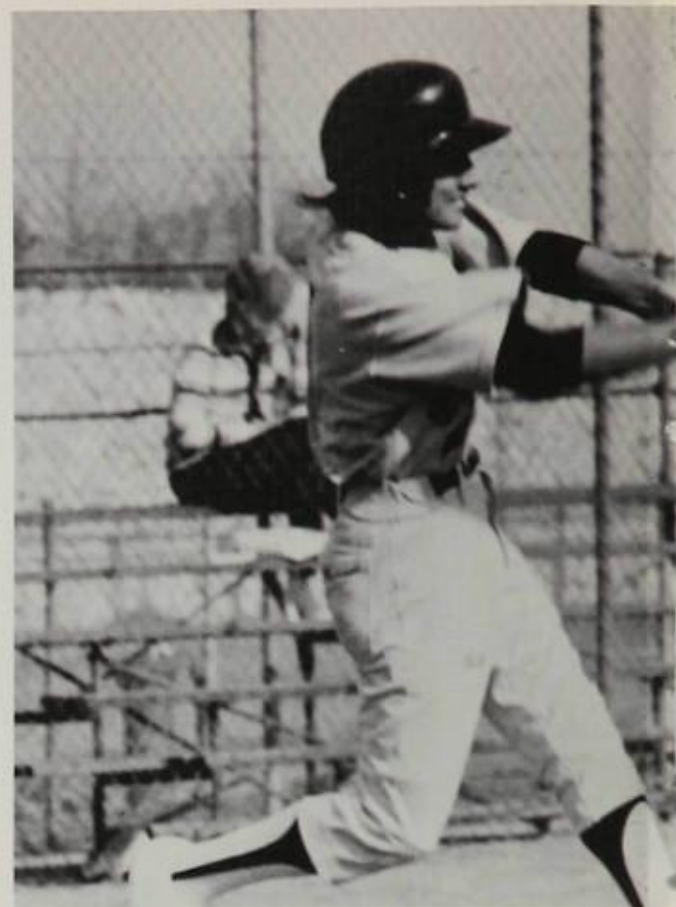


(Bottom Row) Miller, Beck, Browne, Mathews, Fenwick, Weisenberg. (Top Row) Coach Winetrobe, Welsh, Fauntleroy, McCook, Nelson, Colby, LoPresti, Magee, Coach Thran.





Junior Varsity



Dillman, Pappas, Barrett, Griff, Loughran, Moss, Schuur, Dunbar, Coach Gingell. (Bottom Row) Rutter, Holland, Castle, Costellano, Caine, Sanders, Riach, Ferm.





MEMORANDUM

TO: All Faculty
Respectfully submitted by: All Seniors
SUBJECT: Senior Privileges
re. Memorandum "Spring Term
Discipline."

In hopes that this memorandum might prevent possible unhappiness at graduation time for you and your colleagues, we think it worthwhile to remind all administrators and faculty about certain privileges applying to Seniors during the Third Quarter . . .





"Is it possible to fake sincerity?"

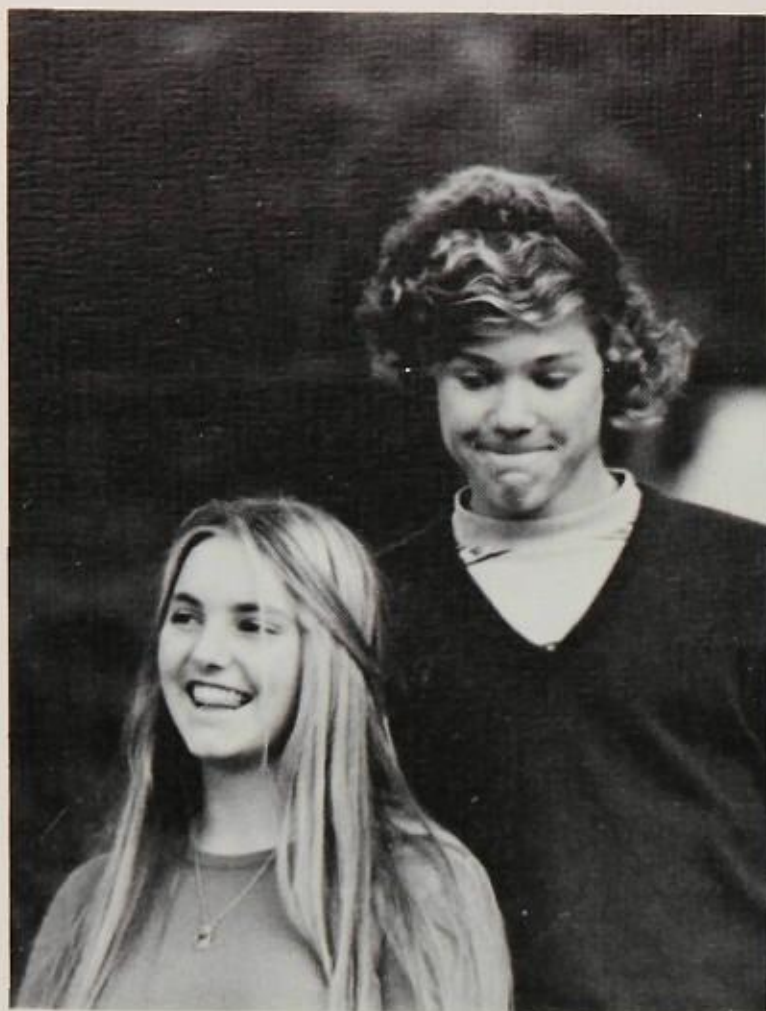
"Is it possible to tell the difference between faked and real sincerity?"



"I hope the class will realize it has hit upon an unanswerable question, for that will give the teacher a chance to point out that the only questions really worth asking are the unanswerable ones and that mankind has always defined its own best by the valor which a few men in every generation have wrung their souls in search of better ways of asking what they knew could never be answered."

— John Ciardi





Harvard School's lack of, need for, and reaction to, coeducation manifests itself in many ways.





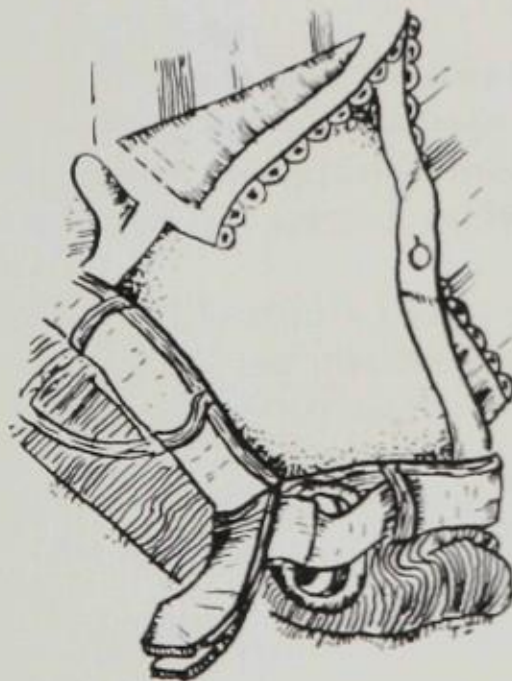
When the books finally close, the real thinking begins.

— Joe Healy



Everyone's so upset because I didn't make the honor roll . . . My mother's upset, my father's upset, the principal's upset . . . Good Grief! They all say the same thing . . . They're disappointed because I have such potential. **THERE'S NO HEAVIER BURDEN THAN A GREAT POTENTIAL!** — Linus on Life — Schultz

Drama at Harvard demands real dedication (?) from its participants.



Sentinel Annual



Geoff Rusack, Chris Burgess, John Manulis, Brad Thorpe, Ty Howard, Carl Verdon, Scott Shepherd. In absentia: Franklin Ruetz.



**John Manulis
Editor-in-Chief**

**Carl Verdon
Photography Editor**

**Chris Burgess
Sports Editor**

**Geoff Rusack
Underclass Editor**

**Brad Thorpe
Faculty Editor**

**Scott Shepherd
Business Manager**

**Franklin Ruetz III
Proofreader**

**Photographers
Carl Verdon
John Manulis
Mike Herbert**

Darkroom Technicians

**Carl Verdon
John Manulis
Chris Smith
Mike Herbert
Joe Healy**

Cover Design

John Manulis Carl Verdon

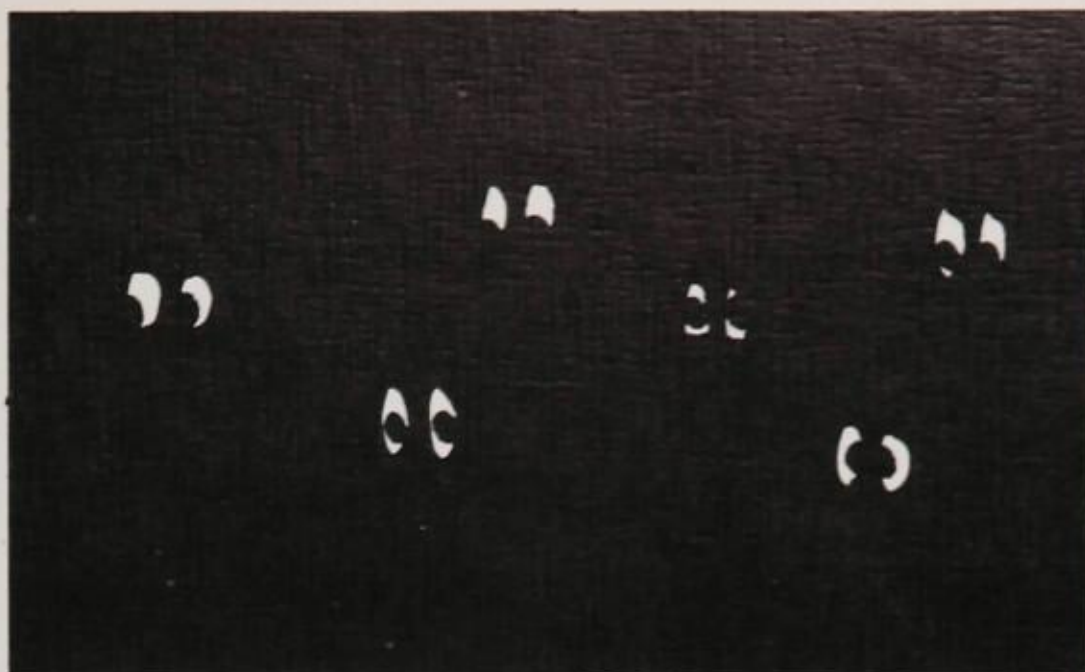
**Endsheets
Vince Jeffers**

**Zodiac Artwork
Bruce Licher**

**Yearbook Advisor
Carl Wilson**

**Publishing Advisor
Ralph Jesson**

Darkroom Staff



Chris Smith, Mike Herbert, Joe Healy, John Manulis,
Carl Verdon, T.I.

The staff of the Sentinel Annual wishes to express it's gratitude to: Ralph Jesson for his help and patience (the whole school should be on their knees to him if this book comes out on time); Carl Verdon for the pictures and putting up with the editor; Scott Shepherd for all the money — sooner or later; Terry Israelson for miscellaneous artwork; Max Licher for invaluable help with senior pages; and Carl Wilson for the encouragement, the zodiac, and the quotation.

Epilogue

Many things could be said at this point of the devotion and courage of this years Sentinel staff, as well as the somewhat unique final product and the tremendously valuable learning experience involved. But fortunately, nothing comes to mind. It should be clear however, that the solely important thing is the product itself. A years worth of traditional sleepless nights, nicotine fits and deadline madness should now be upstaged by the end result, namely, this-here book.

Several years from now, as you wander in the great desert of experience, searching for the next storm cloud to inundate you with wealth, you may deign to leaf through these cluttered pages of memories and philosophic drapings. If this is the case, I hope you will find the following explanation of the format and many changes involved in this years book, infinitely more useful than a personal discourse comparing Harvard School with the state of world affairs.

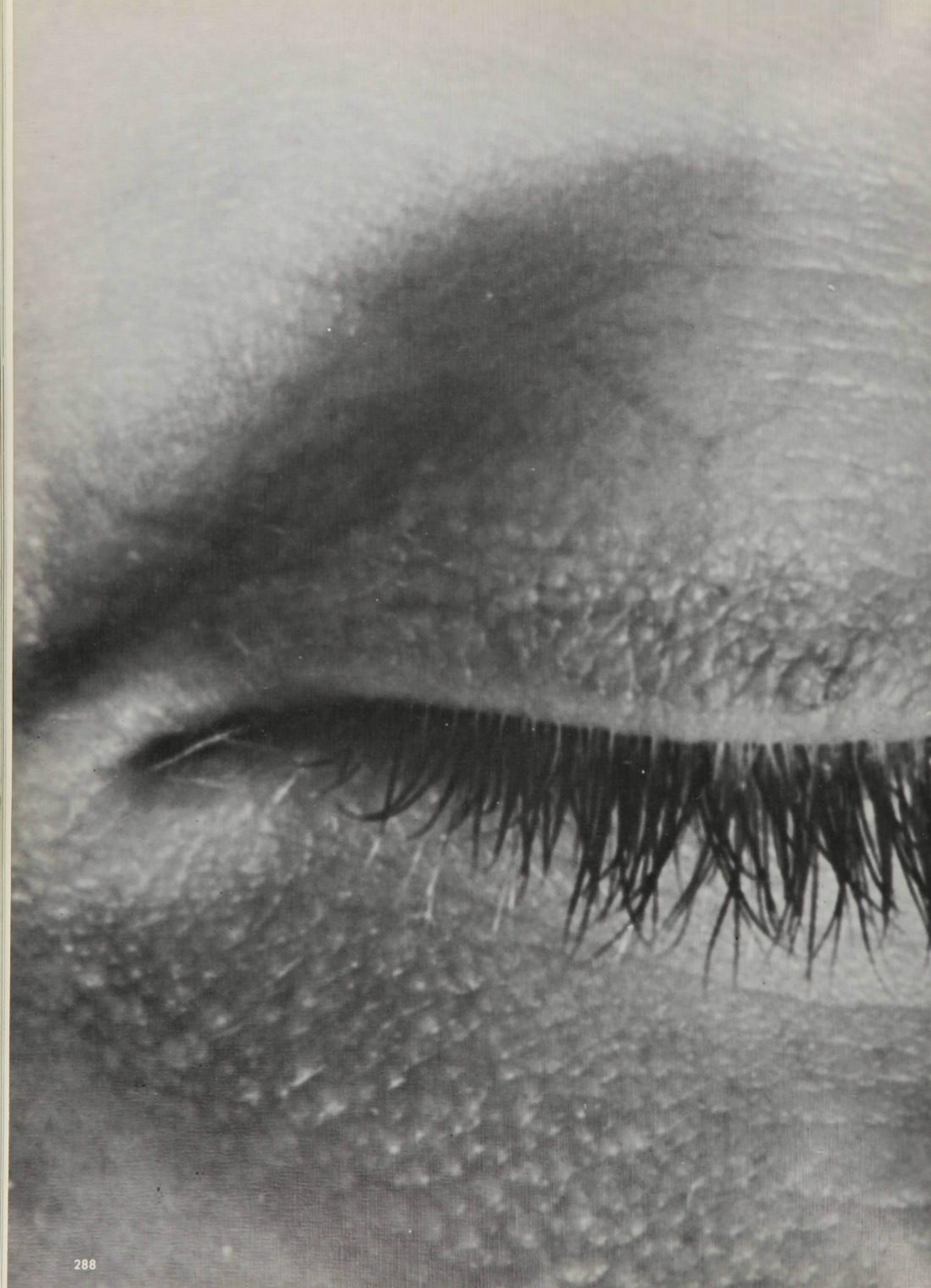
The major structural change in this Annual was the elimination of the huge block of senior pages that one always felt obliged to wade through when he opened the Yearbook. The use of the zodiac allowed us to logically divide the book into twelve sections that would mesh together into a more unified representation of the year.

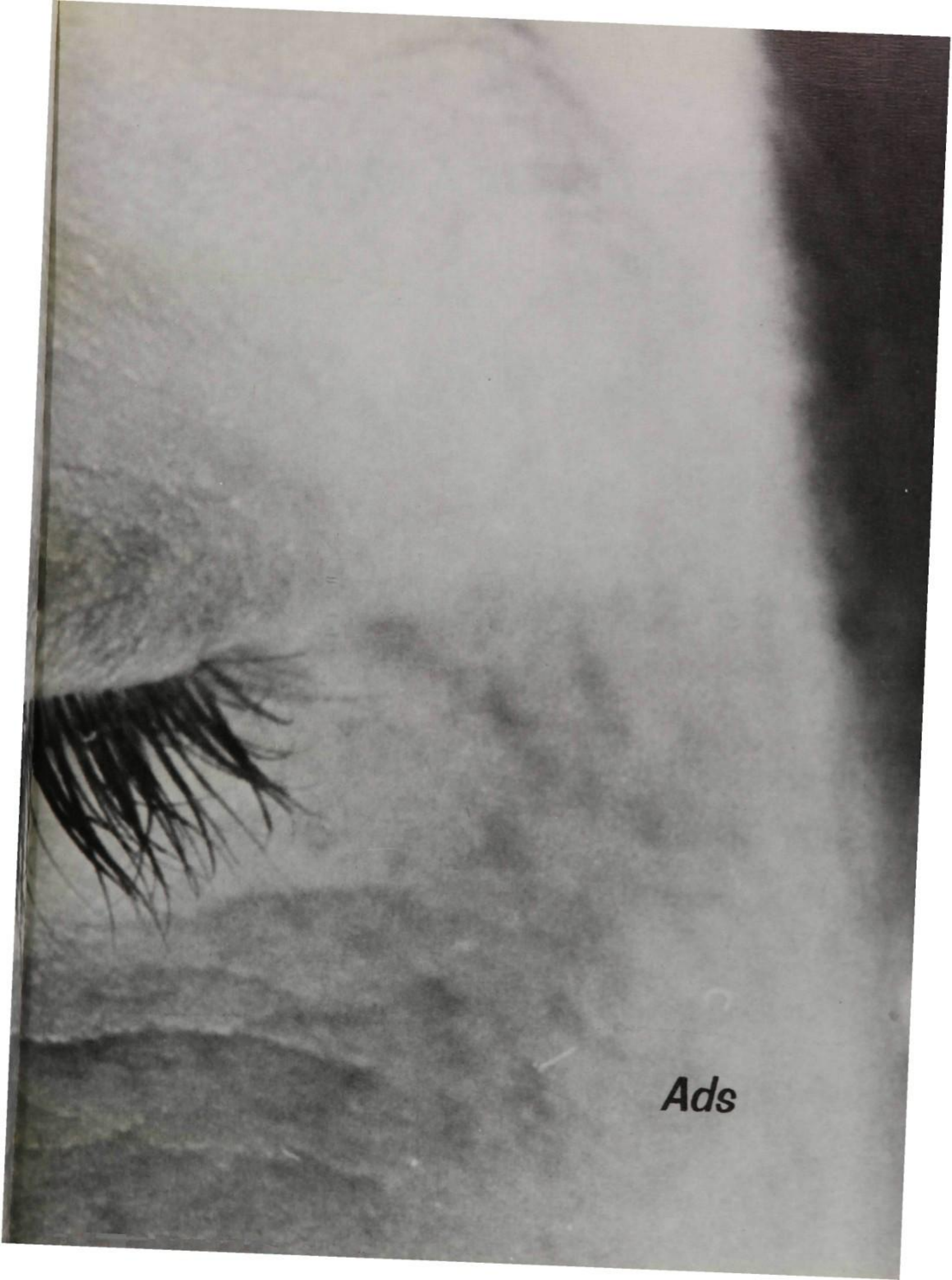
Oh, about the eyes. It's all there already. Sift through it for yourself.

We were looking for truth, and we are showing you that truth. Clubs and sports only complement the many moods that compose the intensity and complexity that is Harvard School. Commentaries were added to the Yearbook to reflect these moods and to record student attitudes and aspirations. We hope to elicit some sort of response from the greatest number of this years graduates, whether it be a fond smile or an inward curse.

We are not propagandizing. We are presenting an institution, Harvard School, for what it is . . . and can be.

You have just seen the past; the present is passing even now and the future is eagerly awaiting our arrival. Let us move on.





Ads

CONGRATULATIONS

TO ALL THE

SENIORS

THE SENTINEL ANNUAL STAFF

JOHN MANULIS

CARL VERDON

CHRIS BURGESS

BRAD THORPE

GEOFF RUSACK

SCOTT SHEPHERD

TY HOWARD

FRANKLIN RUETZ

MIKE HERBERT

CHRIS SMITH

CARL WILSON

CONGRATULATIONS
TO
THE CLASS OF '74

Mr. and Mrs.
J. William Hayes

THE RUSACK FAMILY

BEST WISHES TO
THE SENIOR IN OUR
FAMILY

D — F — S —

AND HIS CLASSMATES

THE FAMILY

CONGRATULATIONS AND
BEST WISHES
FOR CONTINUED SUCCESS

TO

THE CLASS OF 1974

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hicken

CONGRATULATIONS
TO
THE CLASS OF 1974
FOR
YOUR ACADEMIC AND
ATHLETIC ACHIEVEMENTS

THE
FATHER AND SONS CLUB

CONGRATULATIONS
THE MARX
BROTHERS

Craig '74

Gary '75

Eric '76

Jason '84

CONGRATULATIONS
SENIORS

Tom '74

Garwood '83

The Linton Family

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

MARTIN MONTAGUE

FROM

HIS PARENTS

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

THE CLASS OF 1974

Betty Sue and Maury Leonard

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Mr. Robert M. Belden

Mike and Jim Burnap

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon H. Cloobek

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Mr. and Mrs. Milton Zerlin

BEST WISHES FROM:



... COMMERCIAL

ECOR DR

ROB

CONGRATULATIONS

TAYLOR'S

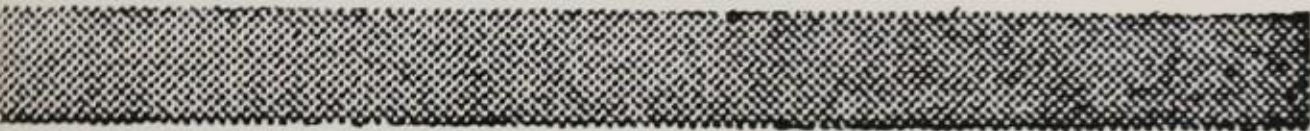
Fine Furniture Trends

6479 Van Nuys Blvd. Van Nuys

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**We discover that certain thoughts sustain us in
defeat, or give us victory, whether over ourselves
or others, and it is these thoughts, tested by pas-
sion, that we call convictions.**

— William Butler Yeats

Ripeness is all.

**— William Shakespeare
King Lear**

**If I am not for myself — who will be?
If I am only for myself — what am I?
If not now; when?**

— Hillel

**Courage is the greatest virtue; it makes
all the others possible.**

— Winston Churchill

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— e. e. cummings

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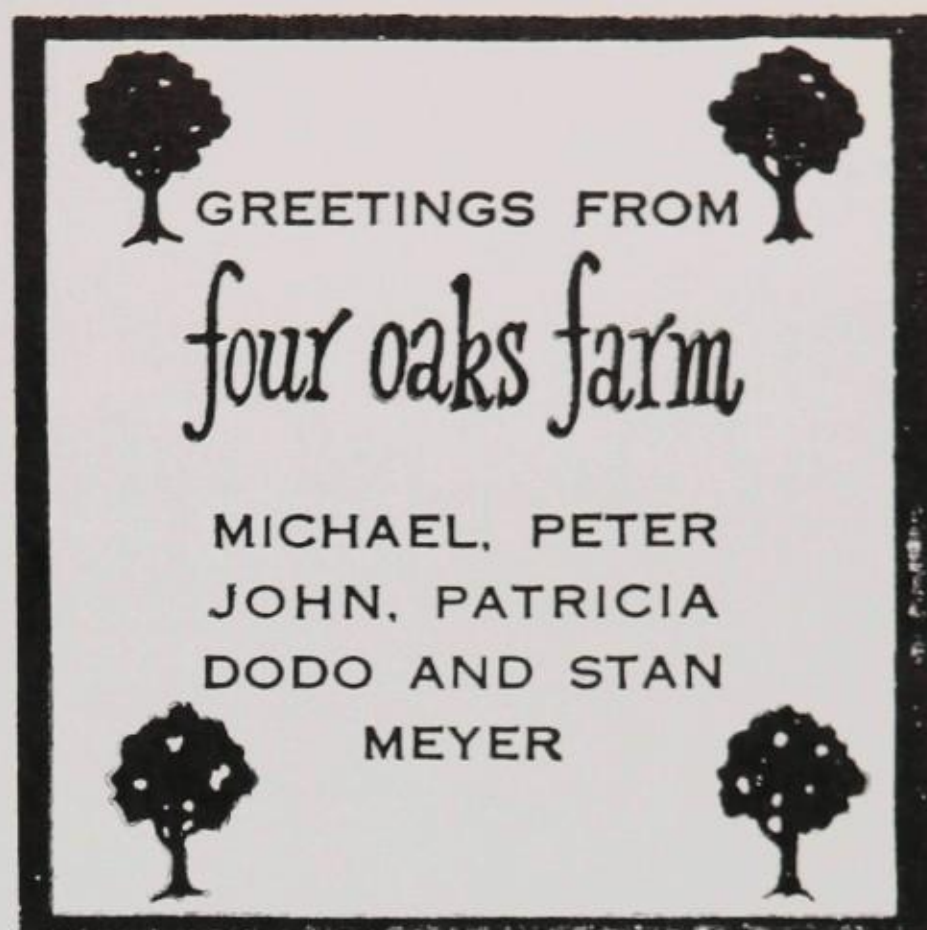
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"Anything is possible, any anything means . . .
anything"

— MARAISHI

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of Incredulity, It Was the Season
of Light, It Was the Season of Darkness,
It Was the Spring of Hope . . ."

R. C. SEAVER
AND FAMILY

Congratulations
to the
Faculty

from
The Seniors

for your achievements this year
and Our Best Wishes
for successful days ahead

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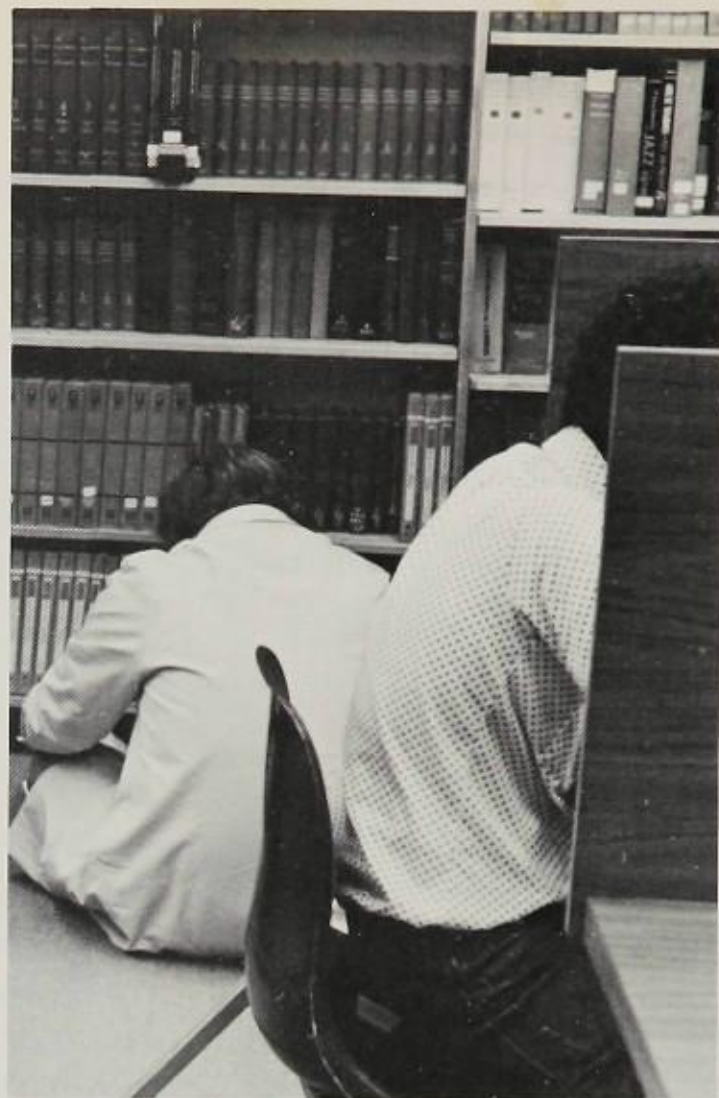
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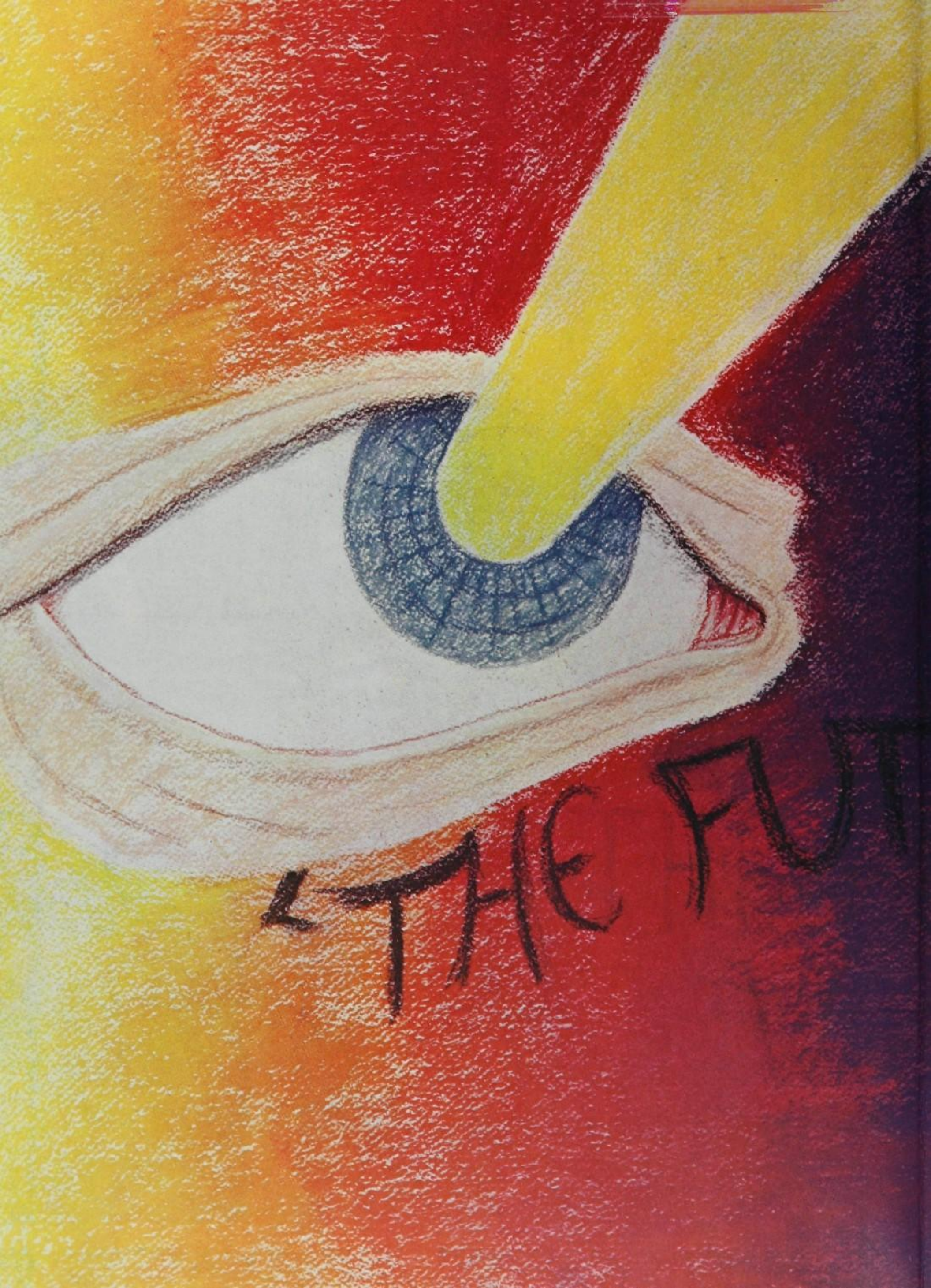
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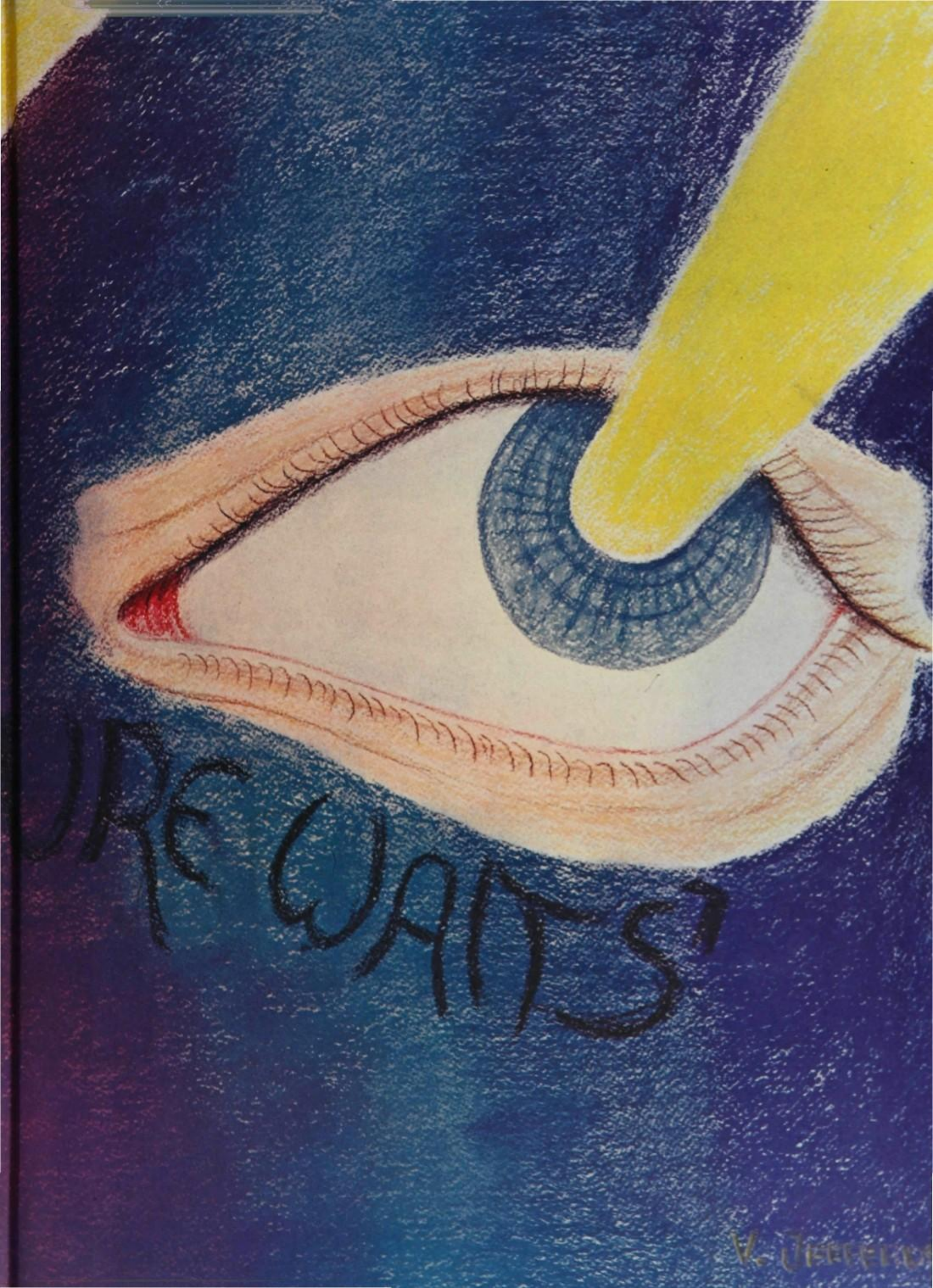
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Seeing is remembering, and as the future moves the present into the past, this record remains so that eyes of the future can see the past as the present.





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